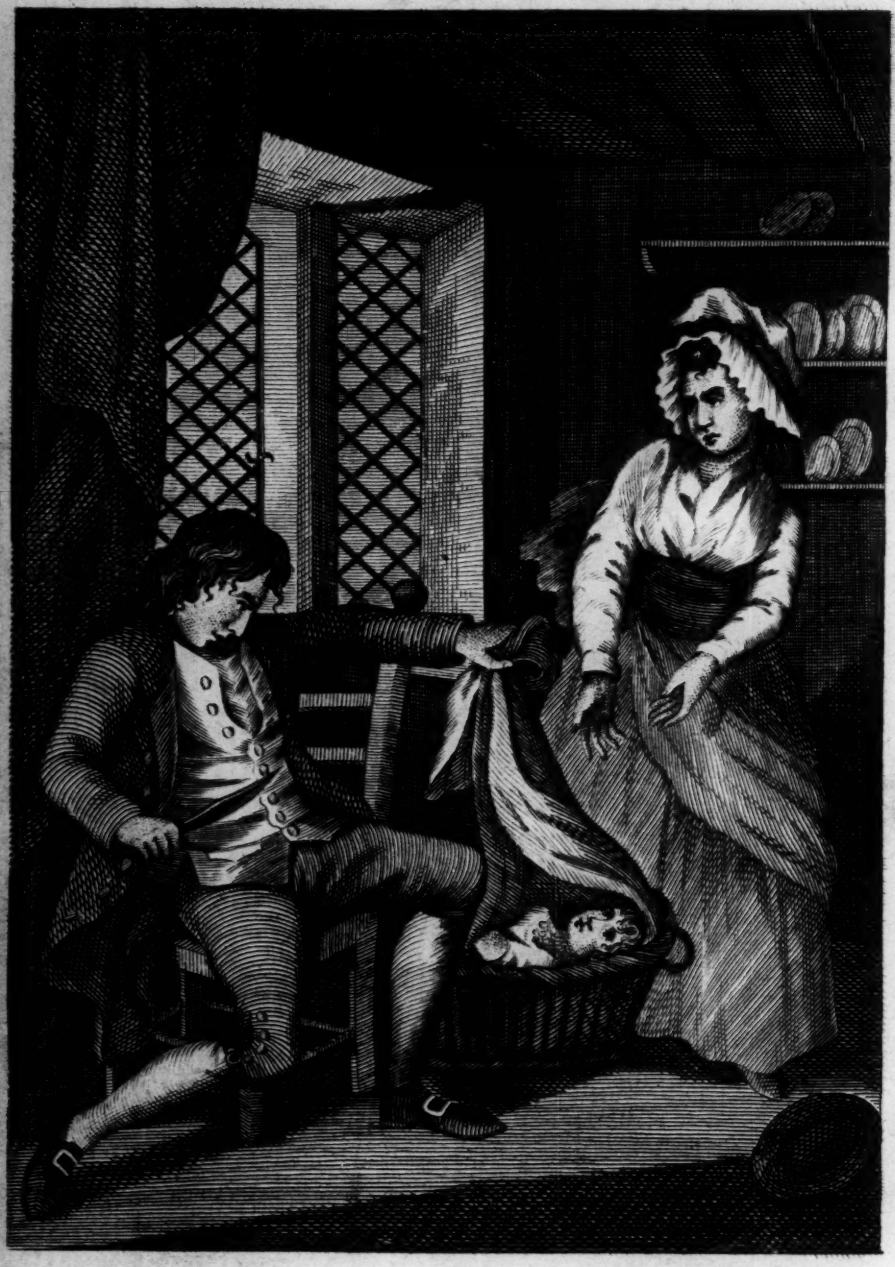
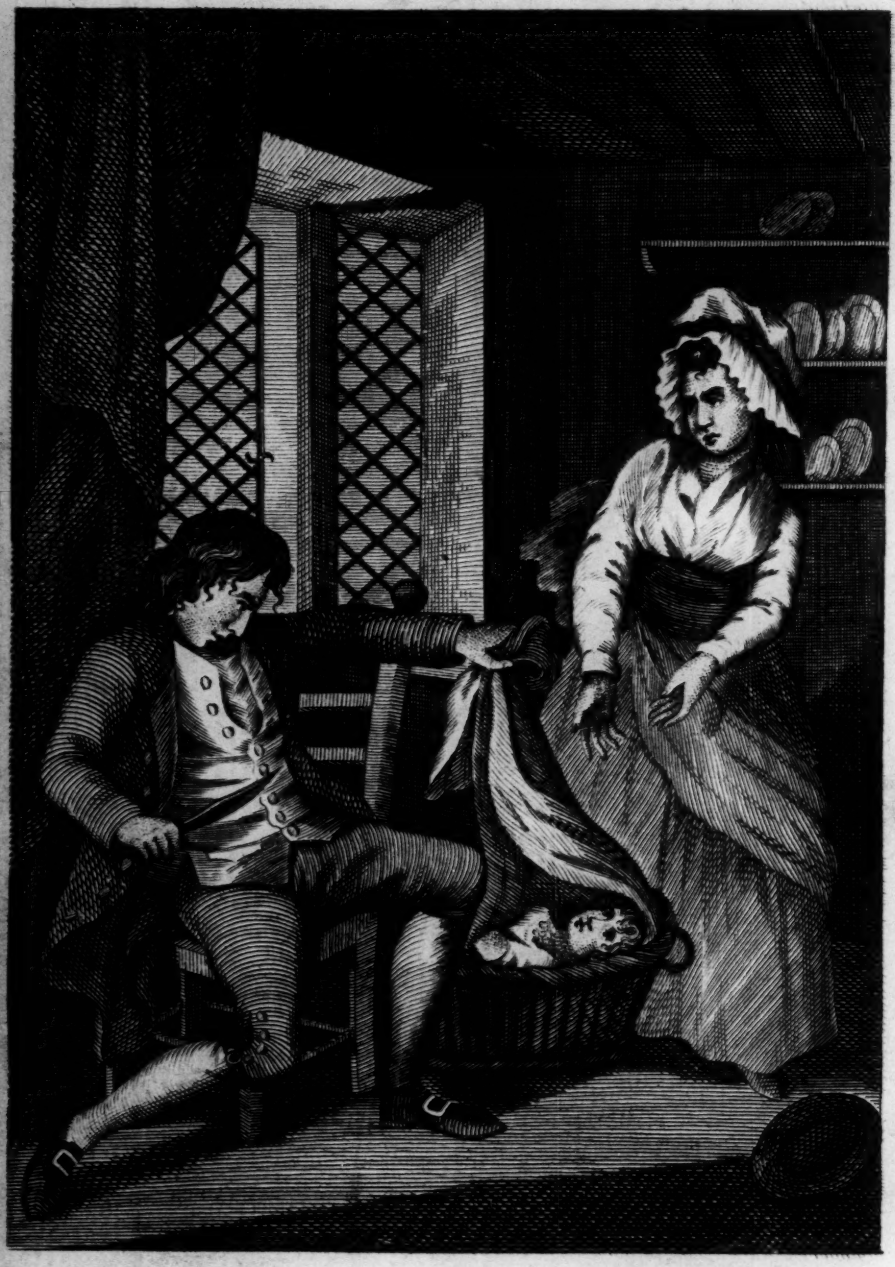
FRONTISPIECE.



Eat there, said Claribell to him, it is all that I have left to give you. You are the Father of this Child, and if you do not devour him, Famine and Misery shortly will. ———

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THE

CHILDREN's FRIEND.

BEING

A SELECTION

FROM THE

WORKS OF M. BERQUIN.

CITO NEQUITIA SUBREPIT; VIRTUS DIFFICILIS INVENTU EST, RECTOREM DUCEMQUE DESIDERAT. ETIAM SINE MAGISTRO VITIA DISCUNTUR.

SEN.

A NEW EDITION.

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M,DCC,XCVI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is an object of the higheſt utility and importance to ſociety, that youth be early initiated in the paths of virtue and honour; no writers, therefore, ſeem to have a better claim to public favour, than they who, by combining inſtruction with amuſement, have ſucceſsfully endeavoured to impreſs upon young minds a ſenſe of the neceſſity, the beauty, and indiſpenſible obligation of moral rectitude.

Among the foremoſt of this claſs ſtands M. Berquin, who has deſervedly acquired a very uncommon degree of reputation. He has ſtruck out a new path in this manner of writing, and purſued it with ſuch ſucceſs, that no modern publications in that line can equal his, either in conveying uſeful inſtruction, or affording agreeable entertainment.

The glowing and animated pictures of early life and manners which he exhibits, are admirably fitted to make a ſtrong impreſſion on the imagination and feelings of youth, and to produce effects, which are in vain expected from dry lectures on virtue and morality.

A judicious ſelection, by rendering the book more generally uſeful, will, it is hoped, be favourably received, eſpecially as the pieces of which the work is compoſed are not all of equal merit. The Editor has ſtudied to make choice of ſuch as ſeemed to him moſt ſtriking, beſt calculated to draw attention, and where the characters and ſituations ſeemed beſt ſupported, and moſt conformable to nature. How far he has ſucceeded, muſt be left to the judgment of a diſcerning public.

THE AUTHOR's PREFACE.

THE following work has a double object in view, to amuſe children, and at the ſame time to incline them naturally to virtue, by always preſenting it to them under the moſt amiable form. Inſtead of thoſe extravagant fictions, thoſe romantic and marvellous tales, which have ſo long contributed to lead the imaginations of children aſtray, we here exhibit to them only ſuch adventures as they may be witneſſes to in private life every day. The ſentiments with which the author endeavours to inſpire them are not above their capacities, and he repreſents them accompanied only by their equals, their parents, their play-fellows, the ſervants who are always about them, and the enemies familiar to their view. They expreſs themſelves in their own native ſimplicity of language, and in proportion as they are affected by the incidents deſcribed, they indulge the free movement of their little paſſions.—— Their puniſhments are made the conſequences of their own proper faults, and the rewards conſiſt in the pleaſure which they derive from their good actions. Every thing here diſpoſes them to love virtue for the ſake of their own happineſs, and to deter them from vice as from a ſource of ſorrows and mortification. It is needleſs to remark, that this work is equally calculated for children of either ſex. The difference of their taſtes and characters is not at their age ſufficiently ſtrong to require to be differently delineated. Beſides, care has been taken to bring children of both ſexes together as often as poſſible, in order to produce that union and intimacy which one is ſo pleaſed to ſee ſubſiſt between brothers and ſiſters. The author has endeavoured to introduce a variety in the different pieces which compoſe each volume. There is not one of them, the effect of which has not previouſly been tried

on children more or leſs advanced in age and underſtanding, and every thing has been retrenched that did not ſeem ſufficiently to intereſt their feelings. This work will contain little dramas, in which children are the principal characters, in order that they may early learn to acquire a free unembarraſſed countenance, a gracefulneſs of attitude and deportment, and an eaſy manner of delivering themſelves before company. Beſides, the performance of theſe dramas will be a domeſtic recreation and amuſement. The parents having always ſome part to perform in them, will taſte the pleaſing delight in partaking in the diverſions of their young family; and from the gratitude of the latter, and the ſatisfaction of the parent, both will be mutually attached to each other by a bond of additional tenderneſs.

Independent of the moral utility of this work, with reſpect to children, it is obvious that their cannot be a more proper one to inſtruct them early in delivering their native language with eaſe and propriety. The greater part of thoſe books which are firſt put into their hands, are either above their comprehenſion, or totally remote from their ideas and ſentiments. All the objects, on the contrary, here held up to their view, being of a nature ſufficiently intereſting to excite their curioſity, they will of courſe take pleaſure in the eaſy ſtudy of a work which may render them familiar to the innocent turn of thought and expreſſion adapted to their age, and applied to deſcribe their amuſements, their purſuits, and their neceſſities.

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THE CANARY-BIRD.

"CANARY-BIRDS to ſell! Who'll buy my Canary-birds? Fine Canary-Birds!" Thus cried a man paſſing by the houſe of little Jeſſy. Jeſſy heard him: She ran to the window, and looking into the ſtreet, ſaw that it was a bird-ſeller who carried upon his head a large cage full of Canary-birds. They jumped ſo nimbly from perch to perch, and chirped ſo ſweetly, that Jeſſy, in the eagerneſs of her curioſity, was near falling out at the window, while ſhe endeavoured to have a nearer view of them. Will you buy a Canary-bird, miſs? ſaid the birdman to her. Perhaps I may, anſwered Jeſſy; but that does not depend on me entirely. Stop a little; I will go and aſk my papa's leave. The man promiſed to ſtop, and ſeeing a bulk on the other ſide of the ſtreet, laid down his cage there, and ſtood by the ſide of it. Jeſſy in the mean time ran to her father's chamber, and entered it, quite out of breath, crying, Come here, papa! quick! make haſte!

Mr. Gower. And what is the hurry?

Jeſſy. There is a man in the ſtreet that ſells Canary-birds. I dare ſay he has more than a hundred. He carries a great cage quite full of them on his head.

Mr. Gower. And why does that make you ſo glad?

Jeſſy. Ah! papa; becauſe—that is if you give me leave—I ſhould like to buy one.

Mr. Gower. And have you money enough?

Jeſſy. O yes, in my purſe.

Mr. Gower. But who will feed the poor bird?

Jeſſy. I will, papa, myſelf. You'll ſee, it will be glad to be my bird.

Mr. Gower. Ah! I am afraid——

Jeſſy. Of what, papa?

Mr. Gower. That you will let him die of hunger or thirſt.

Jeſſy. I let him die of hunger or thirſt! Oh! no, certainly I ſhan't. Nay, I will never touch my own breakfaſt before my bird has had his.

Mr. Gower. Jeſſy! Jeſſy! you know you are very giddy! And then you have only to neglect him one day.

Jeſſy promiſed her father ſo fairly; ſhe coaxed him ſo much, and pulled his coat-ſkirt ſo often, that Mr. Gower conſented at laſt to his daughter's requeſt. He croſſed the ſtreet, leading her by the hand; and when they came up to the cage, they choſe the prettieſt Canary-bird in it; a male of the moſt lively yellow, with a little black tuft on his head. Who was ever ſo happy as Jeſſy then? She held her purſe to her father that he might pay for the bird. Mr. Gower then took money out of his own, to buy a handſome cage with drawers and a water cup of cryſtal. Jeſſy had no ſooner given the Canary-bird poſſeſſion of its little palace, than ſhe ran to every part of the houſe, calling her mamma, her ſiſters, and all the ſervants, and ſhewing them the bird which her father had been ſo good as to buy her. When any of her little friends came to ſee her, the firſt words were, Do you know I have the prettieſt Canary-bird in the world? He is as yellow as gold, and has a little black creſt like the plumes of mamma's hat. Come, I will ſhew him to you; his name is Cherry. Cherry was quite happy under Jeſſy's care. The firſt thing that ſhe thought of in the morning was to give him freſh grain and the cleareſt water. Whenever there was any cake at table, Cherry had his part of it firſt. She had always ſome bits of ſugar in ſtore for him, and his cage was garniſhed with freſh greens of one ſort or

another. Cherry was not ungrateful for theſe attentions. He ſoon learned to diſtinguiſh Jeſſy; and the moment he heard her ſtep in the room, what fluttering of his wings! what inceſſant chirpings! Jeſſy almoſt devoured him with kiſſes. At the end of a week he began to ſing, and produced the moſt delightful muſic. Sometimes he ſwelled his little notes to ſuch a length, that one would have thought he muſt expire from fatigue; then, after pauſing a moment, he would begin again ſweeter than ever, with a tone ſo clear and brilliant that he could be heard all over the houſe. Jeſſy paſſed whole hours in liſtening to him as ſhe ſat by his cage. She ſometimes would let her work fall out of her hands to gaze at him, and after he had entertained her with a ſweet ſong, ſhe regaled him in her turn, with a tune upon the bird-organ, which he would endeavour to imitate. Theſe pleaſures, however, became familiar to Jeſſy. Her father, one day, made her a preſent of a book of prints. She was ſo agreeably taken up with it that Cherry was ſomething the leſs minded. He would chirp the moment he ſaw Jeſſy, though ever ſo far off; but Jeſſy heard him not. Almoſt a week had paſſed ſince he had either freſh greens or biſcuit. He repeated the ſweeteſt airs that Jeſſy had taught him, and compoſed new for her, but in vain. The truth was, Jeſſy's thoughts were otherwiſe engaged. Her birth-day came on, when her godfather gave her a great jointed doll. This doll, which ſhe called Columbine, completely baniſhed all thoughts of Cherry. From morning till night ſhe was buſied with nothing but dreſſing and undreſſing Miſs Columbine a hundred times, talking to her, and carrying her up and down the room. The poor bird was very happy to get ſome food towards evening. Sometimes it happened that he was obliged to wait for it till the next day. At length, one day when Mr. Gower was at table, and caſt his eye accidentally upon the cage, he ſaw the Canary-bird lying upon its breaſt and panting for breath. Its feathers were ruffled, and it ſeemed contracted all of a lump.—Mr. Gower went cloſe

up to it; but no more fond chirpings! the little poor creature had ſcarce ſtrength enough left to breathe. Jeſſy, cried Mr. Gower, what is the matter with your Canary-bird? Jeſſy bluſhed.—Why, papa, I—ſomehow, I forgot; and all in a tremble ſhe ran to fetch the box of ſeed. Mr. Gower took down the cage, and examined the drawer and the water-cup. Alas! Cherry had not a ſingle grain, nor a drop of water. Ah! poor bird, cried Mr. Gower; thou art fallen into cruel hands! if I had foreſeen this, I never ſhould have bought thee. All the company roſe from table, holding up their hands, and crying, The poor bird! Mr. Gower put ſome ſeed into the drawer, and filled the cup with freſh water, but had much difficulty in bringing Cherry back to life. Jeſſy left the table, and went up into her chamber, crying and made her handkerchief quite wet with her tears. The next day Mr. Gower ordered the bird to be carried out of the houſe, and given as a preſent to the ſon of Mr. Mercer, his neighbour, who was counted a very careful boy, and would pay more attention to him than Jeſſy had done. But, to hear the little girl's complaints and expreſſions of ſorrow! Ah! my dear bird! my poor Cherry! indeed I promiſe you faithfully, papa, that I will never forget him a ſingle moment as long as I live——— Only leave him with me this once. Mr. Gower ſuffered himſelf at length to be touched with Jeſſy's entreaties and gave her back the Canary-bird, but not without a ſevere reprimand for her negligence, and the ſtricteſt injunction for the future. This poor little creature, ſays he, is ſhut up, and therefore not able to provide for its own wants. Whenever you want any thing, you can aſk for it; but Cherry cannot make people underſtand his language. If ever you let him ſuffer hunger or thirſt again——At theſe words Jeſſy ſhed a flood of tears. She took her papa's hand, and kiſſed it, but her grief was ſo full that ſhe could not utter a word. Now Jeſſy was once more miſtreſs of Cherry, and Cherry was ſincerely reconciled with Jeſſy. About a month after, Mr. Gower was obliged to go

into the country, for a few days with his lady. Jeſſy, Jeſſy, ſaid he, in parting with his daughter, I earneſtly recommend poor Cherry to your care.——Her parents were ſcarcely got into the carriage, when Jeſſy ran to to the cage, and carefully provided the bird with every thing neceſſary. In a few hours after, her time began to hang heavy. She ſent for ſome of her little acquaintances, and ſoon recovered her cheerfulneſs. They went out to walk together, and at their return ſpent part of the evening in playing at blind-man's buff and four corners. After that they danced. In fine, the little company broke up very late, and Jeſſy went to bed quite fatigued. The next morning ſhe awoke by break of day, and began thinking on the amuſements of the evening before. If her governeſs had let her, ſhe would have run as ſoon as ſhe got up, to ſee the Miſs Marſhalls, but was obliged to wait till after dinner.—However, ſhe had ſcarcely finiſhed it, before ſhe deſired to be conducted to their houſe: And Cherry! he was obliged to ſtay at home alone, and to faſt. The following day was alſo ſpent in amuſements: And Cherry! he was forgotten again. It was the ſame the third day; and Cherry! who could think of him in the midſt of ſuch diverſions? The fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Gower returned from the country. Jeſſy had thought very little about their return. Her father had ſcarce kiſſed her, and inquired after her health, before he aſked, how is Cherry? Very well, cried Jeſſy, a little confuſed; and ſhe ran towards the cage to carry him ſome water. Alas! the poor little creature was no more. He was laid upon his back, with his wings ſpread and his bill open. Jeſſy ſcreamed out, and wrung her hands. Every one in the houſe ran up and was eye-witneſs of the diſaſter. Ah! poor bird! cried Mr. Gower; how painful has thy death been! If I had wrung thy head off, the day that I went into the country, thou wouldeſt have had but the pain of a moment, whereas now thou haſt endured for ſeveral days the pangs of hunger and thirſt, and haſt died in a long and cruel agony. However, thou art ſtill happy, in being delivered from the hands of ſo pitileſs a guardian. Jeſſy

would have hid herſelf in the bowels of the earth: ſhe would have given all her play-things and all her pocket-money to purchaſe the life of Cherry; but it was then too late. Mr. Gower took the bird and had its ſkin ſtuffed and hung up from the ceiling. Jeſſy did not dare to look at it: her eyes were filled with tears whenever ſhe chanced to perceive it, and every day ſhe entreated her father to remove it from her ſight. Mr. Gower did not conſet, till after many ſupplications on her part; and whenever Jeſſy ſhewed any mark of inattention or giddineſs, the bird was hung up again in its place, and every body would ſay in her hearing, Poor Cherry! what a cruel death you ſuffered!

THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD BE THEIR OWN MASTERS.

Camillus. AH! papa, how I ſhould wiſh to be big! to be as big as you!

Mrs Orpin. And why ſhould you wiſh ſo, my dear?

Cam. Becauſe then I ſhould not be under any body's command, and might do whatever came into my head.

Mr. Orpin. I ſuppoſe then you would do wonders.

Cam. That I ſhould, I promiſe you.

Mr. Orpin. And do you wiſh alſo, Julia, to be free to do whatever you pleaſe?

Julia. Yes indeed, papa.

Cam. Oh! If Julia and I were our own maſters!

Mr. Orpin. Well, children, I can give you that ſatisfaction. After to-morrow morning you ſhall have the liberty of conducting yourſelves entirely according to your fancy.

Cam. Ah! you are jeſting papa.

Mr. Orpin. No, I ſpeak quite ſeriouſly. To-morrow, neither your mother nor I, nor in ſhort any body in the houſe, ſhall oppoſe your inclinations.

Cam. What pleaſure ſhall we feel to have our necks out of the yoke!

Mr. Orpin. That is not all, I do not intend to give you this privilege for to-morrow only; it ſhall continue until you come of yourſelves, and requeſt me to aſſume my authority again.

Cam. At that rate, we ſhall be our own maſters a long while.

Mr. Orpin. Well, I ſhall be glad to ſee you able to conduct yourſelves: ſo prepare to become great folks to-morrow.

The next day came. The two children, inſtead of riſing at ſeven o'clock as uſual, lay in bed till near nine. Too much ſleep makes us heavy and liſtleſs. This was the caſe with Camillus and Julia. They awoke at length uncalled, and got up in an ill humour. However they pleaſed themſelves a little with the agreeable idea of acting in whatever manner they liked the whole day. Come, what ſhall we do firſt? ſaid Camillus to his ſiſter, after they had dreſſed themſelves and breakfaſted.

Julia. Why we'll go and play.

Cam. At what?

Julia. Let us build houſes with cards.

Cam. Oh! that is very dull amuſement; I am not for that.

Julia. Will you play at blind-man's buff?

Cam. What, only two of us?

Julia. Well, at drafts, or at fox and geeſe.

Cam. You know I cannot bear thoſe games that oblige one to ſit ſtill.

Julia. Well then mention ſome to your own liking.

Cam. Then we'll play at riding on a ſtick.

Julia. Ay, that is a pretty play for a little girl?

Cam. We'll play then if you like at horſes. You ſhall be the horſe and I will be the coachman.

Julia. Oh yes! to laſh me with your whip as you did t'other day: I have not forgot that.

Cam. I never do it willingly; but the thing is, you won't gallop.

Julia. Ay, but that hurts me: ſo I won't play at ſuch game.

Cam. You won't? won't you? Well! let us play at hounds and hare. I will be the huntſman, and you ſhall be the hare. Come, make ready, I ſhall ſet off.

Julia. Pſhaw! I'll have none of your hunting. You do nothing but tread upon my heels, and punch me in the ſides.

Cam. Well, ſince you do not chooſe any of my games, I'll never play with you again. Do you hear that?

Julia. Nor I with you. Do you hear that too?

At theſe words they quitted the middle of the room, where they were ſtanding, and retired each into a corner, and there remained a conſiderable time without looking at or ſpeaking to each other. They were ſtill in a pout, when the clock ſtruck ten. The forenoon would ſoon paſs over; therefore Camillus at length approaching his ſiſter, ſaid, "I muſt do every thing that you like. Well, then, I will play at drafts with you for twelve cheſnuts a game."

Julia. I have no cheſnuts; and beſides, you know you owe me a dozen already. You ſhould pay me thoſe firſt.

Cam. Yes, I owed them to you yeſterday; but I do not owe any thing to-day.

Julia. And, pray, how did you come to be quit?

Cam. Nobody has a right to aſk any thing of thoſe who are their own maſters.

Julia. Very well! I ſhall tell my papa of your cheating.

Cam. But papa has no power over me now.

Julia. If that be the caſe I won't play.

Cam Then you may do as you like.

They go away pouting again to the farther ends of the room from each other. Camillus began to whiſtle, Julia to ſing. Camillus tied knots on his whip, and cracked it. Julia dreſſed her doll, and began a converſation with it. Camillus grumbled, and Julia ſighed. The clock ſtruck again. They had another hour leſs to play in. Camillus, in a pet, threw his whip out of the window: Julia toſſed her doll into a corner.

They look at each other not knowing what to ſay. At length Julia breaks ſilence; "Come, Camillus, I will be your horſe."

Cam. There now, that is right! I have a long ſtring for the bridle. See here. Put it in your mouth.

Julia. No, not in my mouth. Tie it round my waiſt, or faſten it to my arm.

Cam. How you talk! did you ever ſee horſes have the bit any where but between their teeth?

Julia. But I am not a real horſe.

Cam. Well, but you ſhould do juſt the ſame as if you were.

Julia. I do not ſee any occaſion for that.

Cam. I ſuppoſe you think that you know more about it than I do, who am all the day in the ſtable. Come, take it the right way.

Julia. You have been trailing it about in the dirt all the week. No, I'll never put it in my mouth.

Cam. Then I won't have it any where elſe. I would rather not play at all.

Julia. Juſt as you like!

A third fit of pouting, more ſullen and peeviſh than before. Camillus goes for his whip; Julia takes up her doll. But the whip refuſes to crack: The doll's dreſſing goes all wrong. Camillus ſighs; Julia weeps. This interval brought on dinner-hour; and Mr. Orpin came to aſk them, if they choſe to have it ſerved up. But what is the matter with you? ſaid he, ſeeing them both quite dull. Nothing, papa, anſwered the children, and, wiping their eyes, followed their father into the dining room. The dinner this day conſiſted of a number of diſhes, and a bottle of wine was opened for each of the children. My dear children, ſaid Mr. Orpin, if I had ſtill my former authority over you, I would forbid you to taſte all theſe diſhes, and particularly to drink wine. At leaſt, I would deſire you to be very ſparing of them, becauſe I know how dangerous wine and high ſeaſoned food are to children. But ye are now your own maſters, and may eat and drink whatever you fancy. The children did

not wait to be told this twice. The one ſwallowed great bits of meat without bread; the other took ſauce in whole ſpoonfuls, and they drank full bumpers of wine, without remembering to mix water with it. My dear, whiſpered Mrs. Orpin to her huſband, they will make themſelves ſick. I fear they will, my dear, anſwered Mr. Orpin; but I would rather that they ſhould learn for once, at their own expence, how much one may ſuffer from ignorance, than by a premature attention deprive them of the fruits of ſo important a leſſon. Mrs. Orpin ſaw her huſband's intention, and therefore ſuffered our thoughtleſs little couple to indulge their greedineſs. The cloth was now removed. The children had ſtuffed as long as they were able, and their little heads began to be heated. Come with me, Julia, cried Camillus, and took his ſiſter into the garden. Mr. Orpin thought proper to follow them unobſerved. There was a little pond in the garden, and at the edge of the pond a ſmall boat. Camillus had a mind to go into it. Julia ſtopped him. You know, ſaid ſhe, that we muſt not go there. Muſt not! anſwered Camillus. Do you forget that we are our own maſters? Oh! that is true, ſaid Julia; ſo, giving her hand to her brother, they both went into the boat. Mr. Orpin drew nearer to them, but did not chooſe to diſcover himſelf yet. He knew that the pond was not deep. Even if they fall in, ſaid he to himſelf, I ſhall not have much trouble in getting them out. The two children wiſhed to diſengage the boat from the bank, and puſh it out towards the middle of the pond; but they were not able to untie the knots of the rope which held it faſt. Since we cannot fail, ſaid the giddy Camillus, we may at leaſt balance ourſelves. So, ſtriding acroſs the boat, he began to preſs it down, firſt on the one ſide, and then on the other. Their heads being a little dizzy, it was not long before their legs failed them. They laid hold of each other to ſupport themſelves, and fell both plump upon the ſide of the boat, and from thence into the water. Mr. Orpin flew like lightening from the place where he had been hid. He threw himſelf

into the water, ſeized his raſh children, one in each hand, and brought them back into the houſe, half dead with terror. They felt themſelves violently ſick, while they were undreſſing and rubbing with cloths. At length they were put each in a warm bed: they fell alternately into a ſtupor and convulſions: they complained of a dreadful head-ach and pains in the bowels, were ſeized with frequent fainting fits, and in the intervals with ſhudderings, ſickneſs of the ſtomach, and difficulty of breathing. In this deplorable condition they paſſed the reſt of the day; they ſobbed and wept, till at length they fell aſleep through wearineſs. Early the next morning their father entered their chamber, and aſked how they had paſſed the night. Very ill, anſwered both, in a feeble voice; we could not lie eaſy in bed, and ſtill feel a ſickneſs in the head and ſtomach. Poor children, how I pity you! But, added he, a moment after, what will you do with your liberty to-day? Ye remember that ye enjoy it ſtill. Oh! no, no, anſwered both eagerly. And why, my little friends? You ſaid, the other day, that it was ſo diſagreeable to be ſubject to the direction of others. We have been well puniſhed for our folly, replied Camillus. And ſhall take warning for a long time, added Julia.

Mr. Orpin. Ye will not be your own maſters then, any longer.

Cam. No, no, papa; We would rather be told by you what to do.

Julia. It will be much better for us both.

Mr. Orpin. Think well of what you ſay; for, if I reſume my authority, I inform you before-hand, that my very firſt orders will be diſagreeable to you.

Cam. No matter, papa; we are ready to do whatever you think proper.

Mr. Orpin. Well, I have here a yellow powder, called rhubarb; it has an unpleaſing taſte, but is excellent for thoſe who have hurt their ſtomachs by exceſs. Since you conſent to follow my orders, I command you inſtantly to take this powder. Let me ſee you obey!

Cam. Oh! yes, yes, papa.

Julia. I would take it, though it were as bitter as ſoot.

Mr. Orpin gave them the medicine, and the children, without making, as formerly, any grimaces endeavoured each to excel the other in taking it with a cheerful countenance. This remedy happily had its effect, and they both recovered very ſoon. After that, whenever their parents would terrify them with threats of puniſhment, they would ſay, We ſhall let you be your own maſters! and the children felt more terror from this threat, than many others to whom one ſhould ſay, I will put you in priſon!

JOSEPH.

THERE lived once in Briſtol, a crazy perſon whoſe name was Joſeph. He never went out without having five or ſix wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. Though his ſenſes were diſordered, he was not miſchievous, and muſt be teazed a long time to be put in a paſſion. Whenever he walked the ſtreets, a number of troubleſome boys would come out of the houſes and follow him, crying, Joſeph! Joſeph! how do you ſell your wigs and your muffs? Some of them were even ſo ill-natured as throw ſtones at him. Though Joſeph commonly bore all theſe inſults very quietly, yet he was ſometimes ſo tormented that he would fall into a fury, and take up ſtones or handfuls of dirt to throw at the rabble of boys. Such a combat as this happened one day before the houſe of Mr. Denham. The noiſe drew him to the window, and he beheld with grief his own ſon Henry engaged in the fray. As ſoon as he perceived this, he ſhut down the ſaſh, and went into another chamber. At dinner, Mr. Denham ſaid to his ſon, Who was that man that you was running and hallooing after?

Henry. You know him very well, papa. It is the crazy man called Joſeph.

Mr. Denham. Poor man! what can have occaſioned this misfortune to him?

Henry. They ſay that it was a law-ſuit for a great eſtate. He was ſo grieved at loſing it, that he has loſt his ſenſes too.

Mr. Denham. If you had known this man at the very time when he was ſtript of his eſtate, and if he had ſaid to you, my dear Henry, I am unfortunate; I have juſt loſt an inheritance which I long enjoyed peaceably; all my property is gone to ſupport the expence of a law-ſuit. I have now neither town-houſe nor country-houſe; in ſhort nothing upon earth left. Would you have laughed at him then?

Henry. God forbid; who could be ſo wicked as to laugh at a man in his misfortunes? I ſhould much rather endeavour to comfort him.

Mr. Denham. What then, is he happier now, when he has loſt his reaſon beſides?

Henry. On the contrary, he is much more to be pitied.

Mr. Denham. And yet this day you inſult and throw ſtones at an unfortunate man, whom you would have endeavoured to comfort when he was leſs an object of pity.

Henry. My dear papa I have done wrong; forgive me!

Mr. Denham. I pardon you willingly, if you are ſorry for your fault. But my pardon is not ſufficient. There is another whoſe forgiveneſs you have ſtill to aſk.

Henry You mean Joſeph.

Mr. Denham. And why Joſeph?

Henry. Becauſe I offended him.

Mr. Denham. If Joſeph had retained his ſenſes, it would certainly be his pardon that you ſhould demand; but as he is not able to underſtand what is meant by pardon, it were uſeleſs to addreſs yourſelf to him. Yet you think that every one ſhould aſk pardon of thoſe whom he has offended?

Henry. So you have taught me, papa.

Mr. Denham. And do you know who it is that has commanded us to have compaſſion upon the unfortunate?

Henry. It is God.

Mr. Denham. And yet you have not ſhewn compaſſion to poor Joſeph: On the contrary, you have aggravated his miſery by your inſults. Do you think that ſuch conduct does not offend God?

Henry. Yes, I acknowledge it, and will aſk forgiveneſs of him to-night in my prayers.

Henry kept his word; he repented of his fault, and at night aſked pardon of God from the bottom of his heart. And he not only ceaſed to trouble Joſeph for ſeveral weeks himſelf, but he hindered alſo others of his comrades from inſulting him. In ſpite of his fair reſolution, however, he happened one day to mix in the rabble of boys who were following him. 'Tis true, it was purely out of curioſity, and only to ſee the tricks that they played upon this poor man. Now and then he could not refrain from hallooing like the reſt, Joſeph! Joſeph! and by degrees came to be the foremoſt in the mob. At length Joſeph's patience being tired by the ſhouts that purſued him, he turned ſhort about, and taking up a large ſtone, threw at him with ſuch violence that it grazed his cheek, and almoſt cut off part of his ear. Henry returned home all over blood, and roaring heartily. It is a juſt puniſhment on you from God, ſaid Mr. Denham. But, replied Henry, why have I alone been hurt, while my companions, who uſed him much worſe than I did, have not been puniſhed? the reaſon is, anſwered his father, that you knew better than the others, what a fault you were committing, and conſequently your offence was more criminal. It is very juſt that a child who knows the commands of God, and of his father, ſhould be doubly puniſhed, whenever he has ſuch a diſregard of his duty as to violate them.

THE LITTLE FIDDLER,

A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. MELFORT,	
CHARLES,	*his Son.*
SOPHIA,	*his Daughter.*
GODFREY,	*his Nephew.*
AMELIA RICHMOND, and CHARLOTTE,	*Friends of Sophia.*
JONAS,	*the Little Fiddler.*

Scene, Mr. Melfort's Houſe.

SCENE I.

CHARLES *and* GODFREY.

Charles. HARK ye, couſin. You muſt do me a favour.

Godfrey. Come, let us ſee what it is? Thou haſt always ſomething or another to aſk me.

Charles. It is becauſe you are the cleverer of the two. You know the tranſlation of that fable of Phædrus, that our tutor has given me for a taſk.

Godfrey. What, have you not finiſhed it yet?

Charles. How do you think I ſhould have finiſhed it, when I have not begun it?

Godfrey. You have not had time then to do it from twelve o'clock till four?

Charles. You ſhall ſee now whether that was poſſible. At eleven o'clock I could not help taking a turn or two in the garden, in order to get an appetite for my dinner. We were at table an hour. Then to ſit down and ſtudy immediately after one' s meals, you know how dangerous Papa's doctor ſays, that is; ſo as I had made a hearty dinner, I had occaſion for a good deal of exerciſe to digeſt it, you know.

Godfrey. Well, now at leaſt you have had excerciſe enough; and before dark there is more time than you want to finiſh your taſk.

Charles. You do not conſider that juſt now I muſt go to my writing.

Godfrey. But ſince your writing-maſter is not come.

Charles. I ſhall wait for him;—it would be ſpoiling every thing to confound my hours of buſineſs.

Godfrey. Well then, after your writing, you have ſtill ſome of the afternoon, and the whole evening.

Charles. I ſhall not have a minute. My ſiſter expects the two Miſs Richmonds to come to ſee her.

Godfrey. It is not on your account that they come.

Charles. No. But then I muſt help my ſiſter to entertain them.

Godfrey. What will hinder you when the young ladies go away.

Charles. O yes, indeed! to work by candle-light, and ſpoil my eyes. Yet my tranſlation muſt be ready by to-morrow morning.

Godfrey. Well! whether it is or no what is that to me?

Charles. And would you ſee me, then, reprimanded by my tutor and my Papa?

Godfrey. You always know how to get the better of me. Come, let me ſee, where is this taſk.

Charles. Above ſtairs in my room, on the table. I will go for it, or rather come you along with me.

Godfrey. Do you go firſt; I ſhall follow you immediately. I ſee your ſiſter coming this way. She wanted to ſpeak with me.

Charles. But do not you go and tell her any thing of this; you underſtand me.

SCENE II.

SOPHIA *and* GODFREY.

Sophia. Well, couſin, what have you and my brother been converſing about. He has certainly been playing you one of his old tricks.

Godfrey. No, but he has been making me one of his old requeſts. He wants me as uſual to perform his taſk for him againſt to-morrow.

Sophia. And is my Papa never to be informed of his idleneſs?

Godfrey. I ſhall not undertake that office. You know that ever ſince your mamma's death, my uncle's health has been ſo precarious, that the leaſt emotion makes him ill for ſome days. Beſides, his generoſity ſupports me; and he might think that I wiſhed to hurt your brother in his eſteem.

Sophia. Well, then, I ſhall talk to my brother the firſt opportunity—But do you know what I had to ſay to you? The Miſs Richmonds are coming to ſee me to-day, and you muſt aſſiſt us in our amuſements.

Godfrey. Oh! I ſhall certainly do my beſt, couſin.

Sophia. Ah! here they are.

SCENE III.

GODFREY, SOPHIA, AMELIA, *and* CHARLOTTE RICHMOND.

Sophia. Ah! how do you do, my dear friends! (*they ſalute each other, and curteſy to Godfrey, who bows to them.*)

Charlotte. It ſeems an age ſince I ſaw you laſt.

Amelia. Indeed it is a long time.

Sophia. I believe it is more than three weeks. (*Godfrey draws out the table, and gives them chairs.*)

Charlotte. Do not give yourſelf ſo much trouble, Maſter Godfrey.

Godfrey. Miſs, I only do my duty.

Sophia. Oh, I am very ſure Godfrey does it with pleaſure. (*gives him her hand*) I wiſh my brother had a little of his complaiſance.

SCENE IV.

GODFREY, SOPHIA, AMELIA, CHARLOTTE, CHARLES.

Charles. (*without taking notice of the Miſs Richmonds*) This is very pretty of you, Godfrey, to let me wait ſo long, while you are playing the fine gentleman.

Godfrey. I thought I ſhould be the laſt perſon in the company to whom you would direct your compliments.

Charles. Oh! do not be angry, ladies; I ſhall be at your ſervice preſently.

Amelia. Oh, pray do not hurry yourſelf, Mr. Charles. (*Charles takes Godfrey aſide, and while the young ladies converſe together, draws a paper from his pocket, which he gives him.*)

Charles. There it is; you underſtand me.

Godfrey. Six lines! a great taſk indeed! are not you aſhamed.

Charles. Hiſt! hold your tongue.

Godfrey. Ladies, if you give me leave, I will juſt ſtep out for a few minutes.

Charlotte. We ſhall expect your return with impatience.

Sophia. Since you are going out, couſin, pray bid Jenny bring us in tea.

SCENE V.

CHARLES, SOPHIA, AMELIA, CHARLOTTE.

Charles. (*throwing himſelf into an arm-chair*) Soh! I ſhall take poſſeſſion of this.

Sophia. I think it would have been civil to aſk leave.

Charles. Your leave, perhaps?

Sophia. I am not the only perſon here.

Charlotte. I ſee your brother counts us as nothing.

Amelia. He thinks certainly that he does us a great deal of honour in keeping us company.

Charles. Oh! I know that you could do without my company; but I could not ſo eaſily deprive myſelf of yours.

Sophia. There is at leaſt the appearance of a compliment. Though, I believe, to ſay the truth, the tea ſhould come in for the greateſt part of it.

Charles. You are very right, my dear ſiſter, in not thinking that I ſtay at leaſt on your account.

Sophia. Oh! as to that, I have too humble an opinion of my own merit. All that I ſhould take pride in is, that I am ſiſter to ſo polite a young gentleman. (*Jenny brings the tea, and ſets it before Sophia.*)

Charles. Let me pour it out, pray do.

Sophia. No, no, that is my buſineſs; you are a little too awkward. If you want to do ſomething, hand theſe ladies their cups

Amelia. Not ſo much ſugar for me.

Sophia. Help yourſelf, my dear, to your liking.—(*hands her a cup and the ſugar baſon. Charles takes a cup for himſelf, and gets hold of the ſugar.*) Charles, you have got three great lumps already.

Charles. Why that is not too much. I like it pretty ſweet. (*Takes ſeveral bits, one after another, till his ſiſter gets the ſugar baſon out of his hands.*)

Sophia. Are not you aſhamed, brother? You ſee there will be none for us.

Charles. Well, do not you know the way to the ſugar-caniſter.

Sophia. My brother would think he had done wrong if he ſaved his ſiſter any trouble.

Charles. No; but if you went for it, I ſhould have the pleaſure of being alone with theſe ladies.

Amelia. Do you hear that, Sophia? Now will you ſay that your brother is not perfectly polite?

Sophia. (*having collected all the cups before her, and filled them again.*) Charles hand Amelia this cup. (*Charles takes the cup, and in handing it to Amelia, ſpills the tea upon her ſlip.—They all riſe haſtily.*)

Sophia. There is an inſtance of his politeneſs. (*Aſide to Charles*) I dare ſwear, thou ill-natured creature, that was done on purpoſe.

Amelia. O dear! what will my mamma ſay? And what ſhall we do?

Charlotte. This is only the ſecond time ſhe has had on this ſlip. Make haſte a glaſs of clean water.

Sophia. No; I have heard that it is better to rub it with a dry linen cloth. Here is a handkerchief quite clean. (*They go to aſſiſt Amelia. Charlotte holds her ſlip,*

and Sophia rubs it. Meantime Charles remains at table, quite unconcerned, drinking his tea.)

Charlotte. There, it begins to diſappear: You muſt let it dry.

Amelia. By good luck, it is in a fold where one will not think of looking.

Charles. (aſide) That is not my fault.

Sophia. There, look now Charlotte, I do not think it will be obſerved.

Charlotte. If I had not ſeen the ſpot before——

Amelia. Very true. However, Mr. Charles, another time I ſhall beg you to ſpare yourſelf the trouble of waiting on me.

Sophia. Come, ladies, let us take our places again. *(going to pour out the tea, ſhe finds the tea-pot empty; looks angrily at Charles.)* Well, this is a piece of ill manners that I could not have imagined. Would ye believe it, ladies? while we were ſo much concerned, he has taken all the tea. However, ſtop a moment, I will go and order more.

Charlotte. No, there has been quite enough; I could not drink another drop

Amelia. The misfortune of my ſlip has taken away my thirſt.

Charles. But I beg you will make no ceremony—— They can ſoon bring us more.

Amelia. Really I think you ſhould have known beforehand that your brother was to be one of the company.

Sophia. Thoſe who are not invited ſhould at leaſt wait until it were their turn.

Charlotte. Let us not ſay any more about it. It does not give me the leaſt concern.

Sophia. Well, what ſhall we do now? Ah, here is our friend Godfrey. He will help us to fix on ſome amuſement.

Charles. (mimics her) Our friend Godfrey!—But ladies I muſt ſpeak to him before you. *(Goes to meet Godfrey, while the young ladies are converſing together.)*

SCENE VI.

AMELIA, CHARLOTTE, SOPHIA, GODFREY, CHARLES.

Charles. (*to Godfrey*) Well, have you done it?

Godfrey. There; take it, and bluſh for your idleneſs. Well, ladies, have you fixed upon any amuſement!

Amelia. No, we waited for you to determine us.

Godfrey. I have got a little muſician below ſtairs at your ſervice. If you give me leave, I will call him up to ſing you a ſong, or to play, if you chooſe to dance.

Sophia. A little muſician! where is he? where is he?

Charoltte. We muſt own that Maſter Godfrey knows how to amuſe his company.

Godfrey. At the ſame time that we amuſe ourſelves, we ſhall do an act of charity; for the poor little fellow has no livelihood but his violin.

Charles. And who will pay him, Maſter Godfrey? He talks and acts as if the king were his couſin, and he has not a farthing all the while.

Sophia. Are not you aſhamed, brother?

Godfrey. Let him go on, couſin, he does not offend me. It is no crime to be poor. I am the liker my little muſician, who is for all that a very good boy. I will give him ſixpence that I have remaining in my purſe; and he has promiſed to play for that all the evening.

Charlotte. We will make a collection to pay him.

Amelia. Yes, yes; we ſhall club.

Godfrey. Shall I go for him; he waits below at the door.

Sophia. By all means, my dear couſin, and make haſte. (*Godfrey goes out, meantime Jenny brings in a cake upon a plate*).

SCENE VII.

AMELIA, CHARLOTTE, SOPHIA, CHARLES.

(*Charles goes to take the plate from Jenny, Sophia prevents him.*) *Charles.* I was only going to cut it up.

Sophia. I ſhall ſave you the trouble; you would cut it up ſo well, I ſuppoſe, that we ſhould have no more of the cake than we had of the tea. (*She divides it, and hands it round.*)

Charles. (*after taking his ſhare*) Who is to have the piece that is left?

Sophia. What, is my couſin to have none?

Amelia. I would rather give him my part.

Charlotte. And I mine.

Charles. (*with a ſneer*) He is exceedingly happy.

Sophia. Can you ſee nothing but his cake to envy him?

SCENE VIII.

AMELIA, CHARLOTTE, SOPHIA, CHARLES, GODFREY, (*leading in Jonas by the hand, who has his violin under his arm.*)

Godfrey. Give me leave to preſent you my young performer.

Charlotte and *Amelia.* He is a ſmart little fellow.

Sophia. Where do you come from, my man?

Jonas. I came from the wolds of Yorkſhire, Ma'am.

Amelia. La! what has made you come thus far?

Jonas. Becauſe my poor father is blind, and cannot work. So we travel the country, and I ſupport him with my fiddle.

Sophia. Well, will you give us a ſpecimen of your performance?

Jonas. That I will with all my heart: But my ſkill is not very great.

Godfrey. Play your beſt; at any rate it will be well enough for me, and theſe ladies will be ſo good as to pardon you if you ſhould play a little out of tune.

(*Jonas tunes his violin. Amelia in the mean time taking the plate, preſents the remainder of the cake to Godfrey. He bows, takes the plate and holds it in his hand without touching the cake, while he liſtens to Jonas. The latter begins by playing the air of the following ſong; then ſings.*)

I.

PITY the early hardſhips of a boy,
Whoſe tender hands maintain an helpleſs ſire;
Alas! no other means can he employ,
But that compaſſion which their wants inſpire.

II.

Pity their lot, who would not importune,
Chill penury implores their ſcanty boon;
Long years of toil have dimm'd the father's eyes,
The other's weakneſs that reſource denies.

III.

Oh! Let their hardſhips touch the bounteous breaſt,
Relieve the aged ſire and helpleſs boy;
A little bread were wealth to the diſtreſt,
Alas! 'tis all their preſſing wants enjoy.

Godfrey. (giving him his hand.) Poor child! then you are both in great diſtreſs?

Jonas. Alas we are ſo; but with my fiddle I hope we ſhall never be deſtitute. If we ſhould be ſick, God Almighty will take care of us; and if we die, we ſhall want nothing but a little ſpot of earth, which may be had any where.

Godfrey. But, my poor little boy, perhaps thou art hungry. Hold, here, take my cake.

Jonas. Oh! no my pretty maſter eat it yourſelf; a bit of bread ſerves me.

Godfrey. No, you ſhall have this; I can eat bread as well as you.

Jonas. Well, Sir, I thank you; but I will not eat it now. I will ſhare it with my poor father; he is not uſed to taſte ſuch good things.

Sophia. Your poor father, ſay you? here you ſhall give him my part.

Charlotte. And take mine too.

Amelia. And mine.

Jonas. Oh! no, no; keep your cakes my ſweet young ladies. One piece is enough for me. We are not uſed to fill our bellies with ſweet things.

Charles. (ironically) He is right; that would ſpoil his fine voice.

Sophia. Nobody has aſked you for yours.

Charles. Oh, I have deſpatched that long ago.

Godfrey. Come, my man; will you taſte your cake firſt?

Jonas. Oh! no maſter. Since you are ſo good as to give it me, allow me to wrap it up in my handkerchief, and take it home.

Sophia. Stop a moment, I will give you a piece of linen cleaner than that, and meantime you may lay your cake in the window.

Jonas. I will, my good young lady. I come here to play upon the fiddle, not to eat.

Amelia. I ſhould wiſh to dance a minuet with Maſter Godfrey. Can you play any?

Jonas. Whatever you pleaſe. A minuet, a jig, or a country dance.

Amelia. Let us have a minuet firſt. *(Godfrey takes Amelia by the hand to dance.)*

Charlotte. Why cannot we both dance, *(advancing towards Charles.)* Mr. Charles?

Charles. Excuſe me, Miſs, I can't dance.

Sophia. Yet he has learned full two years.

Charles. I am not in a capering humour to-day.

Charlotte. (curtſying to him.) So then I am refuſed.

Sophia. Come, couſin, lend me your hand. *(to Charlotte)* I ſhall have the honour ma'am, to be your ſquire.

Amelia. Then if we were to dance a double minuet.

Godfrey. Miſs, I am at your ſervice. *(They dance a double minuet, after which Charlotte goes to take out Godfrey.*

Charlotte. Mr Godfrey now I will dance with you.

Godfrey. I ſhall be happy Miſs to have that honour.

Amelia. And now, Sophia, I will be your ſquire.

Sophia. As this goes, I find I muſt loſe my couſin.

however, theſe Ladies have the firſt title to your complaiſance. *(They dance another minuet, during which Charles goes to the window, takes Jonas's cake, and ſlips out of the room.)*

Sophia. *(to Godfrey, who wipes his face.)* Ah! you give it up; you muſt own that we have ſtronger feet than you Gentlemen.

Godfrey. It is becauſe you are much nimbler.

Amelia. *(to Godfrey)* If your couſin had been as complaiſant as you, we ſhould ſoon have overmatched you; for then one of us could take breath while the other two danced. *(They all look round for Charles.)*

Charlotte. Ah! he is gone; ſo much the better.

Jonas. Shall I play another tune or two?

Godfrey No; that is enough; unleſs, Ladies, you would chooſe more. The poor little fellow will be glad to go and earn ſomething elſewhere. I have already told you how little I have in my purſe; and Charles has gone off without paying.

Charlotte. We will all contribute as well as you.

Amelia. Certainly, we mean it. *(takes out her purſe.)* There, Maſter Godfrey, is my purſe.

Charlotte. And here is mine.

Sophia. Hold, Couſin, here is a ſhilling: keep your money, and this will do for us both.

Godfrey. No, no, Sophia, I have a right to pay firſt. *(They gather the money and give it to Jonas.)*

Jonas. I will never take all that; this young Gentleman promiſed me only ſixpence.

Godfrey. Take the whole, my man; we are very happy to be able to do you ſervice.

Jonas. God Almighty reward you. *(To Sophia)* Now, Miſs, if you would pleaſe to give me a piece of old linnen to wrap up the cake you have made me take.

Sophia. I had quite forgot it. *(runs to a drawer and takes out a handkerchief.)* There; it is a little worn; but it will do very well for your purpoſe.

Jonas. May Heaven repay you for your generoſity. *(goes to the window for the cake.)*

Jonas. *(ſorrowfully.)* It is not here.

Sophia. What a ſad boy is that? he certainly has taken this poor child's cake.

Jonas. Do not be concerned, my ſweet young Lady. I am only ſorry to loſe it on account of my poor father.

Godfrey. If Charles were not your brother, his greedineſs ſhould coſt him dear; but Jonas's father muſt not be a loſer however. My dear Sophia, lend me that ſixpence which you were going to pay for me juſt now.

Sophia. No, couſin, I will have the merit of it all to myſelf. *(To Jonas.)* There, my lad, is ſixpence; buy another cake for your father. *(Charlotte and Amelia feel in their purſes.)*

Charlotte. Hold, here is ſome more halfpence.

Amelia. Take this too.

Jonas. Oh dear, no; this is too much.

Godfrey. (taking him by the hand affectionately.) How unhappy am I not to have any thing more to give thee! But I am an orphan, and ſubſiſt, like thee, upon the generoſity of others.

Jonas. (to Godfrey.) I wiſh that you had not brought me here, or that you would take back your money.

Godfrey. Do not be uneaſy about me. Farewel. Go and try to earn ſomething elſewhere.

Jonas. (to Sophia as he is going.) But take your handkerchief, my good young Lady.

Sophia. No, keep it if you have occaſion for it.

Jonas. May Heaven preſerve you all in good health, and make you ſtill more amiable than you are. *(goes out.)*

SCENE IX.

SOPHIA, CHARLOTTE, AMELIA, *and* GODFREY.

Sophia. Can you imagine any thing more ſhameful than the behaviour of Charles?

Amelia. He ſhould not play theſe pranks if I were his ſiſter.

Charlotte. I am ſorry that he has deſtroyed all the

pleaſure we had, in doing a ſervice to this poor little boy.

Amelia. However, he is not ill off at preſent; the cake has been pretty well made up to him.

Godfrey. Very true, thanks to your generoſity. But that does not juſtify the behaviour of Charles. Beſides, poor Jonas might have had the one without loſing the other.

Sophia. It is you, couſin, that have ſuffered moſt upon the whole. You have deprived yourſelf of your ſhare, that my good-for-nothing brother might eat it. (*a knocking is heard at the door.*)

SCENE X.

AMELIA, CHARLOTTE, SOPHIA, GODFREY, JONAS.

Godfrey. Here is our little fiddler again. What is the matter, my man?

Jonas. (*crying.*) Oh dear! Oh dear! Help! I am ruined. (*The children gather round him.*)

Sophia. The whole of my poor ſubſiſtence,—all that I had to maintain myſelf and my father—ſee, ſee here—my little violin it is broken all to pieces, and your handkerchief and your money—all is gone—he has taken it all from me.

Godfrey. Who has broken your violin? who has taken your money?

Jonas. 'Twas he. 'Twas he that took my cake.

Sophia. What my brother? Is it poſſible?

Godfrey. Charles!

Charlotte. It cannot be.

Amelia. O the wretch!

Jonas. Yes, it was he, it was he. As I was going out of the ſtreet-door, he came up to me, and aſked if I had been paid for my playing, as otherwiſe he meant to pay me. Oh, yes, that I have, ſaid I, and even overpaid. How came they by ſo much money? ſays he. Let me ſee what they have given you. So I, ſilly fool that I was—I ſhould have remembered the cake; but I thought no more of that, I was ſo overjoyed to carry home ſo much money to my father. Beſides, I had not counted

it, and was desirous to know the sum. So I laid my fiddle down on the ground beside me, and took out the handkerchief. See here, said I to him, what I got more than was promised me at first; one of the young misses gave it me. I had tied up all my money in the handkerchief, and was going to undo the knot, when he snatched at it. I guessed his roguery. So he pulled one way and I another, when all at once seeing where my fiddle lay on the ground, he stamped on it with both his feet. I loosed my hold, and let go the handkerchief, and so he got it from me and ran away Both my fiddle and the bow are broke, and now I have neither handkerchief nor money. O my father! my poor father! What will become of us?

Sophia. Why really I do not know.—I have nothing more in the world. O cousin!

Charlotte. Here are some few halfpence. It is all that I have about me.

Jonas. My sweet miss, I thank you; but that will not buy me a fiddle. O my poor father! he had it more than fifteen years.

Amelia. Take this too. It is the very last farthing I have.

Sophia. (*Runs to the drawer.*) Here is my thimble; it is gold. Run and sell it, my poor little man. I have an ivory one that will serve me.

Godfrey. No, keep your thimble, cousin. Stop, my boy, I can extricate you. (*Takes out his buckles and gives them to him*) I have another pair of pinchbeck.—You will certainly get twelve shillings for these I can give them away, for they are my own. My godfather made me a present of them for my birth-day.—(*Sophia offers him her thimble, and Godfrey his buckles. Jonas hesitates.*)

Jonas. No; I will have none of them. My father would think that I had stolen them.

Sophia. Take my thimble at least.

Godfrey. Won't you take my buckles? you will make me angry. Take them, I say.

Jonas. O dear! would you have me deprive you of your ornaments?

Godfrey. Do not be uneaſy about that. God will repay me perhaps more than I give you. Your father wants bread: I have no father to maintain.

Sophia. Go, go, take care of yourſelf.

Jonas. At leaſt take back your thimble.

Sophia. No; it is not mine now.

Charlotte. If you ever paſs our way, I will do ſomething for you.

Amelia. 'Tis in ——— Square; any body will ſhew you Mr. Richmond's.

Jonas. Oh! great folks ſeldom aſk me into their houſes. I am ſometimes, perhaps, taken down into the kitchen.

Sophia. Well, enough of this. Your father probably is uneaſy on your account, and ours may return very ſoón.

Jonas. How, miſs! your papa! Do you expect him ſoon?

Sophia. Yes, go your ways, elſe the rogue who took your handkerchief and money, may take this from you too?

Jonas. But I hope you are very ſure not to be ſcolded.

Godfrey. No, no; never fear. Good by'e!

Jonas. (*As he goes out.*) The good-natured little ſouls!

SCENE XI.

SOPHIA, CHARLOTTE, AMELIA, GODFREY.

Charlotte. I am very ſorry that you have deprived yourſelf of your buckles, Maſter Godfrey.

Amelia. You have ſet us a good example.

Godfrey. I only followed that of Sophia. I ſhould be happy in the opportunity of doing a good action, if it had not been furniſhed by the mean behaviour of Charles. With what pleaſure I ſhall now look at my pinchbeck buckles!

SCENE XII.

MR. MELFORT, SOPHIA, AMELIA, CHARLOTTE, GODFREY, JONAS.

(*The children get close together. Sophia and Godfrey cast a side look at Jonas, and whisper each other.*)

Mr. Melf. (*to the Miss Richmonds.*) Your servant, ladies! I thank you for the honour that you have done my daughter. But give me leave to hear, in your presence, what this boy has to say. He was waiting for me upon the stairs, and cannot leave me, he says, until he has spoken to me before you—(*To Jonas*) Come what have you to say?

Jonas. (*to Sophia and Godfrey.*) My good young master and miss, I beg you, for heaven's sake, not to be angry with me; but I cannot help speaking, and it would be ill done of me to keep what you have made me take without the consent of your papa. I know very well that children have nothing of their own to give away.

Mr. Melf. What is all this?

Jonas. I am going to tell you, Sir.——This young master called me from his window to come in and play upon my violin for these ladies. There was another little gentleman too along with them, very handsome, but a very ill-natured rogue.

Mr. Melf. What! my son?

Jonas. I beg pardon. That word escaped me. Well, I played my best, what tunes I knew, and this good little company were so kind as to bestow upon me a piece of cake, with a handkerchief to wrap it up, and almost a handful of money besides. I do not know how much.

Mr. Melf. Well!

Jonas. Well; that ill-natured little gentleman took away the cake which I was intending to carry to my poor father, who is blind. That I should not have minded; but he slips out of the room and when I was going away, quite overjoyed with m little bundle, he

watches me in the paſſage, takes the handkerchief with all the money from me by force, and breaks my violin in pieces. Look you there it is, (*crying.*) All my riches, that ſupported me and my father.

Mr. Melf. Is it poſſible? Such a malicious ill-natured action!—What! my ſon?

Charlotte. His behaviour in every thing elſe makes this very probable. Aſk Sophia herſelf.

Mr. Melf. Go, my man, do not let it afflict you: I will indemnify you for this. But is that all?

Jonas. No, ſir; only hear me. Being in ſuch trouble, I returned to tell theſe good little gentlefolks the whole affair. They had not money enough to pay for the damage: ſo this pretty miſs gave me her gold thimble, and this young gentleman his ſilver buckles. I could not poſſibly keep them: my father would have thought that I had ſtolen them. I knew you were coming home, ſo I waited to return them to you, and here they are.—But I have no fiddle now. O my fiddle! O my poor father!

Mr. Melf. What an account thou haſt given me! is it thou, or you, my generous children, whom I ſhould moſt admire? Excellent boy! in extreme indigence, to loſe all; and yet, from the fear of doing wrong, to run the riſk of letting a father, whom you love, periſh with hunger.

Jonas. Is it ſo great a matter not to be a rogue? No, no; one never thrives on ill-gotten bread. It is what my father and mother have often told me. If you would only pleaſe to buy me another fiddle, that will make amends for all. Whatever more the thimble and buckles would have bought, God Almighty will repay me.

Mr. Melf. Your father and you muſt be endowed with extraordinary uprightneſs of heart, not even to ſuſpect the depravity of others! God will make uſe of me as an inſtrument to impart his bleſſings to you.—You ſhall ſtay here, and for the firſt you ſhall wait upon Godfrey. Afterwards we will ſee what we can do better for you.

Jonas. What! wait upon this little angel of a gentleman? Oh! I ſhould be delighted, (*bows to Godfrey*) But no, (*ſorrowfully*) I cannot leave my father all alone. Without me, how ſhould he do to live? What! ſhould I be in abundance, and he die for want? Oh no!

Mr. Melf. Excellent child! and who is thy father?

Jonas. An old blind labourer, whom I ſupported by playing on the fiddle. It is true, he ſeldom eats, nor I neither, any thing but a piece of bread with ſome milk. But God gives us always enough for the day, and we take no care for the morrow; he provides for that alſo.

Mr. Melf. Well, I will take care of thy father; and if he chooſes, I will get him into an alms-houſe, where old and infirm people are well maintained. You may go and ſee him there whenever you pleaſe. (*Jonas, after an exclamation of joy, runs about the room, quite tranſported.*

Jonas. O goodneſs! What, my dear father! No; that will make him die with joy. I cannot ſtop any longer, but muſt go for him and bring him here.—— (*Runs out. Sophia and Godfrey take Mr. Melfort's hands. They wipe their eyes.*)

SCENE XIII.

MR. MELFORT, SOPHIA, AMELIA, CHARLOTTE, *and* GODFREY.

Mr. Melf. O my dear children! how happy would this day have been for me, if, while I admire the generoſity of your ſentiments, the idea of my ſon's unworthineſs did not intervene to poiſon my happineſs! But, no; it ſhall not affect it. God hath given me another ſon in thee, my dear Godfrey. If you art not ſo by birth, yet you are by the ties of blood, and by congenial worthineſs of heart. Yes, you ſhall be my ſon. But where is Charles! Go, ſeek him, and bring him hither to me immediately.—(*Godfrey goes out.*)

Sophia. It is almoſt an hour ſince we ſaw him. While the little boy was playing a minuet to us, he diſappeared with his piece of cake.

Godfrey. (*returning.*) He was ſeen going into a confectioner's not far off. I have told John to go for him.

Mr. Melf. Children ſtep into my ſtudy. I wiſh to know what anſwer he will have the aſſurance to make me. When I want your teſtimony, I ſhall call you.

Charlotte and Amelia. Then we ſhall take our leave.

Mr. Melf. No, my dears! I will ſend word to your papa and mamma, that you will ſpend the reſt of the evening with us. Probably the generous little Jonas and his old father will be our gueſts alſo. I have occaſion for ſomething to aſſuage the cruel wound that Charles has given my heart, and I know of nothing more ſalutary than the converſation of ſuch amiable children as you.

Sophia, (*liſtening*). I think I hear Charles coming. (*Mr. Melfort opens his ſtudy-door. The children withdraw.*)

SCENE XIV.

MR. MELFORT.

I have long dreaded a diſcovery of this diſagreeable nature, but could never have ſuſpected him of any thing ſo horrid. It is, perhaps, ſtill not too late to correct his vices. Alas! why am I obliged to try a deſperate remedy?

SCENE XV.

MR. MELFORT, CHARLES.

Charles. What are your commands, papa?

Mr. Melf. Where have you been? Were you not in your chamber?

Charles. Our tutor is gone out. Godfrey was below ſtairs. So, after having ſtudied all the afternoon, I grew tired of being alone.

Mr. Melf. Why did not you go, as well as Godfrey, and join the little company that I found with your ſiſter?

Charles. And ſo I did: But thoſe miſſes treated me ſo ill—

Mr. Melf. How! you aſtoniſh me.

Charles. At firſt they drank tea, but without aſking me to have a drop. On the contrary, they ſhewed me all the ſpite in the world. Then Godfrey picked up a little beggar-brat in the ſtreet, and brought him to play the fiddle to them. He gave him ſome of the cake that was brought up to them, and me not a bit. They danced, but not one of the ladies would dance with me, though there were three of them, and no gentleman but Godfrey. What could I do here? I went down to the door to look at the people paſſing by.

Mr. Melf. Only to the door? What was it then that paſſed at the corner of the ſtreet, between a little fiddler and you? I have been told that you beat him, and broke his violin, and that he went away crying.

Charles. Yes, that is true, papa; and if I had not been very good natured, I ſhould have got a conſtable to put him in bridewell. You ſhall hear, Sir. When I ſaw him go out, I ſaid to myſelf, I muſt give this poor creature ſomething too for his trouble, for I know that Godfrey has nothing of his own, and a beggar is but ill paid with only a morſel of cake. So I took ſome money out of my purſe which I gave him, and he drew out a handkerchief to put it in. I perceived that it was one of my ſiſter's handkerchiefs; you may ſee the mark. I begged him very civilly to return it, which he would not. So I took him by the collar, and we ſtruggled together, and by accident I put my foot upon his fiddle.

Mr. Melf. (*with indignation.*) Hold your tongue, baſe liar! I cannot bear to hear you.

Charles. (*drawing near to him, and going to take him by the hand.*) Why, my dear papa, what makes you angry?

Mr. Melf. Be gone, wicked creature, out of my ſight! you ſhock me. (*He calls the children from the ſtudy.*)

SCENE XVI.

MR. MELFORT, SOPHIA, AMELIA, CHARLOTTE, CHARLES, GODFREY.

Mr. Melf. Come hither, my children! I will ſee none but thoſe who merit my affection. As for you, quit my preſence for ever. But no, ſtop. You ſhall receive your ſentence, firſt. (*To Sophia and Godfrey.*) You have heard his charges againſt you.

Sophia. Yes, papa; and if it were not neceſſary for our own juſtification, I would not ſay a word againſt him, for fear of increaſing your anger.

Charles. Do not believe any thing that ſhe will tell you.

Mr. Melf. Be ſilent. I have already had a proof of thy deteſtable falſehood. Lying is the high road to theft and murder. Thou haſt already committed the firſt crime, and perhaps wanteſt only ſtrength to attempt the other. Go on, Sophia.

Sophia. In the firſt place he has done no buſineſs at all this afternoon. It was Godfrey that wrote his tranſlation for him.

Mr. Melf. Is this true?

Godfrey. I cannot deny it.

Sophia. Then he ſpilt a diſh of tea upon Amelia's ſlip; and while we were buſy in wiping it, he remained at table, and emptied the tea-pot; there was not a drop left for us. Theſe young ladies are witneſſes, (*pointing to the Miſs Richmonds.*) As to the cake—

Mr. Melf. That is enough. All your baſeneſs is diſcovered. Go up into your chamber for this day: to-morrow morning I will put you out of the houſe. I will give you time enough to amend before you return, and if that experiment does not ſucceed, there are not wanting methods to diſpoſe of incorrigible reprobates, who diſturb ſociety by their miſdeeds.—

Godfrey, tell John to ſee that he keeps his room. You will give orders in the mean time, that your tutor be ſent to me as ſoon as he returns.

Sophia and Godfrey. (*interceding for him*) Dear papa! Dear uncle!——

Mr. Melf. I will not hear a word in his favour. He who is capable of taking from the poor by force the earnings of his induſtry, of breaking the inſtrument of his livelihood, and of ſeeking to juſtify ſuch actions by falſehood and calumny, ſhould be turned out of the ſociety of men. I thank God that he has left me ſtill two ſuch excellent children as you. You ſhall be my conſolation henceforward, and with you I will endeavour to make myſelf as happy this evening as the father of ſuch an unprincipled ſon can be.

THE SWORD.

A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD ONSBURGH.	
AUGUSTUS,	*his Son.*
HENRIETTA,	*his Daughter.*
ELDER RAYNTON,	*Friends of Auguſtus.*
YOUNGER RAYNTON,	
ELDER DUDLEY,	
YOUNGER DUDLEY,	
CRAPE,	*a Servant to Lord Onſburgh.*

Scene, the Apartment of Auguſtus.

SCENE I.

AUGUSTUS.

AHA! this is my birth-day! they did well to tell me, otherwiſe I ſhould never have thought of it. Well, it will bring me ſome new preſent from papa.

But, let's ſee what will he give me? Crape had ſomething under his coat when he went into papa's room. He would not let me go in with him. Ah! if I were not obliged to appear a little more ſedate than uſual, I ſhould have forced him to ſhew me what he was carrying. But hiſt! I ſhall ſoon know it. Here comes my papa.

SCENE II.

LORD ONSBURGH (*holding in his hand a ſword and belt.*) *and* AUGUSTUS.

Lord Onſb. Ah! are you there, Auguſtus? I have already wiſhed you joy of your birth-day; but this is not enough, is it?

Aug. Oh! papa—but what have you in your hand there.

Lord Onſb. Something that I fear will not become you well. A ſword; look ye!

Aug. What! is it for me! Oh! give it me, dear papa; I will be ſo good and ſo diligent for the future.

Lord Onſb. Ah! if I thought that! but do you know that a ſword requires a man? That he muſt be no longer a child who wears one, but ſhould conduct himſelf with circumſpection and decency; and, in ſhort, that it is not the ſword that adorns the man, but the man that adorns the ſword.

Aug. Oh! never fear me. I ſhall adorn mine, I warrant! and I'll have nothing to ſay to thoſe mean perſons——

Lord Onſb. Whom do you call thoſe means perſons?

Aug. I mean thoſe who cannot wear a ſword and a bag; thoſe who are not of the nobility, as you and I are.

Lord Onſb. For my part, I know no mean perſons but thoſe who have a wrong way of thinking, and a worſe of conducting themſelves; who are diſobedient to their parents, rude and ill mannerly to others: So that I ſee many mean perſons among the nobility, and many noble amongſt thoſe whom you call mean.

Aug. Yes, I think in the ſame manner.

Lord Onſb. What were you talking then juſt now, of a bag and a ſword? Do you think that the real advantages of nobility conſiſt in thoſe fopperies! They ſerve to diſtinguiſh ranks, becauſe it is neceſſary that ranks ſhould be diſtinguiſhed in the world. But the moſt elevated rank does only add more diſgrace to the man unworthy to fill it.

Aug. So I believe, papa. But it will be no diſgrace to me to have a ſword and to wear it.

Lord Onſb. No. I mean that you will render yourſelf worthy of this diſtinction no otherwiſe than by your good behaviour. Here is your ſword, but remember—

Aug. Oh! Yes, papa. You ſhall ſee! (*He endeavours to put the ſword by his ſide, but cannot. Lord Onſburgh helps him to buckle it on.*)

Lord Onſb. Eh! why it does not ſit ſo ill.

Aug. Does it now? Oh! I knew that.

Lord Onſb. It becomes you ſurpriſingly. But, above all things, remember what I told you. Good by'e! (*going, he returns*) I had forgot. I have juſt now ſent for your little party of friends to ſpend this day with you. Obſerve to behave yourſelf ſuitably.

Aug. Yes, papa.

SCENE III.

AUGUSTUS.

(*He ſtruts up and down the ſtage, and now and then looks back to ſee if his ſword be behind him.*) This is fine! this is being ſomething like a gentleman! let any of your citizens come in my way now. No more familiarity if they do not wear a ſword. And if they take it amiſs —Aha!—out with my rapier. But hold! let us ſee firſt if it has a good blade. (*drawing his ſword and uſing furious geſtures*) What, does that tradeſman mean to affront me?—One,—two!—Ah! you defend yourſelf, do you? Die, ſcoundrel!

SCENE IV.

HENRIETTA, AUGUSTUS.

Henrietta, (*who ſcreams on hearing thoſe laſt words*) Bleſs me! Auguſtus, are you mad!

Aug. Is it you, ſiſter?

Henrietta. Yes, you ſee it is. But what do you do with that inſtrument? (*pointing to the ſword.*)

Aug. Do with it? what a gentleman ſhould do!

Henrietta. And who is he that you are going to ſend out of the world?

Aug. The firſt that ſhall dare to take the wall of me?

Henrietta. I ſee there are many lives in danger. And if I ſhould happen to be the perſon——

Aug. You!—I would not adviſe you. I wear a ſword now, you ſee. Papa, made me a preſent of it.

Henrietta. I ſuppoſe to go and kill people, right or wrong.

Aug. An't I the honourable? if they do not give me the reſpects due, ſmack, a box on the ear; and if your little commoner will be impertinent—ſword in hand—(*going to draw it.*)

Henrietta. Oh! leave it in quiet, brother. And leſt I ſhould run the riſk of affronting you unknowingly, I wiſh to be informed what the reſpect is that you demand?

Aug. You ſhall ſoon ſee. My father has juſt ſent for ſome of my young acquaintances. If thoſe little puppies do not behave themſelves reſpectfully, you ſhall ſee how I will manage.

Henrietta. Very well! but I aſk you what we muſt do to behave ourſelves reſpectfully towards you?

Aug. In the firſt place, I inſiſt upon a low bow—very low.

Henrietta, (*with an affected gravity, making him a low curteſy.*) Your Lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant. Was that well?

Aug. No joking, Henrietta, if you pleaſe, or elſe—

Henrietta. Nay I am quite ſerious, I aſſure you. We muſt take care to know and perform our duty to reſpectable perſons. It would not be amiſs to inform your little friends too.

Aug. Oh! I will have ſome ſport with thoſe fellows; give one a pull, t'other a pinch, and play all ſorts of tricks on them.

Henrietta. Thoſe, I take it, are ſome of the duties of a gentleman who wears a ſword; but if thoſe fellows ſhould not like the ſport, and return it on the gentleman's ears——

Aug. What! low vulgar blood? No, they have neither hearts nor ſwords.

Henrietta. Really, papa could not have given you a more uſeful preſent. He ſaw plainly what a hero was concealed in the perſon of his ſon, and that he wanted but a ſword to ſhew him in his proper light.

Aug. Hark ye, ſiſter; it is my birth-day, we muſt divert ourſelves. However, you will not ſay any thing of it to papa.

Henrietta. Why not? he would not have given you a ſword, if he did not expect ſome exploit of this ſort from a gentleman newly equipt. Would he have adviſed you otherwiſe?

Aug. Certainly! you know that he is always preaching to me.

Henrietta. What has he been preaching to you, then?

Aug. I dont know, not I. That I ſhould adorn my ſword, and not my ſword me.

Henrietta. In that caſe you underſtood him properly, I muſt ſay: to adorn one's ſword is to know how to make uſe of it; and you are willing to ſhew already that you have that knowledge.

Aug. Very well, ſiſter, you think to joke; but I would have you to know, madam———

Henrietta. Oh! I know extremely well, all that you can tell me; but do you know too, that there is one principal ornament wanting to your ſword?

Aug. What is that? (*unbuckles the belt, and looks all over the ſword.*) I do not ſee that there is the leaſt thing wanting.

Henrietta. Really, you are a very clever ſwordſman. But a ſword-knot, now? Ah! how a blue and ſilver knot would dangle from that hilt!

Aug. You are right, Henrietta. Hark ye! you have a whole band-box full of ribands in your room; ſo—

Henrietta. I was thinking of it; providing that you do not give me a ſpecimen of your fencing, or lay your blade upon me in return.

Aug. Nonſenſe! here is my hand, that is enough, you have nothing to fear. But quick,—a handſome knot! When my little party comes they ſhall ſee me in all my grandeur.

Henrietta. Give it to me, then.

Aug. (*giving her the ſword.*) There make haſte! you will leave it in my room, on the table, that I may find it when I want it.

Henrietta. Depend on me.

SCENE V.

AUGUSTUS, HENRIETTA, CRAPE.

Crape. The two Maſter Dudleys, and the Maſter Rayntons are below.

Aug. Well! cannot they come up? Muſt I go to receive them at the bottom of the ſtairs?

Crape. My lady ordered me to tell you to come and meet them.

Aug. No, no; it is better to wait for them here.

Henrietta. Nay, but ſince mamma deſires that you will go down——

Aug. Indeed, they are worth all that ceremony!—Well, I ſhall go directly. Come, what are you doing? Will this make my ſword-knot? go run, and let me find it on my table properly done. (*Going out*) Do you hear?

SCENE VI.

HENRIETTA.

The little inſolent in what a tone he ſpeaks to me! luckily I have the ſword. A proper inſtrument indeed, in the hand of ſo quarrelſome a boy! yes, yes, ſtay till I return it to you. My papa does not know you ſo well as I. But he muſt be told—Ah! here he is.

SCENE VII.

LORD ONSBURGH, HENRIETTA.

Henrietta. You are come in good time, papa, I was going to you.

Lord Onſb. What have you then of ſo much conſequence to tell me?—But what do you do with your brother's ſword?

Henrietta. I have promiſed him to put a handſome knot to it? but it was only to get this dangerous weapon out of his hands. Do not give it to him again whatever you do.

Lord Onſb. Why, ſhould I take back a preſent that I have given him?

Henrietta. At leaſt be ſo good as to keep it until he becomes more peaceable. I juſt now found him alone, laying about him like Don Quixote, and threatening to make his firſt trial of fencing upon his companions that come to ſee him.

Lord Onſb. The little quarreller! if he will uſe it for his firſt exploits, they ſhall not turn out to his honour I promiſe you. Give me this ſword.

Henrietta. (*gives him the ſword.*) There, Sir. I hear him on the ſtairs.

Lord Onſb. Run, make his knot, and bring it to me when it is ready. (*They go out.*)

SCENE VIII.

AUGUSTUS, ELDER DUDLEY, YOUNGER DUDLEY, ELDER RAYNTON, YOUNGER RAYNTON.

(*Auguſtus enters firſt with his hat on; the other follows him uncovered.*)

Elder Dudley. (*aſide to Elder Raynton.*) This is a very polite reception.

Elder Raynton. (*aſide to Elder Dudley.*) I ſuppoſe it is the faſhion now to receive company with one's hat on, and to walk before them into one's houſe.

Aug. What are you mumbling there?

Elder Dudley. Nothing, Mr. Onſburgh; nothing.

Aug. It is ſomething that I ſhould not hear.

Elder Raynton. Perhaps it may.

Aug. Now I inſiſt upon knowing it.

Elder Raynton. When you have a right to demand it.

Elder Dudley. Softly, Raynton: it does not become us in a ſtrange houſe—

Elder Raynton. It is ſtill leſs becoming to be unpolite in one's own houſe.

Aug. (*haughtily*) Unpolite! I, unpolite? Is it becauſe I walked before you?

Elder Raynton. That is the very reaſon. Whenever we have the honour to receive your viſits, or thoſe of any other perſon, we never take the precedence.

Aug. You only do your duty. But from you to me—

Elder Raynton. What then, from you to me?—

Aug. Are you noble?

Elder Raynton. (*to the two Dudleys and his brother.*) Let us leave him to himſelf, with his nobility, if you will take my advice.

Elder Dudley. Fie! Mr. Onſburgh! if you think it beneath your dignity to keep company with us, why invite us here? we did not aſk that honour.

Aug. It was not I that invited you, it was my papa.

Elder Raynton. Then we will go to my Lord, and thank him for his civility. At the ſame time we ſhall let him know that his ſon thinks it a diſhonour to receive us. Come brother!

Aug. (*ſtopping him*) You cannot take a joke, Maſter Raynton. Why, I am very happy to ſee you. It was to do me a pleaſure that papa invited you, for this is my birth-day. I beg you will ſtay with me.

Elder Raynton. This is another affair. But be more polite for the future. Though I have not a title, as you have, yet I will not ſuffer any one to offend me without reſenting it.

Elder Dudley. Be quiet, Raynton; we ſhould reſt good friends.

Younger Dudley. I wiſh you many happy returns of it.

Elder Raynton. So do I, Sir; and all manner of proſperity, (*aſide*) and particularly that you may grow a little more polite.

Younger Raynton. I ſuppoſe you have had ſeveral handſome preſents?

Aug. Oh! of courſe.

Younger Dudley. A great deal of cakes and ſweetmeats, no doubt?

Aug. Ha! ha! cakes? that would be pretty indeed. I have them every day.

Younger Raynton. Ah! then, I'll wager, it is in money. Two or three crowns? eh!

Aug. (*diſdainfully*) Something better, and which I alone of all here—yes, I alone, have a right to wear.

(*Elder Raynton and Elder Dudley converſe aſide.*)

Younger Raynton. If I had what has been given you, I could wear it as well as another, perhaps.

Aug. (*looking at him with an air of contempt*) Poor creature! (*to the two elder brothers*) What are you

both whiſpering there again? I think you ſhould aſſiſt to amuſe me.

Elder Dudley. Only furniſh us with the means.

Elder Raynton. He that receives friends ſhould ſtudy their amuſement.

Aug. What do you mean by that, Mr. Raynton!

SCENE IX.

ELDER RAYNTON, YOUNGER RAYNTON, ELDER DUDLEY, YOUNGER DUDLEY, AUGUSTUS, HENRIETTA.

Henrietta. (*bringing in a plate with cakes.*) Your ſervant, gentlemen; I am glad to ſee you well.

Elder Raynton. Much at your ſervice, miſs, (*bowing to her.*)

Elder Dudley. We are happy to ſee you, miſs, amongſt your party.

Henrietta. Sir, you are very obliging. (*To Auguſtus*) Brother, mamma has ſent you this to entertain your friends, until the chocolate is ready. Crape will bring it up preſently, and I ſhall have the pleaſure of helping you.

Elder Raynton. Miſs, you will do us a great deal of honour.

Aug. We do not want you here!—But now I think of it;—my ſword-knot!

Henrietta. You will find the ſword and the knot in your room. Good by'e, gentlemen, until I ſee you again.

Elder Raynton. Shall we ſoon have the favour of your company, miſs?

Henrietta. I am going to aſk mamma leave.

SCENE X.

ELDER RAYNTON, YOUNGER RAYNTON, ELDER DUDLEY, YOUNGER DUDLEY, AUGUSTUS.

Auguſtus. (*ſitting down.*) Come, take chairs, and ſit down. (*They look at each other, and ſit down without*

ſpeaking. Auguſtus helps the youngeſt, and then himſelf, ſo plentifully, that nothing remains for the two eldeſt.) Stop a moment! they will bring in more, and then I'll give you ſome.

Elder Raynton. Oh! no; we do not deſire it.

Aug. Oh! with all my heart!

Elder Dudley. If this be the politeneſs of a young nobleman—

Aug. It is with ſuch as you that one muſt ſtand upon ceremony? I told you before, that they will bring us up ſomething elſe. You may take it when it comes, or not take it; you underſtand that.

Elder Raynton. Yes; that is plain enough; and we ſee plainly too in what company we are.

Elder Dudley. Are you going to begin your quarrels again? Mr. Onſburgh, Raynton, fie! (*Auguſta riſes; all the reſt riſe alſo.*)

Aug. (*going to the elder Raynton.*) In what company are you then, my little cit?

Elder Raynton (*firmly.*) With a young nobleman that is very rude and very impudent; who values himſelf more than he ought; and who does not know how well-bred people ſhould behave one to the other.

Elder Dudley. We are all of the ſame opinion.

Aug. I rude and impudent? Tell me ſo, who am a gentleman?

Elder Raynton. Yes, I ſay it again; very rude, and very impudent; though you were a duke, though you were a prince.

Aug. (*ſtriking him.*) I'll teach you to whom you are talking. (*Elder Raynton goes to lay hold on him. Auguſtus ſlips back, goes out, and ſhuts the door after him.*)

SCENE XI.

ELDER RAYNTON, YOUNGER RAYNTON, ELDER DUDLEY, YOUNGER DUDLEY.

Elder Dudley. Bleſs me, Raynton, what have you

done? He will go to his father, and tell him a thouſand ſtories. What will he think of us?

Elder Raynton. His father is a man of honour. I will go to him, if Auguſtus does not. He certainly has not invited us here to be ill-treated by his ſon.

Younger Dudley. He will ſend us home and make a complaint againſt us.

Younger Raynton. No; my brother behaved himſelf properly. My papa will approve what he has done, when we tell him the whole. He does not underſtand having his children ill uſed.

Elder Raynton. Come with me. Let us all go and find Lord Onſburgh.

SCENE XII.

ELDER RAYNTON, YOUNGER RAYNTON, ELDER DUDLEY, YOUNGER DUDLEY, AUGUSTUS.

(Auguſtus enters with his ſword undrawn. The two younger boys run, one into a corner, and the other behind an arm chair. Elder Raynton and Elder Dudley ſtand firm.)

Aug. (going up to the Elder Raynton.) Now I'll teach you, little inſolent—*(Draws, and inſtead of a blade, finds a long turkey's feather. He ſtops ſhort, in confuſion. The little ones burſt into a loud laugh, and come up.)*

Elder Raynton. Come on! Let us ſee the temper of your ſword!

Elder Dudley. Do not add to his confuſion. He only deſerves contempt.

Younger Raynton. Aha! this was it, then, that you alone had a right to wear!

Younger Dudley. He will do no great harm to any body with that terrible weapon.

Elder Raynton. I could puniſh you now for your rudeneſs, but I ſhould bluſh to take ſuch revenge.

Elder Dudley. He is no longer worthy of our company. Let us all leave him to himſelf.

Younger Raynton. Good by'e to you, Maſter Knight, of the Turkey's Feather!

Younger Dudley. We ſhall not come here again until you be diſarmed, for you are too terrible now. *(As they are going, elder Raynton ſtops them.)*

Elder Raynton. Let us ſtay, and give an account of our behaviour to his father, otherwiſe appearances will be againſt us.

Elder Dudley. You are right. What would he think of us, were we to leave his houſe thus, without ſeeing him?

SCENE XIII.

LORD ONSBURGH, AUGUSTUS, ELDER RAYNTON, YOUNGER RAYNTON, ELDER DUDLEY, YOUNGER DUDLEY.

(They all put on an air of reſpect, at the entrance of Lord Onſburgh. Auguſtus goes aſide, and cries for ſpite.)

Lord Onſburgh. (to Auguſtus, looking at him with indignation) What is this, ſir, that I hear? *(Auguſtus ſobs, and cannot ſpeak.)*

Elder Raynton. My lord, you will pardon this diſturbance that appears among us. It was not cauſed by us. From the firſt moment of our coming, Mr. Onſburgh received us ſo ill——

Lord Onſb. Do not be uneaſy, my dear little friend. I know all. I was in the next room, and heard, from the beginning, my ſon's unbecoming diſcourſe. He is the more blameable, as he had juſt been making me the faireſt promiſes. I have ſuſpected his impertinence for a long time, but I wiſhed to ſee myſelf, how far he was capable of carrying it; and for fear of miſchief, I put a blade to his ſword, that as you ſee, will not ſpill much blood: *(The children burſt out a laughing.)*

Elder Raynton. Excuſe the freedom, my Lord, that I took, in telling him the truth a little bluntly.

Lord Onſb. I rather owe you my thanks for it. You are an excellent young gentleman, and deſerve much

better than he does, to wear this badge of honour. As a token of my eſteem and acknowledgment, accept this ſword; but I will firſt put a blade to it that may be more worthy of you.

Elder Raynton. Your lordſhip is too good; but allow us to withdraw. Our company may not be agreeable to Mr. Onſburgh to-day.

Lord Onſb. No, no; my dear boys, you ſhall ſtay. My ſon's preſence ſhall not diſturb your pleaſure. You may divert yourſelves together, and my daughter ſhall take care to provide you with whatever may amuſe you. Come with me into another apartment. As for you, Sir, [*to Auguſtus*] do not offer to ſtir from this place. You may celebrate your birth-day here alone. You ſhall never have a ſword, until you deſerve it, if you were even to grow old without wearing one.

PRISCILLA AND MARCUS.

MRS. CAREY, a young widow, had two children, Priſcilla and Marcus, both equally deſerving of her affection, which nevertheleſs they ſhared very unequally. Priſcilla, young as ſhe was, perceived her mamma's partiality to her brother. It afflicted her, but ſhe concealed within her own breaſt the ſorrow which this preference occaſioned her. Though not diſagreeably plain, her features did not correſpond with the charms of her mind; but her brother was beautiful as the God of Love is painted to us. All the fondneſs, all the careſſes of Mrs. Carey, were laviſhed on him alone; and the ſervants to gain the favour of their miſtreſs, were ſtudious to flatter him in all his fancies. Priſcilla on the contrary, from her mother's coldneſs, found herſelf the more ſlighted by the reſt of the family. Far from anticipating her wiſhes, they even neglected her real wants. She would ſhed floods of tears, when ſhe

found herſelf alone, and forſaken by every body, but never ſuffered the ſlighteſt complaint or mark of diſcontent to eſcape her in the preſence of others. In vain did ſhe endeavour, by a conſtant obſervance of her duty, by her mildneſs, and her attentions, to make amends in her mother's opinion for the deficiency of her beauty: the qualities of her mind were unnoticed by eyes accuſtomed only to look on outward advantages. Mrs. Carey, not much affected by the marks of tenderneſs which Priſcilla ſhewed her, ſeemed, particularly ſince her huſband's death, to view her with a kind of diſguſt. She was continually chiding her, and required perfections in her which could not even be expected from an underſtanding far more advanced.

This unjuſt mother fell ſick. Marcus appeared ſtrongly touched at her ſufferings; but Priſcilla, who, in the ſoftened looks and languid countenance of her mother, thought ſhe perceived an abatement of her accuſtomed ſeverity, far ſurpaſſed her brother in her care and vigilance. Attentive to her mother's ſlighteſt wants, ſhe exerted all her penetration to diſcover them, that ſhe might ſpare her even the trouble of expreſſing them. While her mother's illneſs had the leaſt appearance of danger, ſhe never quitted her pillow. Entreaties, or even commands, could not prevail on her to take a moment's repoſe. At length Mrs. Carey recovered. This happy circumſtance diſſipated the apprehenſions of Priſcilla; but her ſorrows began afreſh, when ſhe ſaw her mamma re-aſſume her uſual ſeverity towards her.

One day, when Mrs. Carey was diſcourſing with her children of the pains that ſhe had ſuffered during her illneſs, and was thanking them for the tender and earneſt affection which their cares for her had teſtified, "My dear children, added ſhe, you may both aſk of me whatever will give you moſt pleaſure. I promiſe to grant it to you, if your deſires are within the extent of my fortune.

What do you wiſh, Marcus? ſaid ſhe firſt to her ſon.

—A watch and a cane, mamma, replied he.—You ſhall have them to-morrow morning.

And you, Priſcilla?—Me, mamma? me? anſwered ſhe, trembling, I have nothing to wiſh for, if you love me.

That is not an anſwer. You ſhall have your recompenſe too, miſs. What would you wiſh; Speak.

Tho' Priſcilla had been accuſtomed to this tone of ſeverity, yet ſhe felt it more ſenſibly on this occaſion than ever ſhe had done before. She threw herſelf at her mother's feet, looked up to her with eyes all drowned in tears, and ſuddenly hiding her face with both her hands, liſped out theſe words, "Give me only two kiſſes, ſuch as you give my brother."

Mrs. Carey's heart melted at theſe words, and ſhe felt thoſe ſentiments of affection to her daughter now revive, which ſhe had hitherto ſuppreſſed. Taking her up in her arms, ſhe claſped her to her breaſt, and loaded her with kiſſes. Priſcilla, who for the firſt time received her mother's careſſes, gave a looſe to the effuſions of her joy and love. She kiſſed her cheeks, her eyes, her breaſt, her hands: and Marcus, who could not help loving his ſiſter, mixed his embraces with hers. They all enjoyed a happineſs which was not confined to the preſent moment. Mrs. Carey repaid with intereſt to Priſcilla that affection which ſhe had before withheld from her, and Priſcilla returned it with new marks of tenderneſs. Nor was Marcus in the leaſt jealous on this account, but rejoiced in his ſiſter's happineſs. He ſoon reaped the reward of ſo generous a behaviour. The natural goodneſs of his diſpoſition having been a little injured by the weakneſs and doating fondneſs of his mother, he gave way in youth to many little indiſcretions, which would have loſt him her heart, but Priſcilla always found means to excuſe him to her. The ſenſible advice too which ſhe gave him, completed the reform of his manners; and they all three experienced, that there is no true happineſs in a family, without the moſt cordial union between brothers and ſiſters, and the moſt lively and equal affection between parents and children.

A GOOD HEART COMPENSATES FOR MANY INDISCRETIONS.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. VAUGHAN	
MARY ANNE,	*his Daughter.*
FREDERICK,	*his Nephew.*
DOROTHEA,	*his Niece.*
SERVANT,	
PETER,	*an old Coachman.*

Scene, An Apartment in Mr. Vaughan's Country-House.

SCENE I.

MR. VAUGHAN.

THIS is what one gains by taking charge of other people's children! This Frederick, how I loved him! he was, I believe, dearer to me than my own ſon, and the ſcape-grace now plays theſe pranks! how could he change ſo far from what he promiſed in his infancy! Such goodneſs of heart, ſuch ſpirit, ſuch cheerfulneſs! The courage of a lion, and the mildneſs of a lamb! One could not help loving him. But let him never appear before me again. I will never even hear him mentioned.

MR. VAUGHAN, DOROTHEA.

Dorothea. Did you ſend for me, uncle? What are your commands?

Mr. Vaughan. I have fine news for you, concerning your rogue of a brother.

Doro. (turning pale.) Concerning Frederick!

Mr. Vaugh. There, read that letter from Richard, or I will read it to you myſelf. *(reads.)*

"*Dear Papa,*

"I am ſorry to have none but diſagreeable news for you; however, it is better that you ſhould receive them

rom me, than from another. Our dear Frederick." Oh! es. He deſerves that affectionate name now. "Our dear rederick goes on very indifferently. He ſold his watch me days ago, and what is ſtill worſe, the greateſt part f his ſchool books and books of devotion. I will tell ou how I came to know it. At a ſtanding of ſecond-and books, I aſked the other day by chance for the Whole Duty of Man; for as I had worn mine out by int of reading it, I thought I could not do better than o buy another. The bookſeller ſhewed me one, which knew immediately to be Frederick's. I was poſitive f it, as his name was upon the title page.—I bought it or a ſixpence, but did not ſay a word about it, for fear f prejudicing our ſchool-fellows againſt him. I con-ented myſelf with ſhewing it to the head maſter, who ent for the bookſeller, and aſked him from whom he had hat book. The bookſeller confeſſed that he had bought t from my couſin, and Frederick could not deny it, ut ſaid, that he had ſold it becauſe he wanted money; nd that meantime, until he ſhould be able to buy ano-her, he had borrowed one from a friend who had wo. The head maſter would know, what he had done ith the money, and Frederick told him, though I ſuſ-ected his account to be all a fib. Oh! thought I to my-elf, we muſt find if he has not parted with ſome of is neceſſaries too. I thought firſt, of the watch that ou gave him for his new-year's gift to let him ſee how is time went, which was a matter that he minded very ittle, as you may remember. I aſked him what o'clock t was. He ſeemed confuſed and told me that his watch was at the watch-maker's. I went thither that moment, in order to be certain. There was not a word f truth in it. I expoſtulated with him, as an affec-ionate couſin ought; but he anſwered me that it was o concern of mine, and that his watch was much bet-er as he had diſpoſed of it, than in his fob, as he had o longer occaſion to know the hour, for his buſineſs. Who knows what he may have done worſe? for one annot gueſs the whole." Well what do you ſay to his, Dorothy?

Dorothea. Dear uncle, I own that I am as much diſpleaſed at my brother as you are. Notwithſtannding—

Mr. Vaughan. A little patience! this is not all. The beſt of the ſtory is to come. *(reads.)*

"Only hear what he has done ſince. The day before yeſterday he went out in the afternoon without leave. Evening came on; he did not return. Supper-bell rang; he was not to be found. In ſhort, he ſtaid out the whole night, and did not come in until the next morning. You may imagine how he was received. They aſked him where he had been; but he had invented all his ſtories before-hand. And even, though all that he ſaid were true—however, he is to appear this evening before all the maſters; and if they do him juſtice, he will be expelled ſhamefully, or at leaſt ſent home. What afflicts me moſt is his ingratitude for all your kindneſſes, the diſgrace that he brings on us, and the irregular way of life that he follows. I cannot believe that he told truth, in ſpeaking of the place where he ſpent the night." And, why do not you mention it? "But I wiſh that he may. It would be ſtill worſe, and he would only be the more worthy of your reſentment. He threatens now, to run away, and go home." Yes, yes, let him come! let him only put his foot upon my threſhold; he will ſee the conſequence. Let him go where he ſpends his nights. As for you, Dorothea, I deſire you never to ſpeak a word to me in his favour. They may put him in priſon, ſend him home, expel him ignominiouſly; it is all equal to me. I ſhall never concern myſelf about him. He may go to ſome ſea-port and ſhip himſelf as cabbin-boy for the Weſt-Indies. I have uſed him as my ſon too long.

Dorothea. True, my dear uncle, you have been as a father to us, and even our own parents could not have ſhewn more care and kindneſs to us.

Mr. Vaughan. I have done it with pleaſure, and take no merit to myſelf for it. Your mother, while I was abroad on my travels, did the ſame for my children. So it became my duty, and I never to this day declined it: but——

Dorothea. Ah! if my brother has forgot himſelf for a moment, it is owing only to his impetuous temper. You have had him long under your eye. Whenever he had done a fault, his repentance and ſorrow for having offended you, always exceeded the offence.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, and how many indiſcretions have I pardoned him? When he burned his eye-brows and hair with his fire-works; when he threw a ſtone through one of our neighbour's windows, and broke a large looking-glaſs; when he fell into the mire, and ſpoiled a new ſuit of clothes; when he overturned the handſomeſt carriage that ever I had; did not I forgive him all this? I attributed theſe miſchievous freaks to a petulance that did not however as yet ſhew a bad diſpoſition: but to ſell his watch and his books, to leave his ſchool a-nights and lie out, to fly againſt his maſters, and ſtill to have the face to think of coming home to me!

Dorothea. My dear uncle, be pleaſed firſt to hear what he can ſay in his own juſtification.

Mr. Vaughan. Hear *him?* Heaven forbid that I ſhould even ſee him. I ſhall tell all my tenants to receive him with a good ſtick, if he offers to come amongſt them.

Dorothea. Ah! no. Your heart could never conſent to ſuch harſhneſs. You will not deny the requeſt of a niece that loves and honours you as her father.

Mr. Vaughan. You ſhall ſee whether that will be difficult to me.

Dorothea. Will you have me think then, that you no longer love the memory of your ſiſter; that you no longer love me?

Mr. Vaughan. You? I have no fault to find with you; and therefore your brother's miſbehaviour ſhall never change my ſentiments as to you. But if you love me, do not teaze me with any more ſolicitations.—— Study only to live happy in my friendſhip.

Dorothea. How can I live happy, while I ſee my brother in diſgrace with you?

Mr. Vaughan. He has deſerved it but too well. Why

not tell what he did with the money, and where he lay out?

Dorothea. It appears from the letter, that he confeſſed both. It is only Richard that will not believe him. *Looks at Mr. Vaughan with tears in her eyes.)* Ah! dear uncle—

Mr. Vaughan. (a little ſoftened.) Well. He ſhall have one chance more, on your account. I will wait for the head maſter's letter.

SCENE III.

MR. VAUGHAN, DOROTHEA, SERVANT.

Mr. Vaughan. What do you want?

Servant. A meſſenger, ſir, would ſpeak with you.

Mr. Vaughan. What has he brought?

Servant. A letter from the ſchool, *(gives him the letter.)*

Mr. Vaughan. (looking at the ſuperſcription.) Right, I was waiting for this. Where is the meſſenger? Let him wait for my anſwer.

Servant. Shall I ſhew him up?

Mr. Vaughan. No; I will go down. I wiſh to inform myſelf from his own mouth. *(Goes out. Dorothea following him, the ſervant makes ſigns to her to ſtop.)*

SCENE IV.

DOROTHEA, SERVANT.

Servant. Harkye, Miſs Dorothea, come here!

Dorothea. What have you to ſay?

Servant. Maſter Frederick is here.

Dorothea. My brother?

Servant. If he be not come yet, he is not far off.

Dorothea. Who told you ſo?

Servant. The meſſenger that overtook him on the road. Ah! Miſs, what has Maſter Frederick done?

Dorothea. Nothing unworthy. Do not believe him capable of it.

Servant. Ah! I never thought ſo of him. Heaven knows we all loved him, and would have given our lives for him. He ſatisfied us for the leaſt ſervice that we could do him. He ſpoke for us to your uncle, whenever he was in a paſſion with us; and he was a friend to all the poor people in the neighbourhood. I wonder how his ſchoolmaſter could be angry with him. Ah! I ſee how it is. They were going to puniſh him for ſome arch prank, and he, being a fine ſpirited young gentleman, would not be uſed ſo roughly.

Dorothea. Where did the meſſenger find him?

Servant. About a ſtage off. He was ſleeping under a willow on the bank of a little ſtream.

Dorothea. My poor brother!

Servant. The man ſtopped till he awoke. You muſt think how ſurpriſed Maſter Frederick was on ſeeing him. He imagined that this man had been ſent after him to bring him back; and he told him that he would ſooner be torn in pieces than go with him.

Dorothea. Ah! I know his ſtout reſolute way.

Servant. The meſſenger proteſted to him that, he had ſuch a regard for him,) if he were ſure to be ſcolded, or even to loſe his place for it, he would not moleſt him. He then told him his meſſage, and how they ſpoke of him at ſchool.

Dorothea. And what did my brother reſolve to do?

Servant. Although he was ſpent with fatigue, he walked on by the meſſenger's ſide, and they came together as far as the edge of our grove. Maſter Frederick ſtruck in there, to go and hide himſelf in the grotto, and there he will ſtay for the meſſenger's return, to know how your uncle will take matters.

Dorothea. Oh! if I could ſpeak to him!

Servant. It is likely that he wiſhes it as much as you.

Dorothea. My uncle often walks that way. If he ſhould meet him in the firſt of his paſſion! Oh! be ſo kind as to run and tell him to hide himſelf in the barn,

behind the truſſes of hay. I will go to him as ſoon as my uncle walks out.

Servant. Never fear, Miſs. I will bring him there myſelf, and help him to hide himſelf. *(Goes out.)*

SCENE V.

DOROTHEA *(alone.)*

What troubles he continually cauſes to me! yet I cannot help loving him.

SCENE VI.

DOROTHEA, MARY ANNE.

Dorothea. Ah! dear couſin, how I did long to ſpeak with you! and yet alas! I have but very ill news for you.

Mary Anne. I know the whole. My papa juſt now gave me my brother's letter to read. That from the ſchoolmaſter has redoubled his anger againſt Frederick.

Dorothea. I do not know how to go about juſtifying him.

Mary Anne. I would wager that he is innocent. Do you know Richard's hypocriſy! he does all the faults, and is cunning enough to lay the blame of them upon others. This is not the firſt inſtance of his ſtriving to hurt your brother in my papa's opinion. Twenty times, has he, by underhand complaints, had him almoſt turned out of the houſe; and then, when matters have been cleared up, he himſelf has been found the only perſon in fault. I ſee, even from his letter, that he is a pickthank, and that Frederick, at worſt, has been only imprudent.

Dorothea. What comfort your kindneſs affords me—yes, my brother is naturally well inclined, free, ſincere

generous, unſuſpecting; but he is alſo petulant, daring, and inconſiderate. He is headſtrong in his reſolutions, and loſes reſpect for thoſe that do not treat him according to his humour.

Mary Anne. And Richard is envious, diſſembling, hypocritical, and fawning. Like a cat that gives at firſt a paw ſoft as velvet, and afterwards ſtrikes you with her talons at the moment when you depend moſt on her kindneſs. How willingly would I give my brother, with all his falſe virtues for yours, "with all his imperfections on his head." The worſt is, that Frederick is not here.

Dorothea. And if he was?

Mary Anne. Eh! where is he then? Let me run to him. I long to ſee him.

Dorothea. Hiſt! I think I hear my uncle talking to himſelf.

Mary Anne. Well, you are Frederick's ſiſter; it is but right that you ſhould ſee him firſt. I will ſtay here with my papa, and try to ſoften him. Do you run to the poor wanderer, and give him ſome word of comfort and hope.

Dorothea. Yes, and a good lecture beſides, I aſſure you, for he deſerves it at all events. *(Goes out.)*

SCENE VII.

MR. VAUGHAN, MARY ANNE.

Mr. Vaughan. I am ſo provoked with this boy, that I have not been able to write, to ſend back the meſſenger. However, he may ſtay here till to-morrow morning.—Let me compoſe myſelf a little.

Mary Anne. How, papa! are you ſtill angry with my poor couſin? Is his crime ſo very great then?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly it becomes you much to excuſe him. I ſee that your head is no better than his, and you would have done worſe, perhaps, in his place.——

Yet you have both of you a good example before you.

Mary Anne. Who is that?

Mr. Vaughan. My good boy Richard.

Mary Anne. Oh! yes. My brother is a boy of great veracity indeed, very generous! he is a pretty pattern!

Mr. Vaughan. I know that Dolly and you are no friends to him. I myſelf, from your opinions of him, had conceived a prejudice againſt him; but his maſter gives me ſuch a good account of him to-day—

Mary Anne. Nay, did not all his maſters quite ſicken you with his praiſes here? They knew his father's fortune; and people always hope to wheedle preſents from a father, by flattering him concerning his ſon.

Mr. Vaughan. I grant, they may have flattered me a little with regard to him; however, from his earlieſt childhood he has never played me a ſingle prank of the thouſands that Frederick has.

Mary Anne. His pranks never hurted any body but himſelf.

Mr. Vaughan. You would make one mad. Did he hurt nobody but himſelf, when he overturned my chariot? a carriage elegantly gilt, and quite new, that had juſt coſt me two hundred pounds.

Mary Anne. It was but an accident; imprudence is, pardonable at his age. Peter was trying the carriage and Frederick teazed him ſo much to take him upon the ſeat, that at laſt he did. After they had gone a little way, he dropped the whip, and Peter went down for it. The horſes finding the reins in weaker hands, ſet off. Luckily the harneſs gave way, and nothing ſuffered but the carriage.

Mr. Vaughan. That was not enough, perhaps? And who, upon the whole, has more reaſon to complain than I?

Mary Anne. Frederick, who had his head terribly cut; but above all, poor Peter that loſt his place by it.

Mr. Vaughan. I cannot think of it yet with patience; That fine adventure coſt me above eight guineas!

Mary Anne. And how much grief did it coſt the good-natured Frederick? He will never forgive himſelf, for having occaſioned poor Peter's diſgrace.

Mr. Vaughan. Two good-for-nothing fellows, fit to go together! I am ſurprized, however, that you pick out the worſt characters, and plead their cauſe. Realy it is a pity that you were not born a boy, to be companion to your couſin. I think, you would have had charming adventures together.

Mary Anne. Nay, but—

Mr. Vaughan. Hold your tongue! your teazing tires me; I am going to take a turn in the garden. Go find Dorothea, and both of you come to me. *(Goes out without his hat.)*

SCENE VIII.

MARY ANNE.

I ſhall have a good deal of trouble to bring him about. However, let us not deſpair. He is only ill-natured in words.

SCENE IX.

MARY ANNE, *and* DOROTHEA.

Dorothea. (*half opening the door and peeping in*) Hiſt.

Mary Anne. Well?

Dorothea. Is my uncle out?

Mary Anne. He is juſt gone. Where is Frederick?

Dorothea. He waits for us on the back ſtairs.

Mary Anne. You have no more to do than take him to our room.

Dorothea. No; that won't do. Jenny is there.

Mary Anne. Why cannot we bring him here? Nobody comes here when my papa is out.

Dorothea. You are right; and it will be eaſier too for

him to ſlip out upon occaſion. Stay here, I will bring him up.

SCENE X.

MARY ANNE.

How curious I am to hear him tell his ſtory! And I ſhall be glad to ſee him too. It is above a year ſince he left us. Ah! I hear him. *(Goes to the door to meet him.)*

SCENE XI.

MARY ANNE, DOROTHEA, FREDERICK.

Mary Anne. *(embracing him.)* Ah! my dear couſin.

Dorothea. He deſerves this kindneſs, indeed, for the trouble that he has cauſed us.

Mary Anne. I ſee him, and all is forgotten.

Frederick. My dear couſin, do I find you then ſtill the ſame? You have never been ſo hard upon me as my ſiſter.

Dorothea. If I were as much ſo as your uncle; ah! then——

Frederick. In the firſt place, what does *he* ſay? Can it be true that he is ſo enraged againſt me?

Dorothea. If he knew us to conceal you here, we ſhould have no more to do than quit the houſe, and go about our buſineſs.

Mary Anne. Oh! it is very true. Do not think of appearing before him yet a while. He is in a humour to do you a miſchief juſt now.

Frederick. What can our head-maſter have written to him?

Dorothea. A handſome encomium upon your exploits.

Mary Anne. My brother had touched a little upon the ſubject by yeſterday's poſt.

Frederick. What! has Richard written? Then I have occaſion for nothing more to juſtify me. He knows the whole matter as well as I, for I truſted him with every thing.

Mary Anne. One needs only to judge of you from his letter.

Frederick. Well, if I be not innocent, I am the greateſt rogue—

Dorothea. That is ſaying nothing. You muſt be either one or the other.

Frederick. And could you think me guilty? What is my crime? ſelling my watch?

Dorothea. No, more than that; who can tell of your ſhirts too, and your clothes—

Frederick. Very true. I would have ſold every thing if I had occaſion for more money.

Dorothea. A very pretty defence, truly! and to paſs whole nights from the ſchool!

Frederick. One night, ſiſter.

Dorothea. And to fly againſt a proper chaſtiſement?

Frederick. Say, rather againſt an outrage that I did not deſerve. If I had ſubmitted to it, I ſhould always have borne a blot in the opinion of my uncle: and if they had expelled me, I ſhould never have appeared before you.

Mary Anne. But, dear Frederick, what can you ſay in your defence? We ſhould know it, in order to clear you to papa.

Frederick. Here is the fact. Some days ago they talked of a fair that was to be in the neighbouring village. Our maſter gave a few of us leave to go there, in order to amuſe ourſelves, and gratify our curioſity.

Dorothea. Ah! then it was for oranges and tarts that your watch and your *Whole Duty of Man* went, or perhaps for a ſight of monkies and tumblers.

Frederick. Surely, my ſiſter muſt have a great taſte for theſe things, to ſuppoſe one could ſpend money on

them. No, it was not ſo. I was dry, and went into a public houſe to have ſome beer.

Dorothea. Why, that is worſe ſtill.

Frederick. Really, ſiſter, you are very ſevere. But do let me finiſh. While I was ſitting there—

Mary Anne. (*liſtening at the door.*) We are undone! my papa, I hear him!

Dorothea. Run! run!

Frederick. No; I will wait for my uncle, and throw myſelf at his feet.

Mary Anne. Oh! no, dear couſin; he is not capable of liſtening to you. Do for my ſake—

Frederick. You would have me?

Mary Anne. Yes, yes; leave me to manage for you. (*She puſhes him by the ſhoulders to the door of the back ſtairs, ſhuts it upon him, and returns.*)

SCENE XII.

MR. VAUGHAN, MARY ANNE, DOROTHEA.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I ſee you are returned already from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. I am looking for my hat. Hang it, I do not know where I have left it.

Dorothea. (*looking about.*) Here, here it is.

Mr. Vaughan. You could not think of bringing it to me.

Dorothea. I muſt have been blind ſure, not to ſee it.

Mary Anne. Who can think of every thing?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly, you have ſo many things to take up your attention!

Mary Anne. I was juſt thinking of poor Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. Muſt I conſtantly have that name rung in my ears?

Mary Anne. Well, papa, let us talk no more about him. Would not you chooſe to finiſh your walk before the dew falls?

Mr. Vaughan. No: I will go out no more this even-

ing. (*Mary Anne and Dorothea look at each other, ſhaking their heads with an air of diſappointment.*) It is too late. Beſides, I have juſt been told that my old coachman is below, and he would ſpeak with me.

Mary Anne and Dorothea. What! Peter?

Mr. Vaughan. Whatever damage he has cauſed me, the miſchief is done, and he has been ſufficiently puniſhed for it. I would know what he has to ſay to me.

Mary Anne. He might very well wait until you returned from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. No, no. I ſhall diſmiſs him the ſooner. After all, (*Mary Anne and Dorothea whiſper together.*) (*To Mary Anne.*) When your father—(*To Dorothea.*) When your uncle ſpeaks to you, I think that you ſhould liſten to him. After all—(*Dorothea endeavours to ſteal away.*) Where are you going, Dorothea?

Dorothea. (*confuſed.*) I have buſineſs down ſtairs.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, tell Peter to come up. (*Dorothea goes out.*)

SCENE XIII.

MR. VAUGHAN, MARY ANNE.

Mr Vaughan. After all, I pity the poor man. I never had ſo good a coachman. My horſes were ſo ſleek, that one might ſee one's face in their coats; and he never embezzled their corn at the alehouſe.

Mary Anne. Ah! if you had kept him you would have ſpared poor Frederick many a ſorrowful moment.

Mr. Vaughan. Say no more of him. It was he that occaſioned me to diſcharge Peter, and to be at preſent without a coachman; for after him I conceived a diſlike to all others. I ſhall never find one to replace him.

SCENE XIV.

MR. VAUGHAN, MARY ANNE, DOROTHEA, PETER.

Dorothea. Uncle, here is Peter.

Peter. I beg pardon, Sir, but I cannot think that you are ſtill angry with me. I hope you will not take it amiſs that I have made bold to wait on you as I paſſed the houſe, and to beg you to let me have a diſcharge.

Mr. Vaughan. Did not I give you one?

Peter. I never had any other than "There; take your wages; quit my houſe this moment, and never let me ſee your face again." You did not give me time, Sir, to aſk for a gentler diſcharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You did not deſerve more ceremony from me, after deſtroying my fineſt carriage. I wiſh that Frederick had broke his neck at the ſame time.

Peter. What would you have of it, Sir? A coachman's ſenſe is in his whip, and I had juſt loſt poſſeſſion of mine. But I ſhall be wiſer for the future.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, it is all over. How do you live?

Peter. Ah! dear maſter, ſince I left your houſe, I have never had a happy moment. You know upon quitting your ſervice, I went to live with Major Bramfield. Oh! what a maſter? he could never ſpeak but with his cane lifted up; reſt his ſoul!

Mr. Vaughan He is dead then?

Peter. Yes, to the great joy of his ſoldiers. He never gave me his orders without ſwearing like a Turk. His horſes had their full meaſure of corn, and his people plenty of hard knocks, but not much bread.

Mary Anne. Ah! poor Peter! why did you ſtay in his ſervice?

Peter. Where could I go? What kept me there beſides, was, that my wife found employment in the houſe, in waſhing and mending the linen. She earned at leaſt half as much as maintained our children. Every one trembled before the Major. Death alone made him tremble, and laid him low. At preſent I am out of place, and do not know where to lay my head.

Mr. Vaughan. But you know that I never wiſh any one to ſtarve, much leſs an old ſervant.

Peter. Ah! I always thought ſo; but thoſe terrible words, "Never let me ſee you again," ſounded continually like a clap of thunder in my ears. Ten of the Major's greateſt oaths could not have frighted me ſo much.

Mary Anne. And you have had no maſter ſince?

Peter. Ah! Miſs, it is not here as in London. In the poor little villages about here, people want their corn more for themſelves than for their horſes. I worked at daily labour in the fields, my wife ſpun, and my children went about aſking charity. But we altogether made ſo little, that we were not able at the week's end to pay the rent of a poor garret. Very ſoon we had nothing but the earth for our bed, and the ſky for our covering. My poor wife died of grief and hardſhip. *(Wipes his eyes.)*

Mr. Vaughan. You deſerved it all. Why did not you come and aſk my aſſiſtance?

Mary Anne, (to Dorothea.) Now my papa ſhews himſelf once more. A good ſign for Frederick.

Peter. Ah! Sir, what a woman it was! Sure never was a better wife. Whenever I came home at night without having earned a farthing, and thought that I muſt go to bed hungry, I always found half of her morſel of bread left purpoſely for me. When I foamed with rage like one in deſpair, and would deſtroy every thing round me, ſhe always reſtored me to my calm ſenſes, and made me a reaſonable man again. Now ſhe is dead, and I cannot bring her to life. There began my real unhappineſs, and heaven knows where it will end.

Dorothea. Ah! poor Peter!

Peter. I had no more hopes of finding a ſervice in theſe parts; ſo I ſet out one fine evening with my little girl in my arms, and I took my boy by the hand. We walked a great part of the night, and ſlept the remainder under a hedge. Next morning, by break of day, we

were in ſight of a town. Luckily there was a fair there that day. I earned ſome money by carrying burthens; but, ſir, I muſt ſay it was an angel, an angel from heaven, Maſter Frederick—

Mr. Vaughan. An angel! What Frederick? that reprobate?

Mary Anne and Dorothea. (*approaching Peter with looks of joy and curioſity.*) What, Frederick? Frederick?

Peter. Dear maſter, uſe me ill if you will; but not that fine generous child; I would rather that you ſhould trample me under your feet.

Dorothea. Oh! tell us, Peter, tell us.

Peter. My little Lucy went to aſk a charity at the door of a public houſe. Maſter Richard and Maſter Frederick were ſitting there at a table, with ſome beer before them.

Mr. Vaughan. Ay! fine inclinations truly! in an ale-houſe!

Dorothea. Nay, uncle, he only went to refreſh himſelf.

Mr. Vaughan. What buſineſs had he in the town at all?

Mary Anne. He had leave to ſee the fair. Your good Richard, you ſee, was there too.

Peter. He preſently knew my child, and roſe from table in ſpite of all his companion could ſay. He made poor little Lucy drink a glaſs of beer, took her by the hand, and leading her out, heard from herſelf a brief account of our miſery. He then deſired her to bring him to me, and found me in the next ſtreet, drinking out of my hat at a well, as the heat of my work had made me dry. I thought that I would have run mad with joy upon ſeeing him. All ſhabby and dirty as I was, I took him in my arms before every body; and hugged him ſo cloſe, the folks were afraid that I ſhould ſtifle him. Ah! he was heartily glad to ſee me too. At laſt, as there were a number of people about us, he told me to lead him to a place where we might be by ourſelves, and I took him to a barn, where I had already beſpoke my bed for the night.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I would lay a wager—

Mr. Vaughan. Silence. Well, Peter?

Peter. I told him all that I have now told you. The dear child began to cry as if he would break his heart. I ſhould beg for you, cried he, as I am the cauſe of your misfortunes; but I will not ſleep without relieving them. Here, Peter, ſaid he, feeling in his pockets, take what money I have about me. I was not for taking it: that made him angry. I told him that it was money given him for his amuſement, and that as for me, I was uſed to hardſhips. He frowned and ſtamped with his feet, and I verily believe that he would have hit me if I had not taken his purſe.

Mr. Vaughan. How much was there in it?

Peter. Almoſt a crown. He would keep no more than ſixpence. It ſhall never be ſaid, continued he, that an honeſt ſervant of my uncle's, who has neither robbed nor defrauded any one, ſhall be obliged in his old age to go begging with his children, and not have ſo much as a lodging. Take a little room. Before three days I will return, and I will ſupport you ever until I ſhall have written unto my uncle. We have both provoked him againſt us; but he is too humane, and too generous to abandon you to miſery.

Mr. Vaughan. Did he really ſay ſo, Peter?

Peter. I can take my oath of it, Maſter.

Mary Anne. Well, well, we can believe, you; finiſh your ſtory.

Peter. How do you employ your children? ſaid he, as he took my Billy upon his knee. Employ them? ſaid I, they go about ſelling noſegays and toothpicks; and when nobody buys, they aſk charity. That is not right, ſaid he. They will never learn any thing by that trade but idleneſs and profligacy. You ſhould make your boy learn a trade, and put out the girl to a decent ſervice.

Mary Anne. Frederick was very right there, papa.

Peter. Yes, ſaid I; how can I offer my children to any body in theſe rags? if I had only three guineas I could ſoon ſettle them. There is a weaver hard by,

that employs young hands, and would take my Billy if I could give him two guineas fee; and a dairy-man's wife would take Lucy into her ſervice, if ſhe was a little clad. Then I could go and offer myſelf for ſervice in ſome rich family, and not be reduced to ſtroll about like a vagrant.

Mr. Vaughan. And what did Frederick ſay?

Peter. Nothing, Sir. He went away, but two days after he returned. Where is the weaver that will take your ſon apprentice? carry me to him. So I did, and he ſpoke with him privately for a while. And the dairy man's wife, ſaid he, that will take charge of Lucy? where does ſhe live? I took him there too. He left me at the door, went and ſpoke to the woman in her dairy, joined me again without ſaying a word, and we came away. After we had walked about forty yards he ſtopped, and taking me by the hand, my honeſt old friend, ſaid he, make yourſelf eaſy as to your children. He then pointed me to a ſhop of ſecond hand clothes, that happened not to be far off, where he had paid beforehand for this jacket, and this great coat.—Don't I look like a 'ſquire in them?

Mary Anne. O my excellent couſin! good natured Frederick!

Mr. Vaughan. (*wiping his eyes.*) I ſee now where the watch went.

Peter. That is not all, Sir. Did not I catch him ſlipping money into my pocket? I was poſitively for returning it to him, and told him that he had already done too much for me. But if ever I ſaw him fall in a paſſion, it was then. He aſſured me, Sir, that it was you who had ſent it to him for my uſe. And when I was coming here directly to thank you, he told me that you would not have it mentioned. Ah! thought I to myſelf, Mr. Vaughan was ſo good a maſter, perhaps he would take me again. For all this I did not dare to come, as Maſter Frederick had forbidden me.

Mr. Vaughan. O Frederick! my dear Frederick! you have ſtill then that noble and generous heart that I always took you to poſſeſs from your infancy.

Mary Anne. And what determined you at laſt to appear again before my uncle?

Peter. The caſe was this: They would not take my Billy without a copy of the regiſter of his baptiſm, and for that I muſt come here to the clerk of the pariſh. As I entered the village, I heard that my Lord Vaſty wanted a coachman. It ſeemed as if Maſter Frederick had ſent good luck along with me. I waited on my Lord, who promiſed to take me if I could bring him a proper diſcharge from my laſt maſter. I could not go into the other world to aſk the major for one; ſo I took my chance, though ſadly afraid, to apply to you. And ſhould you even refuſe me, I ſhall at leaſt have returned you my acknowledgments for the relief that you were ſo kind as to convey to me through the hands of Maſter Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. No, honeſt Peter. You are indebted for them to himſelf alone. It is he who has ſtripped himſelf to cover you. But he is alſo indebted to you for the return of my favour. From what a misfortune you ſave him! yes, but for you, ſo great was my reſentment againſt him, I ſhould have baniſhed him from my preſence for ever.

Peter. Say you ſo, Sir; then I ſhould be the happieſt man in the world! What! to ſave him from misfortune as he has me! each of us to owe that obligation to the other!

Mr. Vaughan. That ſneaking varlet Richard had almoſt turned my heart againſt him. How could I truſt that knave, who had ſo often impoſed upon me? But the head-maſter of the ſchool!

Mary Anne. Why papa, he muſt have impoſed upon him as well as you.

Mr. Vaughan. But bleſs me, they write me word that Frederick is run away. If he ſhould grow deſperate! If any misfortuue ſhould happen to him!

Peter. A horſe! a horſe! I'll bring him back to you, if he were at the world's end. (*Going to run out.*)

Dorothea. (*holding him*) My dear uncle, would you really pardon him? would you take him to your arms once more?

Mr. Vaughan. Ay, though he had ſold all his clothes! though he were to return as naked as he was born!— (*Dorothea makes a ſign to Mary Anne and runs out.*)

Mary Anne. What if he were here, papa?

Mr. Vaughan. Here! has any one ſeen him? where is he? where is he?

Peter. Ah! if he were here! I would jump up to the cieling for joy.

Mary Anne. Well papa, do you ſee him.

SCENE XV.

MR. VAUGHAN, FREDERICK, MARY ANNE, DOROTHEA, PETER.

(*Frederick entering, kneels to his Uncle. Peter ſhews an extravagance of joy. Dorothea and Mary Anne melt into tears.*)

Frederick. Ah! uncle, my dear uncle, will you forgive me?

Mr. Vaughan. Forgive you! I love you a thouſand times better than before. You deſerve it; and ſhall never leave me again.

Frederick. No, uncle! never, never. (*Turning he ſees Peter, and takes him by the hand.*) Ah! if you had ſeen the miſery of this poor man and his children, if you had been the cauſe of their diſtreſs!

Peter. 'Twas I, 'twas I myſelf; why ſhould I have let you climb upon my ſeat, or have left you to manage a pair of fiery horſes? But who could refuſe you anything? I could not, though the carriage were to run over me through it. So mark, maſter Frederick; never aſk me any thing improper again; I ſhould agree to it, I know; but I ſhould go and drown myſelf directly.

Mr. Vaughan. Why did not you write me an account of all this, inſtead of ſelling your watch, your books, and perhaps your clothes. It was at leaſt an imprudence in a child like you, who knows not the value of things.

Frederick. Yes, that is true; but to let this family be a moment longer in their diſtreſs, ſeemed to me

as bad as murder. Beſides, as you had turned Peter away in a paſſion, I was afraid that you ſhould forbid me to aſſiſt him; and that by diſobeying your expreſs orders, I ſhould make myſelf more blameable.

Mr. Vaughan. What then, you would have diſobeyed me there?

Frederick. Yes, uncle; but in that only.

Mr. Vaughan. Kiſs me, my brave Frederick.—After all, there is one article in the letter which makes me heſitate; that is your lying out. Where did you paſs the night?

Frederick. I had carried Peter the money that day. Our maſter was not at home in the evening, and I knew that the doors would be ſhut at ten o'clock. I thought to be home before, and ſo I ſhould, if I had not gone aſtray after dark.

Dorothea. Poor brother! where did you lie then?

Frederick. I found an empty old ſhed, and there I ſtretched myſelf upon a great ſtone, and never ſlept ſo well in my life.—I was ſo happy to have relieved poor Peter!

Mary Anne. Ah! that ill-natured Richard! He took good care not to tell us all this, and yet he knew it.

Mr. Vaughan. From this moment I withdraw my regard from him, and you alone———

Frederick. No, uncle; I will not be happy at the expence of another, and far leſs at that of your ſon.

Dorothea. (*taking his hand*) How much I ought to love ſuch a brother!

Mr. Vaughan. Well, let him remain at the ſchool; you ſhall never leave me. I wiſh to have you always near my heart, and will have maſters for you of all ſorts, if they were to come a hundred miles.

Peter. (*making a low bow*) My worthy maſter, you are always the ſame.

Mr. Vaughan. (*patting him on the ſhoulder*) Peter, have you agreed with Lord Vaſty?

Peter. Bleſs your heart, Sir, I had not my diſcharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You ſhall not need one. I ſee I ſhall make Frederick and you happy in having you near

each other once more. But never let him mount upon your ſeat again. We ſhall take care of your children too.

Peter. (ſobbing and crying for joy) Dear maſter?—Sir?—are you ſerious? Is not this a dream? Frederick! Maſter Frederick! ſhall my poor children—Ah! let me go and ſee my old friends in the ſtable!

OLD COLIN.

MR. DEXTER, PERCIVAL *his* SON.

Percival. PAPA, I know a very good ſervant to recommend to you, when you diſcharge old Colin.

Mr. Dexter. Who has given you that commiſſion? Have I any thoughts of ſending him away?

Percival. Would you always keep that old fellow? I think, a young ſervant would do much better for us.

Mr. Dexter. How, Percival? That is a very bad reaſon for being tired of a good ſervant. You call him an old fellow.—Child, you ought to bluſh for it. It is in my ſervice that he has grown old; and perhaps the cares which he took of your infancy, and the ſorrow that he felt for your fits of illneſs, have haſtened old age on him. You ſee then, how ungrateful and unreaſonable it would be to take an averſion to him on account of his age. And do you think yourſelf any better founded in ſaying that a young ſervant would anſwer our purpoſe? That deciſion is above your age, and requires more experience than you can poſſeſs. At another time I will make you ſenſible of the advantage that an old ſervant has above a young one in diligence and faithful ſervice.

Percival. I believe it, papa, ſince you ſay ſo. But he wears a wig; and it is ſo droll to ſee a man in a wig ſtanding behind your chair at dinner. I can hardly

turn my eyes towards him, without being ready to laugh out.

Mr. Dexter. That does not ſhew a good diſpoſition, boy. I ſhould never have ſuſpected you of it. Do you know that he loſt his hair in a long and dangerous ſickneſs? To ridicule him, is it not to inſult God who ſent this ſickneſs on him?

Percival. But he is always grumbling, and is not ſo merry as the other ſervants.

Mr. Dexter. Colin may be ſerious, but is not a grumbler. It is true, he is not ſo nimble as a young puppy of eighteen or twenty; but does he incur your diſlike on that account? O ſon, that thought makes me ſhudder! Then you will have an averſion to me, too, if God ſhould grant me a long life?

Percival. Oh! no, papa; I am not ſo wicked.

Mr. Dexter. And do you think that it is not ſo to hate Colin, becauſe his age hinders him from being ſo alert as formerly?

Percival. I am wrong, papa, I confeſs; and I aſſure you that I am very ſorry for having——

Mr. Dexter. Why do you ſtop; for what are you ſorry, do you ſay?

Percival. If I diſcover my fault to you, perhaps you will be angry with me, and I ſhall gain nothing by it but a puniſhment.

Mr. Dexter. You know, child, that I am not fond of puniſhing, and that I try that method very ſeldom. It is by kindneſs and good advice that I endeavour to correct your ſiſter and you. I do not know what fault you have committed, therefore cannot promiſe abſolutely not to chaſtiſe you. Is it on thoſe terms that you intend to make a confeſſion? You know my affection for you. That is the only ſecurity that I can give you; and you may depend on it with as much confidence as on my promiſe.

Percival. Well, papa, I own that—I called Colin—an old rogue.

Mr. Dexter. How! is it poſſible? Could you ſo far

forgot how you ſhould behave to an honeſt man? And did Colin hear you?

Percival. Yes, papa; and that is what troubles me moſt.

Mr. Dexter. It is very well to be ſorry. But it is not enough to be concerned for having affronted one of our fellow-creatures to his face; one ought to feel the ſame ſorrow for affronting him in his abſence.

Percival. Yes, I am ſorry to have uſed Colin ill at all; but what grieves me moſt is, that I treated him ſo before his face; for——

Mr. Dexter. You have begun to open your heart to me, conclude.

Percival. Yes, papa—for Colin, when I uſed him ſo ill, ſhed tears, and ſaid, the pains and infirmities of my old age are not enough, but I muſt moreover be the laughter of childhood.

Mr. Dexter. Poor Colin! I know him well. That ill treatment would go to his heart. It is indeed hard at his age to be the laughing-ſtock of a child.—But how much more muſt he ſuffer in receiving ſuch treatment from a child whom he has known from his birth, and ſerved with an attachment that can never be requited.

Percival. Ah! papa, how much am I to blame! I will aſk his pardon, and be aſſured that in all my life he ſhall never have reaſon to complain of me.

Mr. Dexter. Very well, child; on this condition alone God and I can pardon you. We are all weak, and liable to be carried away by our paſſions for a moment. But when we return to ourſelves, we muſt thoroughly repent for our fault; we muſt force our pride to make amends for it, and uſe all our reſolution to avoid it for the future. But I ſhould wiſh to know what could make you behave ſo ungenerouſly to Colin. Had he offended you?

Percival. Yes, papa—At leaſt I thought ſo. I was playing with my pop-gun, and aimed to ſhoot a pea at his face. Have done, Maſter Percival, ſays he, or I

all go and complain to your papa. His threatening ade me angry, and then I called him names.

Mr. Dexter. It was on purpoſe, then, that you ſtrove vex him?

Percival. I cannot deny it.

Mr. Dexter. That aggravates your fault. And that as what made him ſhed tears.

Percival. Ah! papa, if you give me leave, I will go him this moment, and aſk his pardon. I ſhall not be y until he forgives me.

Mr. Dexter. Yes, child; we ſhould never put off for moment the performance of our duty. I ſhall wait r you here. *(Percival goes out, and returns ſhortly ter with an air of ſatisfaction.)*

Percival. Papa, now I am pleaſed with myſelf. Co- has forgiven me with all his heart: and I do not ink that I ſhall ever commit the ſame fault again.

Mr. Dexter. God forbid that you ſhould! without s grace you can never anſwer for the firmeſt reſolu- on.

Percival. And what ſhould I do for that purpoſe?

Mr. Dexter. Pray for his aſſiſtance. He will not fuſe it to you.

Percival. I will pray for it from the bottom of my art. But papa, there is another thing that I have juſt w done without your leave, and which perhaps will ake you angry.

Mr. Dexter. What is that, child?

Percival. The new crown-piece that you gave me as reſent on my birth-day, I have given to Colin.

Mr. Dexter. Why ſhould I be angry at that? I am y well pleaſed that you ſhould do good actions of urſelf, without acquainting me. You may diſpoſe all the money that I give you. It is your own; and u could not make a better uſe of it. We ſhould ly accuſtom ourſelves to a prudent generoſity. Did lin ſeem ſatisfied?

Percival. He dropped tears of joy, and I was pleaſed ſee it.

Mr. Dexter. I applaud you for that ſentiment, my

boy. A humane heart always rejoices to ſoften the diſtreſſes of its fellow-creatures. All the virtues produce joy in our ſouls, but none fills them with ſenſations more delightful and more laſting than beneficence.

Percival. Ah! if ever I poſſeſs the means, I will relieve all thoſe about me that are in diſtreſs.

Mr. Dexter. My laſt prayer to heaven ſhall be to ſtrengthen this virtue in your heart, and to render you capable of putting it in practice.

Percival. And ſhall I be every time ſo well pleaſed as to-day?

Mr. Dexter. It is the only pleaſure that never grows weak. Endeavour above all things to enjoy it in your family. If your ſervants are honeſt people, you ought to gain their affections ſtill more by kind treatment than by money; and at the ſame time not neglect to make them ſmall preſents now and then. If you beſtow them ſeaſonably, and with a good grace, you will make your ſervants your firmeſt friends.

Percival. But papa, have not they their wages?

Mr. Dexter. They have them for their ſervice; no more. But ſmall preſents will create affection in them, and they will go beyond their duty.

Percival. I do not underſtand you very well, papa.

Mr. Dexter. Colin will ſerve as an inſtance to explain my meaning. I give him wages, his cloathing and his food for ſerving me. When he has ſerved me are we not quit? does he owe me any thing more? At the ſame time, you know, he takes care of every thing in the houſe; he has of himſelf undertaken the trouble of inſpecting the other ſervants, and has often ſaved me great expences. He does all this through good will, without any particular order; becauſe I have intereſted his gratitude by occaſional preſents. When your years will allow you to mix in the world, you will hear nothing in every family but complaints of the negligence and ingratitude of ſervants. Be aſſured, my dear, that the fault lies oftenеſt with the maſters, who endeavour to inſpire them with fear, rather than with attachment

Percival. Now I underſtand you perfectly; and I will one day make uſe of your inſtructions and your example.

Mr. Dexter. You will never have reaſon to repent following them. I inherited them from my father, and ſhall always remember what he uſed to tell us to that purpoſe.

THE FATHERS RECONCILED BY THEIR CHILDREN.

A DRAMA, IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. CRUMPTON.	
CONSTANTINE,	*his Son.*
ALICIA,	*his Daughter.*
THOMAS,	*Son of the Apothecary of the Village.*
GRACE,	*his Siſter.*

The Scene lies in a garden, under the windows of Mr. Crumpton's houſe in the country. On one ſide of a ſummer houſe, and at the bottom of the ſtage a tuft of trees.

SCENE I.

MR. CRUMPTON, ALICIA, *and* CONSTANTINE.

Alicia. BUT papa—

Mr. Crumpton. I repeat it to you. Let neither of you henceforward, under pain of my diſpleaſure, have the leaſt connection with the apothecary's children.

Alicia. What has made you then ſo angy with Mr. Garvey?

Mr. Crumpton. Am I obliged to give you an account?

Conſtantine. No, certainly. It does not become us to queſtion you. (*To Alicia.*) When my papa gives his orders, it is our buſineſs to obey without reply.

Mr. Crumpton. Yes, that is my meaning. Mr. Garvey is an obſtinate, diſobliging perſon. Ungrateful! to refuſe ſuch a matter to me who am his landlord, and from whom he enjoys his fortune and livelihood!

Conſtantine. That is ſcandalous, papa: and I do not know why we have been ſo long connected with the children of ſuch people. If there had been ever a genteel boy beſides in our neighbourhood, I ſhould never have ſpoken a word to Thomas.

Alicia. O papa! Can you hear my brother talk ſo? Thomas and Grace are ſuch good children, we ſhould be very happy if we were as good as they.

Mr. Crumpton. What is it to me whether they be good or bad? Once more I forbid you to have a word of diſcourſe with them, or elſe I ſhall keep you ſhut up at home.

Conſtantine. Let Thomas dare ſo much as to come ſneaking about this garden! I'll give him——

Mr. Crumpton. What would you ſay? I do not intend that they ſhould be ill-treated, or affronted in the ſmalleſt matter.

Conſtantine. (*confuſed*) Nay, I do not mean that, neither. I only ſay, that I will not let them come within a hundred yards of us. Oh! I ſhall keep a look out.

Alicia. Yet you had ſo great a friendſhip for Mr. Garvey! you looked upon him as ſo honeſt a man! as a man of ſo much learning and good ſenſe! you remember very well that it was he who taught my brother Latin, and gave me my firſt leſſons in ſpelling, merely through friendſhip, before we had a maſter.

Mr. Crumpton. All that may be; but I forbid another word on the ſubject. I will have nothing to ſay to him, as you ſhall have nothing to ſay to his children. What! I think you cry. Dry up thoſe tears, Miſs. Have you then ſo little reſpect for your father's commands, that it coſts you tears to obey them?

Alicia. No, papa. But pardon this laſt mark of regard that my heart affords them. I ſhall not be leſs obedient than my brother.

Conſtantine. We ſhall ſee who will be moſt dutiful.

Alicia. At leaſt you will not inſiſt that I ſhould hate them. It would not be in my power to obey you.

Mr. Crumpton. Neither to hate them, nor to uſe them ill: only to break off all connection with them. This is my order.

Alicia. I will do whatever is your pleaſure. But I have one favour to aſk you.

Mr. Crumpton. What is that?

Alicia. That I may ſpeak to them once more, to tell them your orders.

Conſtantine. For what? all correſpondence is at an end.

Mr. Crumpton. I think your requeſt reaſonable, and grant it. You may tell them at the ſame time, that their father muſt pay me in three days or elſe he will repent it.

Alicia. How! my dear papa, does Mr. Garvey owe you any thing?

Mr. Crumpton. Do you think that I would aſk him for what he did not owe me? But that does not concern you. Only remember to obey me. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE II.

ALICIA *and* CONSTANTINE.

Alicia. Well, brother, is that your friendſhip for Thomas and Grace?

Conſtantine. Well, ſiſter, is this your obedience to your father?

Alicia. You pretend to obedience? It is hypocriſy; nothing more. You only flatter him to wheedle ſome money from him. You love nothing in the world.

Conſtantine. Becauſe I do not take pleaſure in continually diſobliging him? Would you have me run after theſe children, now he has forbidden me?

Alicia. You little deſerved their friendſhip, if it coſts you no more to give it up. But whenever your expectations from any one are at an end, your ſentiments for them ſoon vaniſh.

Conſtantine. As if I had ever any thing to expect from children of that ſort!

Alicia. What was that caſe then of mother-of-pearl, which you prevailed on Grace to give you not a week ago? and thoſe tablets that you contrived to coax ſo dexterouſly from Tommy yeſterday? you have cringed to them a thouſand times for a noſegay or an orange; and now——

Conſtantine. Now I muſt obey. But truly the apothecary's children are fine company to grieve after!

Alicia. Yes; and I ſhall ſee you, perhaps, this evening in the middle of the dirtieſt boys of the village.

Conſtantine. I ſhall not loſe much by the exchange.

Alicia. And they ſtill leſs.

Conſtantine. I do not care. But here comes Mr. Thomas; adviſe him as a tender friend not to come too near me.

Alicia. If you do not like to ſee him, you may go away.

Conſtantine. I do *not* like to ſee him, and I will ſtay.

SCENE III.

ALICIA, CONSTANTINE, THOMAS, (*carrying a wooden houſe painted blue.*)

Thomas. (*to Alicia*) Oh! how glad I am to find you!

Conſtantine. Dear Tom, what have you there in that little houſe?

Thomas. It is a preſent that Mr. Billingſley's gamekeeper made me.

Conſtantine. And you come to make me a preſent of it, my dear friend?

Alicia. (*aſide*) The hypocrite!

Thomas. It is for Miſs Alicia.

Alicia. For me? no, no my friend. Since it is a preſent to you, I ſhall not deprive you of it.—But pray what is it?

Conſtantine. (*imperiouſly*) Come, I'll ſee what it is. (*Endeavours to ſnatch the wooden houſe from Thomas, who holds it forcibly.*) Some ugly bird, I ſuppoſe.

Thomas. An ugly bird! no, you are out. Gueſs, Miſs: but I won't keep you in pain: it is a ſquirrel. Oh! a comical little beaſt it is! he always ſtrives to hide himſelf in your pocket: then he comes to eat out of your hand, and he runs after you like a little ſpaniel. (*He takes it out of his houſe, and gives its chain to Alicia.*) Don't let it go, though. He muſt grow tame with you, otherwiſe he would take a trip to the grove.

Conſtantine, (*with a look of envy*) A fine preſent, indeed! a ſquirrel! it ſmells like a pole-cat.

Alicia. O the charming little creature! how ſprightly it looks!!

Thomas. I could have wiſhed, Maſter Conſtantine, to have another to offer you; and I will bring you the firſt that I have. When he is a little uſed to you, Miſs he will play ſuch tricks as will make you die with laughing. He is worſe than a monkey.

Alicia. For that reaſon, Maſter Tommy, I will not deprive you of it. (*To the ſquirrel.*) Come, little rogue, go into your houſe again. You muſt take it back, friend Thomas.

Conſtantine. Yes, do not you hear? You muſt take it back.

Thomas. How? he is not mine now. You would not diſoblige me, Miſs Alicia? No, I know you would not. (*He runs to the ſummer-houſe.*) There; I will leave him here on the bench.

Conſtantine. (*to Alicia*) Only dare to take it, and ſee if papa won't make you pay dear for it.

Alicia. I am almoſt inclined to take it becauſe of your threatening. My papa has not forbidden me to receive ſquirrels. I am ſorry for poor Tom that I have nothing to give him in return but a ſad farewel.

Conſtantine. Well, leave it to me; I will diſmiſs both him and his ſquirrel.

Alicia. No, no, do not take that trouble. (*To Thomas, as he returns.*) Once more, my friend, I cannot

accept your preſent. I have ſuch diſagreeable news for you, that I do not know——

Conſtantine. Yes, yes, Mr. Thomas. If you ſhew yourſelf before our garden, or only look at the walls of our houſe!—

Thomas. What! could you have the heart, Sir, to hinder me? I thought that you had more friendſhip for me.

Conſtantine. Our friendſhip is broken off; and pray do not think——

Alicia. I beg you will excuſe his ill manners. You do not know, perhaps, that your father has had a quarrel with ours.

Thomas. Pardon me, I know it, and it has made me uneaſy enough. However, I did not think that the matter went ſo far as to break our friendſhip. And I ſhould ſtill leſs have expected it from Maſter Conſtantine.

Conſtantine. Siſter, you will ſend him away immediately, or I ſhall go and acquaint my papa?

Thomas. If you are to have any trouble on my account, Miſs Alicia——

Alicia. Do not fear, my friend; you may ſtay a while. My papa will not take it amiſs.

Conſtantine. We ſhall ſee that; I will open the cauſe to him. (*He goes out, but returns a moment afterwards, and ſlips into the ſummer-houſe unperceived.*)

SCENE IV.

ALICIA, THOMAS.

Thomas. For heaven's ſake, Miſs Alicia, tell me, what have I done then to your brother?

Alicia. In the firſt place the matter is that he is a little jealous on account of the ſquirrel that you had given me. Then he thinks that he will curry favour with our papa, in taking part in his quarrel with your's. For my papa is very angry, and I do not know why.

Thomas. Nor I neither; I only heard my father ſay as he walked about by himſelf, "I could not think this of Mr. Crumpton." He then went to find my mother; and as my ſiſter was with her then, ſhe muſt know what the buſineſs was.

Alicia. In the mean time, my papa has forbidden us to ſee you or ſpeak to you.

Thomas. What! ſhall I ſee you no more? ſhall I not be allowed to ſpeak to you? Ah! how ſhall I part with you? what will my poor ſiſter do who is ſo fond of you? Oh dear! what have we done then?

Alicia. Comfort yourſelf, my dear Thomas; we ſhall ſtill be good friends, and if we are forbidden to ſee each other, who will hinder us to think one of the other? Thus for inſtance; when I play with your ſquirrel, I ſhall think of you. I will always call him by your name. Oh! how ſhall I love him!

Thomas. How happy you make me in telling me ſo! I do not know now if I ſhould be ſorry any more; but here comes my ſiſter. She looks very dull.

SCENE V.

ALICIA, THOMAS, GRACE.

Alicia. (*running to meet Grace, and ſaluting her.*) My dear Grace!

Grace. My good Miſs Alicia! (*Conſtantine appears at the bottom of the ſtage, leading Mr. Crumpton privately behind the ſummer-houſe.*)

Thomas, (*to Grace*) Ah! you are going to hear diſagreeable news.

Grace. And I bring you no better. My father and mother are in ſuch trouble—

Thomas. Did not I tell you ſo? well, what paſſed?

Grace. Your father may perhaps be angry with ours, but certainly his demand is ſomething unreaſonable.

Alicia. Unreaſonable! that cannot be! Ah! if it were ſo, I ſhould ſtill have hopes of perſuading him. Tell me, however, what it is?

Grace. You know that handſome tuft of trees that is behind your garden?

Alicia. O yes; where we uſed to go in the ſpring-evenings to hear the nightingale ſing. A charming little grove!

Grace. You know, too, that this little grove was given to my father by old Mr. Drury, in return for his ſervices to him during his life-time.

Alicia. Well!

Grace. Well, Mr. Crumpton wants to have it.

Alicia. What! my papa?

Thomas. What, our pretty little grove?

Grace. My father told him that he ſhould be very happy to oblige him; that he ſhould never forget how much he and his family were indebted to him; but that his friend had deſired him on his death-bed, never to part with this grove, that it might always ſerve to keep him in his memory.

Alicia. With all the reſpect that I owe my papa, I cannot deny but he is in the wrong here. But however, he would not have it for nothing. That is not his way of thinking.

Grace. Oh dear, no. He means to pay my father for it, and even perhaps more than it is worth.

Thomas. And what does he wiſh to do with it? has he not the proſpect of it as well as we?

Grace. He wants to cut down all thoſe fine trees.

Alicia and Thomas. Cut them down!

Grace. You know the hill that is behind the grove? He ſays that will make a fine proſpect. Now the grove is at the foot of the hill; ſo to have the proſpect, he muſt cut down the grove.

Alicia. Ah! now I ſee why he brought down an architect from town, who talks to him about grottos and bridges, and Chineſe temples. My father dreams of nothing but improvements. He has a plan of them continually in his hands, and talks of them a hundred times a day even to me. And I who made myſelf ſo happy to ſee all thoſe fine things ſhortly! Ah! I'll

have nothing to do with them. Let your father keep his grove.

Thomas. What would become of the birds that chirp ſo ſweetly on thoſe venerable trees, and who generally built their neſts there, becauſe nobody diſturbed them, and we carried them food there!

Grace. And the refreſhing cool that we breathed there in the hot ſummer-days!

Alicia. And the echo that uſed to anſwer us from the hill when we ſung!

Grace. The proſpect of a grove in full leaf, is, I believe, as good as that of a hill.

Alicia. And then, what occaſion has my father for a new proſpect? he has ſo many others on every ſide.

Thomas. I ſhould think that one of my own limbs was lopt off at every ſtroke of the hatchet.

Alicia. No, no. Your father muſt not deprive himſelf of his grove.

Grace. Muſt not? ah! he will not keep it long.

Alicia. Why not? my papa will never go and take it from him by force, I ſuppoſe? He has not the power.

Thomas. But if he is angry with us, and has forbidden you to ſee and ſpeak to us, I would rather give you ten groves like that.

Grace. And don't you think that I would too? What ſhould I do there without you, Miſs Alicia? I ſhould never have any deſire to go into it.

Alicia. My dear Grace, we uſed to be ſo happy in it. Do you remember when we uſed to go there in the evening, and tell each other every thing that had happened to us in the day?

Grace. Yes, and each brought her work. You ſewed, and I knitted. Then when Thomas brought us flowers, we left off our work to make noſegays. You gave me yours, and I gave you mine. That was enough to make us think of each other the whole next day.

Thomas. And now that is all over, never to return!

Alicia. No, we ſhall have no more ſuch delightful moments. It will make me grow ſick, and then my papa will be ſorry, and I will tell him that if he would

reſtore me to health, he muſt allow me to ſee my little friends again. (*They all three embrace and weep.*)

Grace. But mean time the grove will be cut down; it certainly muſt.

Alicia. And why?

Grace. Ah! Miſs Alicia, I have not told you all.—About ten years ago, Mr. Crumpton lent my father fifty pounds to ſet him up; and you know that my father has never yet been able to pay him.

Alicia. (*aſide.*) Ah! this was the debt mentioned juſt now.

Grace. If you will keep the grove, Mr. Crumpton will have his fifty pounds; and my father does not know how to raiſe them. Among all his friends, there is none but your papa himſelf that could furniſh him with ſo great a ſum; and he is the very perſon that demands it.

Alicia, (*taking both her hands.*) Oh! if there be nothing but that, I can ſettle it.

Grace. Settle it?

Thomas. You, Miſs?

Alicia, (*with joy in her countenance.*) Do you promiſe not to betray me?

Grace. I betray you?

Thomas. Ah! can you doubt but we will promiſe?

Alicia. Well then, hear me You know—I cannot think of it without being moved ſtill—You know how fond my mamma was of me. In her laſt illneſs, one day when I was alone with her, ſhe called me to her bed-ſide, ſhedding a flood of tears, ſhe kiſſed me, and taking a purſe from under her pillow, Here, my dear Alicia, ſaid ſhe, take this. I forbid you to let any one know that I have given it to you. Keep this money for important occaſions. You have a kind heart, and a good underſtanding for your age, (it was mamma, however, that ſaid this.) You will know how to diſpoſe of it worthily. Your father has a noble and generous ſoul, but is ſomething paſſionate and revengeful; you may, perhaps, ſpare him occaſions of vexation or ſorrow. On ſo extenſive an eſtate as ours, there muſt

be many poor people, who have ſuffered undeſerved loſſes; ſuch you may aſſiſt in ſecret. You may alſo repay ſuch ſervices as may be done you, without having always recourſe to your father. It is through your hands, that I have for theſe two years paſt diſtributed my favours and my aſſiſtance: and I hope that you have acquired ſufficient diſcernment to diſtinguiſh thoſe who have a claim to pity. In ſhort, I doubt not but you will make the beſt uſe of this little ſum which I truſt to your hands, for the benefit of honeſty in diſtreſs. I ſhall think that I myſelf have done the good which you ſhall do; and it is the beſt means by which I can be preſent to your memory." She was ſo exhauſted, that ſhe could ſay no more; but I ſhall ever remember this diſcourſe as long as I live.

Grace. (*wiping her eyes.*) Excellent lady!

Thomas. My father and mother never ſpeak of her but with tears in their eyes.

Alicia. My mamma had a great friendſhip for them too. She told me at her death, always to look upon Mr. Garvey as one of my beſt friends, and to follow his ſenſible advice in every thing. You ſee then, that I have obligations to you. How happy am I in honouring mamma's memory; in ſatisfying my own gratitude; in ſaving my papa from an act of injuſtice; in ſparing him the ſorrow that he would feel for it; in preſerving every thing; the charming little tuft of trees; our own friendſhip; the pleaſure of ſeeing each other as before—

Grace, (*throwing her arms round her neck.*) O my dear Miſs Alicia!

Thomas, (*taking her hand.*) My father will bleſs you in his heart; but he will never take your money.

Alicia. Certainly he will take it, if I requeſt him. Nobody in the world ſhall know any thing of it. Stay here, my dear friends; I will go for it.

Thomas. I ſhall not take the charge of it however.

A[illegible] You ſhall, my dear Grace. And Thomas, if yo[illegible]her, take notice I do not accept your ſquir-re[illegible] my father rigorouſly; I never look at you

again: I never go either to your houſe, or into the grove again.

Grace. Well, Miſs, ſince you ſpeak in that manner.

Alicia. (*ſtopping her mouth.*) You do not know what you ſay. I won't even hear you. Stay for me, I will ſoon return. If I am not interrupted, I ſhall write a few lines to your father. In caſe that I cannot join you again, I will put the purſe near the ſummer-houſe; there, under that large ſtone. Mark the place well now; do you hear?

Grace. I am ſure that my father will ſend me back with your money.

Alicia. Let him beware of that. Beſides, you will not know where to find me; for alas! it is perhaps the laſt time that we are allowed to diſcourſe together.

Grace. Ah! Miſs Alicia, what cruel words!

Alicia. I muſt certainly obey my father. But we are neighbours; we are not forbidden to look at each other; and whenever our eyes can meet unobſerved.

Grace. Oh! mine ſhall take care to ſeek out yours, and to tell them that I ſhall never forget to love you.

Thomas. Who will hinder us to be in your way when you go out to walk? and then——

Alicia. You are right. A ſmile, a little wink or ſide look can paſs without being ſeen. Come, take comfort; all will go well: But where is the ſquirrel? as I am going into my room, I will carry it up.

Thomas. Stop a moment, I will go and fetch his houſe, and carry it for you as far as your door. (*Runs to the ſummer-houſe.*)

Alicia. Good by'e, my dear Grace.

Grace. Ah! Miſs Alicia, I cannot believe that it is to be for ever.

Thomas. (*returning in a fright with the ſquirrel's houſe.*) Bleſs me, the ſquirrel is not here.

Alicia. What! my ſquirrel gone? O dea[r] Thomas.

Thomas. Somebody muſt have opened th[e] [d]oor, for I remember to have ſhut it.

Alicia. It can be none but my br[o]ther was jealous that you made me a preſent of [t]hat

we were ſpeaking here, he has ſlipped into the ſummer-houſe, and opened his little door.

Thomas. If he only carried away the ſquirrel to play with him a little——

Alicia. I know him better than you do. He has let him run away.

Thomas. Well, ſtay; he cannot be very far off. If I can diſcover him upon ſome tree. I need only ſhew him a nut to make him come down immediately. I will go and hunt all about.

Alicia (to Thomas.) I wiſh you ſucceſs in the chaſe, my dear friend. (*To Grace.*) Poor Thomas! I pity him, he was ſo happy in making me that preſent.

Grace. That is true indeed. He never was at eaſe until he had brought it to you.

Alicia. Well, I muſt leave you, my dear Grace. I will take the terrace walk; it leads to the houſe; and do you go out by the little door of the garden, and ſlip round along the wall. You need only ſtand under my window, without taking notice of any thing. I will throw you the purſe with a letter. If my papa is not in my way, I will come and bring them to you myſelf.

Grace. O my dear generous friend, what good nature! (*They go out different ways.*)

SCENE VI.

MR. CRUMPTON, CONSTANTINE.

Conſtantine. Well, papa, was I wrong? you ſee what pains my ſiſter takes to obey you.

Mr. Crumpton. And what is this ſtory of a ſquirrel?

Conſtantine. I did not tell it to you while we were hid, becauſe they would hear us. But here is the affair; the dear friend Thomas made a preſent of the ſquirrel to the dear friend Alicia. The dear friend Alicia received this ugly little beaſt with ſo much pleaſure, that ſhe calls it her dear friend Tommy. But I

have managed ſo, that ſhe has not had much amuſement with it.

Mr. Crumpton. How ſo?

Conſtantine. They put the ſquirrel's little houſe on the ſummer-houſe bench. I ſlipped in there whilſt they were taking a tender farewel. I opened the little door, took the ſquirrel out, and let him looſe amongſt the trees.—I ſaw him ſoon climb up into a tree, and jump from branch to branch. They will be pretty cunning if ever they catch him again.

Mr. Crumpton. Then, ſir, you have done a very raſcally action. Did I not forbid you to moleſt thoſe poor children? And you know very well the trouble that you were going to cauſe to your ſiſter.

Conſtantine. Since ſhe diſobeyed you, did ſhe not deſerve to be puniſhed?

Mr. Crumpton. Is it to you that the right of puniſhing her belonged? Run, tell the gardener and his people to look for the ſquirrel, and bring it to me.

Conſtantine. But papa, you forbad my ſiſter any communication with Mr. Garvey's children; and will you ſuffer her to receive a preſent from them?

Mr. Crumpton. Was Thomas informed of my intentions when he brought the ſquirrel?

Conſtantine. At leaſt Alicia knew them, and was not that diſobeying you?

Mr. Crumpton. It belonged to me to determine that. She certainly would have ſhewn me the preſent that ſhe received; and if I thought it proper, I ſhould order her to return it. Again I ſay, run and let this ſquirrel be found again, or you ſhall anſwer for it.

Conſtantine. But papa, you have heard them talk finely. My ſiſter has money unknown to you, and ſhe gives it to Mr. Garvey to pay you. Should not I do better, to go and watch Grace, to ſurpriſe her when ſhe receives the purſe, and to bring it to you?

Mr. Crumpton. Only dare to do it. You know my orders. Obey.

Conſtantine, (murmuring.) I thought that I had done ſuch fine things.

SCENE VII.

MR. CRUMPTON, (*muſing.*)

Yes, I ſee that I have ſuffered my paſſion to carry me too far. What a pattern of friendſhip, gratitude, and generoſity, do theſe children ſhew! it is true, I had forbidden Alicia—— But ſhould I have forbidden her? Should I ſuppreſs thoſe ſentiments in her heart, to which I myſelf had given birth? Could I deprive her of the only happineſs which ſhe enjoys in this ſolitude? the greateſt happineſs of human life? an amiable and virtuous ſociety with children of her own age? a bleſſing, the loſs of which I could not make good with all my fortune? and for what reaſon? to ſatisfy an empty whim. My dear Alicia, neither thoſe grottos, thoſe bridges, thoſe Chineſe temples, nor all thoſe ornaments with which I meant to embelliſh my garden; nothing, in ſhort, could have made you forget the unadorned grove where friendſhip found ſo ſweet a retreat. What a leſſon is this to me! but for you I was alſo going to loſe a valuable friendſhip. But you preſerve to me the precious bleſſing. You ſave me from injuſtice and remorſe. How your noble conduct makes me feel the unworthineſs of your brother. Ill-natured boy! in what an odious light has he ſhewn himſelf. But let me baniſh this mortifying idea from my heart. I am impatient to know if Mr. Garvey thinks as generouſly as his children. The part that he takes will determine my happineſs. I have either loſt a friend, undeſerving of my attachment, or I ſhall now find one worthy of me. (*Alicia croſſing the bottom of the ſtage on tiptoes. Mr. Crumpton perceives her, and calls,*) Alicia! (*ſhe goes on. Mr. Crumpton calls a ſecond time.*) Alicia! come hither!

SCENE VIII.

MR. CRUMPTON, ALICIA.

Mr. Crumpton. Where are you going? why did you ſtrive to avoid me?

Alicia. (*confuſed.*) Becauſe—I was afraid to diſturb you, papa.

Mr. Crumpton. You were going, perhaps, to ſeek the ſquirrel that Thomas gave you as a preſent?

Alicia. Yes, papa. It is true he has given me one. I ſuppoſe Conſtantine told you.

Mr. Crumpton. You did not receive it, I preſume.

Alicia. I! no.—Oh! yes, how could I avoid it?—Poor Tommy! he was in ſuch joy when he offered it to me.

Mr. Crumpton. You muſt return it.

Alicia. Yes, papa, if I had it; but it has run away.

Mr. Crumpton. Is this true, Alicia?

Alicia. Yes, ſir, I aſſure you. I can ſhew you his houſe; it is empty.

Mr. Crumpton. Who could have let it out? this was a trick of Conſtantine's.

Alicia. No, papa. Do not accuſe my brother of it. The door muſt have been ill-faſtened, and ſo the priſoner eſcaped. But Tommy is in purſuit of him, and if he catches it again, he will bring it back to me.

Mr. Crumpton. You mean then to have a ſecond converſation with him? What have you to ſay to him? Have not you told him my reſolution? And have not you taken your leave of him?

Alicia. Yes, papa; but—Oh! I was ſo ſorry I ſhall not eaſily comfort m ſelf.

Mr. Crumpton. You find then a difficulty in obeying me?

Alicia. Oh! it is not that; never imagine it. But could you love me ſtill, could you own me for your child, if I were to tell you that this quarrel does not grieve

me? What would you think of me, or what would my friends think, if I could withdraw my heart from them at once, without feeling the leaſt concern?

Mr. Crumpton. But is the offence offered me by their father ſo indifferent to you, that you take no part in it?

Alicia. Oh! I do take part in it, and I would give any thing in the world that you had full ſatisfaction.

Mr Crumpton. You know then what I aſk of him, and what he refuſes me?

Alicia. I know—I know—Ah! papa, why do you aſk me?

Mr. Crumpton. Becauſe I would know if Mr. Garvey's children are acquainted with the affair, and have entruſted it to you.

Alicia. Yes, they told me—they told me all. Do not be angry, papa!

Mr. Crumpton. Well, what do you think of my demand? Does it appear unreaſonable? Have not I a right to expect of Mr. Garvey, in return for all my kindneſs, a ſlight compliment, which I would repay him an hundred-fold.

Alicia. Dear papa, I am only a child; how can I decide among big people?

Mr. Crumpton. Conſult your heart. I would know what it ſays.

Alicia. Pray excuſe me. My heart, perhaps, might ſay ſomething that would diſpleaſe you.

Mr. Crumpton. I underſtand. It would judge, no doubt, that I am in the wrong.

Alicia. Ah! now you are going to be angry.

Mr. Crumpton. Only ſpeak; you will ſee.

Alicia. I would not offend you for any thing in the world.

Mr. Crumpton. You will not; only tell me freely what you think.

Alicia. Well then, I think that you are right, and Mr. Garvey too.

Mr. Crumpton. Both of us right? Ah! you little flatterer, that is impoſſible. One of us muſt be right, and the other wrong.

Alicia. Pardon me, I ſpoke it as I think. You have done Mr. Garvey great kindneſſes, and are right to expect from him in acknowledgment, a matter that you have ſo much at heart: and he is right in refuſing it to you, becauſe he has reaſons for not giving it up.

Mr. Crumpton. But are his reaſons juſt, or ill-found-ed?

Alicia. It is not for me to be the judge of them. You look upon it as his duty, in gratitude to give you up his little grove; and he looks upon the keeping of it to be alſo a duty of gratitude. You would cut it down, to make a fine proſpect; he thinks it an agreeable ſhady retreat for his children. You are his landlord, and have power, he has nothing but the prayers and tears of his family.

Mr. Crumpton. Enough of this; you are too dange-rous an advocate.——Well let him pay me the fifty pounds that I have lent him, and he may keep his grove.

Alicia. Then it will be force—

Mr. Crumpton. That will ſhew which is right,—Eh!

Alicia. No papa, I only meant—Oh! I do not know what I would ſay. But the fifty pounds, where can he have them?

Mr. Crumpton. If you do not know, neither do I. However if he applied to you.—

Alicia. (embracing her father.) Oh! I cannot conceal it from you any longer. And though you were ever to puniſh me for it—I have deſerved your anger—I have—

Mr. Crumpton. Come, come, let me go! What does all this mean, Miſs?

SCENE IX.

MR. CRUMPTON, ALICIA, CONSTANTINA, *(hauling in Grace)* GRACE.

Conſtantine. Ah! papa, I have her, I have her. Sh

has a letter: I ſuppoſe for my ſiſter. Come, give it to me, or I'll ſearch you all over. Yes, yes, ſhe had it in her hand as ſhe ſlipped by the yew hedge.

Mr. Crumpton. No violence, Conſtantine. (*To Grace.*) Do you want any body here, child?

Grace, (confuſed.) No,—Yes, ſir, I was looking for—

Mr. Crompton. Why are you frightened? Well, whom do you want?

Grace. Miſs Alicia.

Conſtantine. But you know, Grace, that papa has forbidden her to ſpeak to you.

Mr. Crumpton, (*to Conſtantine*) I requeſt you to be ſilent. (*To Grace.*) And what is this letter in queſtion?

Grace. It is nothing—nothing—(*Looking ſorrowfully at Alicia.*) Ah! Miſs Alicia, will you forgive me?—

Alicia. My dear Grace, we muſt hide nothing from papa, now.

Conſtantine, (*to Mr. Crumpton.*) How, Sir? they ſpeak to each other before your face. Is that obedience?

Mr. Crumpton. Will you be ſilent? Well, Grace, may not I know?—

Grace. Well, Sir, ſince I muſt tell you, the matter is, that my father has written a letter to Miſs here, thanking her for her kindneſs (*trembling as ſhe offers the letter to Alicia. Conſtantine ſeizes it.*)

Conſtantine. O papa! it is full of money. (*To Alicia*) Ah! you will be paid now.

Alicia. I was going to confeſs the whole to you, papa, when Grace and my brother interrupted us. I ſubmit to my puniſhment.

Mr. Crumpton, (*opens the letter and reads.*)

"*Moſt worthy Miſs,*

"I ſhould not be deſerving of your generous intentions in my favour, if I were baſe enough to lead you into the ſlighteſt act of deceit, by accepting the money which you offer me in order to pay your papa. No, my dear Miſs, I am his debtor, and ſhall have the misfortune to continue ſo, until I can diſcharge my debt by

my own reſources. I am unhappy in not being able on this occaſion to meet your father's wiſhes, ſo cheerfully as I would on any other. If Mr. Crumpton, without mentioning it to me, had purſued the courſe which his power enables him to uſe, I ſhould never have expoſtulated. He may aſſure himſelf, that I ſhould not even have formed in my own mind a ſingle complaint againſt him. At leaſt, I ſhould not have had to reproach myſelf with violating the ſacred promiſe that I have paſt. Let him know theſe ſentiments, my worthy little friend. His friendſhip and yours are more valuable to me than all the poſſeſſions in the world. Continue ſtill in the ſame generous diſpoſitions towards me and my children.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(*Mr. Crumpton, without ſhutting the letter, looks at Alicia.*)

Alicia. (*running to him.*) Now papa, you ſhall know how this money came into my hands, and forgive me for not owning it to you before!—

Mr. Crumpton. (*kiſſing her.*) I know the whole, my dear Alicia. I heard your converſation. I am delighted with the nobleneſs and generoſity of your ſentiments. I do not bluſh to confeſs, that perhaps but for you, I was going to commit an action that would have made me unhappy all my life. Here, is your money. Make that noble uſe of it which your excellent mother enjoined you. Do not fear that I ſhall ever ſuffer it to be exhauſted by your bounty. Your little grove ſhall remain, my dear children, and friendſhip ſhall unite you ſtill.

Alicia. (*taking his hand.*) O papa! I owe you now a ſecond life.

Grace. (*taking his other hand.*) O ſir, what goodneſs! Ah how my father—

Mr. Crumpton. Tell him, my dear Grace, that I requeſt him to take his note again; but I have a ſmall alteration to make in it, of which I will ſpeak to him.

Conſtantine. How! papa, you—

Mr. Crumpton. Hold your ill-natured tongue. You ave given me to-day proofs of a very bad heart.

Conſtantine. I have only obeyed you. Muſt not chil-ren obey their parents?

Mr. Crumpton. Without doubt, they muſt. But hen the commands of their parents are unjuſt, they uſt then firſt do their duty and obey their Maker. If our heart did not tell you, that mine yielded too much paſſion, I have no further hopes of you. See how licia has acted!

Conſtantine. But mamma did not leave me any money my own diſpoſal.

Mr. Crumpton. Becauſe ſhe foreſaw the improper e that you might have made of it. And then, had t you words at leaſt of comfort for your little friends, d for a man who had once the care of your educa-n? But what is become of the ſquirrel? Have you ven orders to find him?

Conſtantine. I could ſee nobody in the garden.

SCENE X.

MR. CRUMPTON, CONSTANTINE, ALICIA, GRACE, THOMAS.

(Thomas enters running, and out of breath. He holds ſquirrel in one hand, the other is wrapped in a hand-rchief, ſtained with drops of blood.)

Thomas. Joy! joy! here he is! I have found him; re he is! *(perceiving Mr. Crumpton, he ſtops ſhort.)*

Alicia. (running to him.) O my good Tommy, *(ſhe es the ſquirrel)* My pretty little Tommy, have I nd you? Oh! you ſhall never eſcape from me again. me, ſir, march into your houſe once more. *(ſhuts him in his houſe, and carries him into the ſummer-houſe.*

Mr. Crumpton. What is the matter with your hand, dear Tom; I think I ſee blood upon your hand-rchief.

Thomas. (*with ſurpriſe and joy.*) My dear Tom! Miſs, you hear that!

Alicia. Yes, child; all is made up.

Grace. Now we are friends for ever. (*Thomas jump for joy and bows to Mr. Crumpton. Grace taking h brother's hand, and looking at it with concern.*) Ha you hurt yourſelf? Let me ſee.

Alicia. And on my account too?

Thomas. It is nothing. It was a branch that bro with the ſpring that I made to jump after the runaw I tore my hand a little; but I ſhould have left an ar behind, rather than not bring back the ſquirrel to M Alicia.

Alicia. Ah! how good natured! papa, you m have it dreſſed. Nurſe has an excellent ſalve.

Mr. Crumpton. That care ſhall be yours. Co children, follow me. I will have a little entertainm prepared for you to-day, at my houſe, and I will go m ſelf, and invite your parents to come and partake of I have been your ſcholar this day, and I ſee, by y example, that well-diſpoſed children may give uſe leſſons to their parents.

THE PARRICIDE.

WHAT dreadful weather! I periſh with c and have no ſhelter againſt the bitter winds, no to warm my benumbed limbs. I am old, and ſtrength is exhauſted by labour. Unnatural ſon! thought of you tears my heart. Unnatural ſon; I g you life; I nouriſhed you, and took care of your w and ſickly infancy. When I ſaw you ſuffer through neſs, my tears fell upon your cheeks. You loved at that time, and would ſay, while you careſſed " Papa, what makes you cry? I am not ſick now. not be troubled. See, I am quite well." You r yourſelf up in your bed, your little hands would in my hair, and you would ſay again, " Do not gr any more, I am cured." And as you ſpoke theſe wo you would fall down again through weakneſs. would ſtrive to ſpeak but could not. At laſt, h

ever, your body grew ſtrong; you became hale and robuſt, and you ſhould have been the prop of my old age. I laboured all my life for you, and now you ſhut me out of your houſe in the midſt of wind and ſnow. "We cannot live together any longer, father." Said you to me in your fury. And why not, my ſon? what have I done to you? I have exhorted you to virtue, that is all my crime. When I ſaw you ſpend in debauchery the earnings of ſixty years labour, the fortune of which I willingly ſtripped myſelf to enrich you, I pointed out your danger to you. God is my witneſs, that I was more anxious on your account than on my own. Was I not ſilent long enough, for fear of troubling you? But my ſilence and my ſorrow, which I ſtrove to hide, made no impreſſion on you. I was then obliged to ſpeak. I thought it my duty then to reſume the prerogative of a father; yet my authority was tempered with mildneſs. My diſcourſe was as tender as it was earneſt. I ſpoke to you of your mother, who died thro' grief on account of your diſorderly life! I ſpoke to you of myſelf, whom the ſame cauſe would probably ſend to my grave. I ſhewed you my aged cheeks, almoſt worn with the tears that you have made me ſhed. I ſhewed you my grey hairs, which ſtood on end thro' anguiſh and ſorrow. I opened my arms to you, to invite you to my boſom. I ſhould have fallen on my knees to you, if your father, even in that humble poſture, could have ſoftened you. And you, my ſon—I can ſcarcely believe it yet—you came towards me with a threatening air; your arm was ſtretched out and your gate ſhut againſt me. You my ſon? you are no longer ſo. Why do my bowels ſtill feel the yearnings of a father towards you? I am tempted to wiſh that I could curſe you: but no! I dare not breathe forth even my complaints aloud. I fear leſt heaven ſhould hear them, and leſt this houſe, which you have ſhut againſt me, ſhould fall upon your head. I will lay myſelf down on the ſtone before your door. To-morrow you cannot come out without ſeeing me, and I hardly think that your heart will not ſoften when you ſee

what I ſhall have ſuffered during this dreadful night. But if the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, if my exhauſted old age, and ſtill more, the ſorrows that wound my heart, ſhould occaſion my death, then ſhudder at thy crime; weep for me, and for yourſelf ſtill more. Ah! I ſhould think my death a fortunate circumſtance, if it could produce your reformation.

Such were the complaints of this old man. But the North wind all the live-long night carried away his ſighs unheard. The tempeſt filled the air with dreadful whiſtlings; the ſhattered trees of the foreſt were bent down; and all nature ſeemed to ſhudder with horror at the crime of his ſon. The next morning the old man was found dead upon the ſtone. He had his hands claſped together, and his face turned towards heaven. The name of his ſon was the laſt word that he had pronounced. He had prayed to the very laſt moment for the parricide.

JONATHAN.

JONATHAN, a gardener of Lincoln, was looked upon as the moſt ſkilful in the country. His fruits ſurpaſſed thoſe of his neighbours in bigneſs, and were always found to have an exquiſite flavour. All the firſt gentlemen round about were ambitious of having his peaches at their deſerts, ſo that he had no occaſion to ſend his melons to the market; they were beſpoke on the beds, and very often could not be had for gold. The reputation that he obtained, and the profits that he drew from his labours, increaſed his aſſiduity in his cultivation. Rich and induſtrious as he was, he eaſily found a proper match, and eſpouſed Claribell, a young woman in the neighbourhood, as prudent as ſhe was handſome. The firſt year of their marriage was very happy. Claribell aſſiſted her huſband in his labours

and the fruits of their garden were more proſperous than ever.

Unhappily for Jonathan, near his houſe there lived another gardener, called Guzzle, who at day-break fixed himſelf in an ale-houſe, which he ſeldom left before night. Jonathan was delighted with Guzzle's hearty humour, and was not long before he fell into the ſame taſte. At firſt he went now and then to meet him at the ale-houſe, and only talked to him of gardening; but very ſoon, in his own garden, he talked to him of nothing but ſtrong beer. Claribell grieved at the change in her huſband's behaviour. As ſhe had not as yet ſufficient experience herſelf to undertake the care of the wall-trees, ſhe was frequently obliged to bring him home to his work, and uſually found him amongſt his pots and glaſſes. Alas! it would often have been better for him to ſtay from the garden. His head was now generally muddled with beer when he went to work upon his trees, and his pruning knife cut away at random among the branches: thoſe that bore were cut, as well as thoſe that did not; and the fine peach trees, on which laſt year there had not been a ſingle bough unfruitful, did now only ſtretch their lazy arms, like ſo many yawning idlers. The more Jonathan found his garden decay, the more fond he grew of this ſottiſh way of life. His fruit and vegetables had loſt their great name, and not being able by his earning to ſatisfy his fondneſs for drink, he parted by degrees with his furniture, his linen, and his clothes. At length one day, when his wife was gone to market with ſome roots, that ſhe had reared herſelf, he went and ſold all his garden utenſils, in order to drink the money with Guzzle. It would be difficult to deſcribe Claribell's grief at her return. To be reduced from a moderate competency to the moſt deſtitute poverty, was not the height of her misfortune. She felt ſtill more ſtrongly for the lot of her huſband, and of a young infant, ſix month's old, which ſhe had then at the breaſt. Who would ſuppoſe that it was this child who ſaved the whole family from deſtruction!

The evening of the ſame day, Jonathan came home ſwearing, threw himſelf into a chair, and leaning on his elbow over the table, ſurily aſked his wife for ſomething to eat. Claribell handed him a large caſe-knife, and a baſket that was covered with her apron. Jonathan ſnatched the apron off; but what was his ſurpriſe, to ſee his own child faſt aſleep in the baſket. "Eat there!" ſaid Claribell to him; "it is all that I have left to give you. You are the father of this child, and if you do not devour him, famine and miſery ſhortly will."—Jonathan thunderſtruck at theſe words, remained ſpeechleſs, with his eyes ſtupidly fixed upon his ſon.—At length his ſorrow broke out into tears and exclamations. He riſes and embracing his wife, aſks her pardon, and promiſes to reform; and he kept his word.

His father-in-law, who for ſome time had refuſed to ſee him, being informed of his good intentions, advanced him a ſum to enable him to put his garden in order again. Jonathan made good uſe of this ſupply, and very ſoon his garden flouriſhed as happily as ever. He became once more, and continued even to his old age, active, induſtrious, a good huſband, and a good father. He took pleaſure ſometimes (though he bluſhed at the ſame time) in telling this ſtory to his ſon, who, from his example, conceived ſuch an averſion to drinking and idleneſs, that he was all his life as ſober as he was laborious.

VANITY PUNISHED.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. WALLER.		
MRS. WALLER.		
VALENTINE,	-	*their Son.*
MR. RAY,	}	*Friends to Mr. Waller.*
MR. NASH,	}	
MICHAEL,	- -	*a Country Boy.*
MARTIN,	- -	*the Gardener.*

Scene, A Garden.

SCENE I.

MR. WALLER, MRS. WALLER.

Mr. W. YONDER is our Valentine walking in the garden, with a book in his hand. I am very much afraid that it is rather through vanity, than from a real deſire of improving himſelf that he always appears to be buſy reading.

Mrs. W. What makes you think ſo, my dear?

Mr. W. Do you not remark that he caſts a ſide-look now and then to ſee if any body takes notice of him?

Mrs. W. For all that, his maſters give a very flattering account of his diligence, and they all agree that he is very far advanced for his age.

Mr. W. That is true. But if my ſuſpicions are right, and if the little that he can know has made him vain, I would rather a hundred times that he knew nothing, and were modeſt.

Mrs. W. That he knew nothing?

Mr. W. Yes, my dear. A man without any great ſtretch of knowledge, but upright, modeſt, and induſtri-

ous, is a much more eſtimable member of ſociety, than a learned man, whoſe ſtudies have turned his head and puffed up his heart.

Mrs. W. I cannot think that my ſon is of that deſcription.

Mr. W. Heaven forbid! But while we are here in the country, I ſhall have more opportunities of obſerving him; and I am reſolved to take advantage of the firſt that ſhall offer, to clear up my doubts. I ſee him coming towards us. Leave me alone with him a moment.

SCENE II.

MR. WALLER, VALENTINE.

Val. (to Michael, whom he puſhes back.) No; leave me. Papa, it is that little fool of a country boy that comes, always to interrupt me in my reading?

Mr. W. Why do you call that good-natured child a little fool?

Val. Why, he knows nothing.

Mr. W. Of what you have learnt, I grant you; but then he knows many things that you do not, and you may both inform each other a good deal, if you will communicate what you know, one to the other.

Val. He may learn a good deal of me, but what can I learn from him?

Mr. W. If ever you ſhould have a farm, do you think that it would be of no ſervice to you to have an early notion of the labours of the country, to learn to diſtinguiſh trees and plants, to know the times of ſowing and harveſt, and to ſtudy the wonders of vegetation? Michael poſſeſſes theſe different parts of knowledge, and deſires no better than to ſhare them with you.—— They will perhaps be one day of the greateſt uſe to you. Thoſe, on the contrary, that you could communicate, would be of no ſervice to him. So that you ſee, in this intercourſe, all the advantage is on your ſide.

Val. Well, but papa, would it become me to learn any thing from a little country boy!

Mr. W. Why not, if he is capable of inſtructing you? I know no real diſtinction amongſt men, but that of uſeful talents and good manners; and you muſt own that in both theſe points, he has equally the advantage over you.

Val. What, in good manners too?

Mr. W. In every ſtation they conſiſt in treating all perſons as our duty preſcribes to us. He does ſo, in ſhewing a particular attachment and complaiſance to you. Do you do the ſame? Do you make a return of mildneſs and good will? And yet he ſeems to merit them. He is active and intelligent. I believe him to be poſſeſſed of good nature, ſpirit, and good ſenſe. You ought to think yourſelf very happy in having ſo amiable a companion, with whom you may at once amuſe and improve yourſelf. His father is my foſter-brother, and has always had a remarkable affection for me. I am pretty ſure that Michael has the ſame for you. See how the poor little fellow hankers about the terrace-walk, to meet you. Take care and uſe him with civility. There is more honour and integrity in his father's cottage, than in many palaces. His family too has been our tenants for ſome generations, and I ſhould be glad to ſee the connection continued between our children. *(He goes out.)*

SCENE III.

VALENTINE *(alone.)*

Yes, a fine connection indeed! I think papa is joking. This little country boy teach me any thing! No, I will ſurprize him now ſo much with my learning, that he will not think of talking to me of his own, I'll warrant him.

SCENE IV.

VALENTINE, MICHAEL.

Mich. You wo'nt have my little noſegay, then, maſter Valentine?

Val. Noſegay! Pſhaw! neither ranunculus nor tulip.

Mich. Why, it is true, they are only field flowers, but they are pretty; and I thought you might like to know them by their names.

Val. A great matter, indeed, to know the names of your herbs. You may carry them where you found them.

Mich. Well now, if I had known that, I would not have taken the trouble to gather them. I was reſolved not to go home yeſterday evening without bringing you ſomething, and as I came back from work, though it was rather late, and I had a great mind for my ſupper, I ſtopped in our cloſe, to gather them by the light of the moon.

Val. You talk of the moon! Do you know how big it is.

Mich. Heh! Fegs! as big as a cheeſe.

Val. Ignorant little clown! *(ſtruts with an air of importance, while Michael ſtands ſtaring at him.)* Look here. *(Shewing him his book.)* This is Telemaque.—Have you ever read it?

Mich. That is not in the catechiſm: our ſchoolmaſter never talked to me about that.

Val. No, it is none of your country books.

Mich. Nay, how ſhould I have read it then? But, let us ſee it.

Val. Do not think of touching it with your dirty hands! *(holding one of them up.)* Where did you buy theſe tanned leather gloves?

Mich. Anan! it is my hand, Maſter Valentine.

Val. The ſkin is ſo hard that one might cut it into ſhoe-ſoles.

Mich. It is not with idleneſs that they are grown ſo hard. You know how to talk very well, I dare ſay, and yet I would not change conditions with you. To work honeſtly and offend nobody, is all that I know, and it would be no harm if you knew as much. Good by'e ſir.

SCENE V.

VALENTINE *(alone.)*

I think the little clown had a mind to make game of me. But I ſee company coming on the terrace-walk. I muſt put on a ſtudious air before them. *(He ſits down, ſeeming to read in his book with great attention.)*

SCENE VI.

MR. *and* MRS. WALLER, MR. RAY, MR. NASH.

VALENTINE *(ſeated on a bench on one ſide.)*

Mr. Wal. What a fine evening! Would you chooſe, gentlemen, to take a walk up the ſlope, to ſee the ſun ſetting?

Mr. Ray. I was going to mention it. The weather is delicious, and the ſky perfectly without a cloud in the weſt.

Mr. Naſh. I ſhall be ſorry to go far from the nightingale. Do you hear his charming melody, Madam?

Mrs. Wal. I was taken up with thinking. My heart was filled with pleaſure.

Mr. Ray. How can one live in town during this charming weather?

Mr. Wal. Valentine, will you walk up the ſlope with us to ſee the ſun ſetting.

Val. No, I thank you, papa. I am reading ſomething here that gives me more pleaſure.

Mr. Wal. If you ſpeak truth, I pity you, and if you do not——Come, gentlemen, there is not a moment to loſe. Let us continue our walk. *(They walk forward up the hill.)*

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE *(ſeeing them at a diſtance.)*

There, they are almoſt out of ſight: I need not be under any conſtraint now. *(Puts the book in his pocket.)* What an opinion thoſe gentlemen will have of my diligence! I ſhould like to be a bird and fly after them, to hear the praiſes that they are giving me. *(Saunters about, yawning and liſtleſs, for near a quarter of an hour.)* I am tired, after all, of being here alone. I can do better! The ſun is ſet now, and I hear the company returning. I will ſlip into the wood, and hide myſelf in it ſo, that they ſhall ſcarcely find me. Mamma will ſend all the ſervants to look for me with lights. They will talk of nothing but me all the evening, and will compare me with thoſe great philoſophers that have been known to go aſtray in their learned meditations, and to loſe themſelves in woods. My adventure will make a fine noiſe! Now for it. *(He goes into the wood.)*

SCENE VIII.

MR. *and* MRS. WALLER, MR. RAY, MR. NASH.

Mr. Ray. I never ſaw weather more pleaſing, nor a more charming ſcene.

Mr. Wal. Gentlemen, my pleaſure has been doubled by my enjoying it in your company.

Mr. Naſh. The nightingale too ſtill continues his ſong. His voice ſeems even to grow more tender as

night comes on. I am ſorry that Mrs. Waller does not ſeem to liſten to it with as much pleaſure as before.

Mrs. Wal. It is becauſe I am anxious about my ſon. I do not ſee him in the garden. (*She calls him.*) Valentine! He does not anſwer! (*Perceiving the gardener, ſhe calls him.*) Martin, have you ſeen my ſon?

Martin. Yes, madam, about ten minutes ago I ſaw him turn towards the grove.

Mrs. W. Towards the grove! Bleſs me! if he ſhould loſe himſelf! Pray run after him, and bring him in.

Martin. Yes, madam. (*Goes out.*)

Mrs. W. Mr. Waller, won't you go along with him.

Mr. W. No, my dear, I am not uneaſy, for my part. Martin will be able to find him.

Mrs. W. But if he ſhould take a different way? I am frightened out of my wits!

Mr. Naſh. Make yourſelf eaſy, madam. Mr. Ray and I will take the two ſides of the wood, while the gardener ſhall take the middle. We cannot fail of finding him ſo.

Mrs. W. Ah! Gentlemen, I did not dare to aſk it of you; but you know the feelings of a mother.

Mr. W. Gentlemen, do not give yourſelf ſo much trouble, I'd rather you would not.

Mr. Ray. You will not take it amiſs that we comply with Mrs. Waller's requeſt rather than yours.

Mr. W. I muſt confeſs, it is againſt my inclination.

Mr. Naſh. We will receive your reproaches at our return. (*They walk towards the grove.*)

SCENE IX.

MR. *and* MRS. WALLER.

Mrs. W. Why, my dear, whence comes this indifference about your ſon?

Mr. W. Do you think, my dear, that I love him

leſs than you do? No, but I know better how to love him.

Mrs. W. And what if he could not be found?

Mr. W. I ſhould be glad of it.

Mrs. W. What, that he ſhould paſs the night in a gloomy wood? What would become of the poor child? and what would become of me?

Mr. W. You would both be cured. He of his vanity, and you of your injudicious fondneſs that keeps it up in him.

Mrs. W. What do you mean, my dear?

Mr. W. I am juſt now convinced of what I only ſuſpected in the morning. The boy's head is filled with exceſſive vanity, and all his reading is but oſtentation. He has only loſt himſelf on purpoſe to make us look for him, and to appear abſent and forgetful through intenſe ſtudy. It gives me more pain that his mind ſhould wander from a right way of thinking, than if his ſteps really went aſtray. He will be unhappy all his life, if he is not cured of it in time, and there is nothing but a wholeſome humiliation that can ſave him.

Mrs. W. But do you conſider——

Mr. W. Yes, every thing. He is eleven years old. If he can profit any thing by his natural ſenſe, or his learning, the light of the moon, and the direction of the wind, may guide him ſufficiently to clear the wood.

Mrs. W. But if he has not that thought?

Mr. W. He will then better ſee the neceſſity of profiting by the leſſons that I have given him upon this ſubject. Beſides, we intend him for the army, and in that profeſſion he will have many nights to paſs without ſhelter. He will know now what it is, and not go to a camp quite raw, to be laughed at by his companions. Then the air is not very cold at this ſeaſon of the year, and for one night he will not die with hunger. Since by his folly he has brought himſelf into a ſcrape, let him get out of it again, or ſuffer the diſagreeable conſequences of it.

Mrs. W. No; I cannot agree to it; and if you don't ſend people after him, I will go myſelf.

Mr. W. Well, my dear, I will make you eaſy, tho' I am ſorry that you will not let me follow my plan, as I intended. I ſhall tell little Michael to join him, as it were by chance. Colin too ſhall be at a ſmall diſtance, in order to run to them in caſe of an accident. For any thing more, do not aſk it; I have taken my reſolution, and do not chuſe, by a blind weakneſs, to deprive my ſon of a leſſon that may be of ſervice to him. Here are our friends coming back with Martin.

Mrs. W. O heavens! I ſee, and they have not found him.

Mr. W. I am glad of it.

SCENE X.

MR. *and* MRS. WALLER, MR. RAY, *and* MR. NASH.

Mr. Naſh. Our ſearch has been in vain; but if Mr. Waller will let us have ſome lights and ſervants.—

Mr. W. No, gentlemen, you have complied with my wife's requeſt, you will now liſten to mine. I am a father, and know my duty as one. Let us go into the parlour, and I will give you an account of my deſign.

SCENE XI. (The middle of the wood.)

VALENTINE.

What have I done, fool that I was? It is dark night, and I don't know which way to turn. *(Calls.)* Papa! Papa! Nobody anſwers. I am undone; what will become of me? *(cries.)* O mamma! where are you? Anſwer your ſon this once. Heavens! what is that running through the wood? If it ſhould be a robber! Help! Help!

SCENE XII.

VALENTINE, MICHAEL.

Michael. Who is there? Who is it that cries ſo? What, is it you, ſir? How do you happen to be here at this time of night?

Valentine. O! dear Michael, my dear friend, I have loſt my way.

Mich. (*looking at him firſt with an air of ſurpriſe, and then burſting out in a laugh.*) You don't ſay ſo? I your dear Michael! your dear friend! You miſtake; I am only a dirty little country boy. Don't you remember? Nay, let go my hand. The ſkin is only fit to cut up for ſhoes ſoles.

Val. My dear friend excuſe my impertinence, and for pity's ſake guide me back to our houſe. My mamma will pay you well.

Mich. (*looking at him from top to bottom.*) Have you finiſhed reading your Tellymack?

Val. (*looking down quite confuſed.*) Ah! pray now—

Mich. (*putting his finger to the ſide of his noſe and looking up.*) Tell me, my little wiſe man, how big may the moon be juſt now?

Val. Nay, ſpare me, I beg of you, and guide me out of this wood.

Mich. You ſee then, maſter, that one may be a dirty little country boy, and yet may be good for ſomething. What would you give now to know your way, inſtead of knowing how big the moon is?

Val. I own my fault, and I promiſe never to ſhew any pride for the future.

Mich. Well, that is clever. But this ſame repenting by neceſſity may only hang by a thread. It is not amiſs that a young gentleman ſhould ſee what it is to look upon a poor man's ſon like a dog, and play with him according to his fancy. But to ſhew you that an honeſt clown does not bear malice, I will paſs the night with you as I have paſſed many one with our ſheep

on the downs. To-morrow morning early I will take you home to your papa. Here, then, I'll ſhare my bed-chamber with you.

Val. O, my good Michael!

Mich. (*ſtretching himſelf under a tree.*) Come, ſir, ſettle yourſelf at your eaſe.

Val. But where is this bed-chamber of yours?

Mich. Why here, (*ſtriking on the ground.*) Here is my bed; take your place. It is wide enough for us both.

Val. What, muſt we lie here under the open air?

Mich. I aſſure you, Sir, the king himſelf has not a better bed. See what a fine cieling you have over your head; how many bright diamonds adorn it! and then our handſome ſilver lamp. (*pointing to the moon.*) Well, what do you think of it?

Val. Oh! my dear Michael, I am ready to die with hunger.

Mich. I dare ſay I can help you there too. See, here are ſome potatoes. Dreſs them, as you know how.

Val. Why they are raw.

Mich. It is only to boil or roaſt them. Make a fire.

Val. We want a light to kindle one; and then where ſhall we find coal or wood?

Mich. (*ſmiling*) Cannot you find all that in your books?

Val. Oh! no, my dear Michael.

Mich. Well, I'll ſhew you that I know more than you and all your Tellymacks. (*Takes a tinder-box, with flint and ſteel out of his pocket.*) Crack! there is fire already; now you ſhall ſee. (*He gathers a handful of dry leaves, and putting them round the tinder, fans with his hand until they take fire.*) We ſhall ſoon have a blazing hearth. (*He puts bits of dry wood upon the lighted leaves.*) Do you ſee? (*lays the potatoes cloſe to the fire, and ſprinkles them with duſt.* This muſt ſerve, inſtead of aſhes, to hinder them from burning. (*Having laid them properly, and covered them once more with duſt, he turns the fire over them, then adds freſh wood, and blows it up with his*

breath.) Have you a finer fire in your papa's kitchen? come, now they will ſoon be done.

Val. O my good friend, what return can I make to your kindneſs?

Mich. Return? Pooh! when one does good, it pays itſelf. But ſtop a moment. While the potatoes are roaſting, I will fetch ſome hay for you. I ſaw a good deal lying in one part of the wood. You will ſleep upon that like a prince. But take care of the roaſt while I am away. (*Goes out ſinging.*)

SCENE XIII.

VALENTINE.

Fool that I was! how could I be ſo unjuſt as to deſpiſe this child. What am I compared to him? how little am I in my own eyes, when I examine his behaviour and mine; but it ſhall never happen again. Henceforward I will not deſpiſe thoſe of a lower condition than myſelf. I will not be ſo proud, nor ſo vain. (*He walks about and gathers up dry ſticks for the fire.*)

SCENE XIV.

VALENTINE, MICHAEL, (*hauling in a large bundle of hay.*)

Mich. Here is your bed of down, your coverlid and all. I will make you a bed now quite ſoft.

Val. I thank you, my friend. I would help you, but I do not know how to ſet about it.

Mich. I don't want you; I can do it all alone. Go warm yourſelf. (*He unties the bundle, ſpreads part of it on the ground, and reſerves the reſt for a covering.*) That is finiſhed. Now let us think of ſupper. (*Takes a potatoe from the fire, and taſtes it.*) They are done. Eat them while they are warm, they are better ſo.

Val. What, won't you eat ſome with me?

Mich. No, I thank you. There is juſt enough for you.

Val. How! Do you think?

Mich. You are too kind. I won't touch them. I am not hungry. Beſides I ſhall have as much pleaſure in ſeeing you eat them. Are they good?

Val. Excellent, my dear Michael.

Mich. I dare ſay you never taſted ſweeter at your papa's table.

Val. That is very true.

Mich. Are you done? Come then, your bed is ready for you. (*Valentine lies down. Michael ſpreads the reſt of the hay over him, then takes off his jacket.*) The nights are cold; here, cover yourſelf with this too. If you find yourſelf chilly, come to the fire; I'll take care that it does not go out. Good night.

Val. Dear Michael, I ſhall never be eaſy until I make you amends for my treating you ill.

Mich. Think no more of it; I do not. The lark will awake us to morrow morning at break of day. (*Valentine falls aſleep, and Michael ſits up cloſe by him to keep the fire in. At break of day Michael awakes him.*) Come, maſter, you have ſlept enough. The lark has opened her ſong already, and the ſun will ſoon appear behind the hill. Let us ſet out, and go to your papa's.

Val. (*rubbing his eyes*) What, already? ſo ſoon?—Good morning my dear Michael!

Mich. Good morning, maſter Valentine! How did you ſleep?

Val. (*riſing*) As ſound as a rock. Here is your jacket. I thank you a thouſand, thouſand times. I ſhall never forget you as long as I live.

Mich. Do not talk of thanks. I am as happy as you. Come, walk along with me. I'll guide you.—

SCENE XV. (*A room in Mr. Waller's houſe.*)

MR. *and* MRS. WALLER.

Mrs. W. In what terrors have I paſſed this whole night! I fear, my dear, that ſome accident has happened to him. We muſt ſend out people to look for him.

Mr. W. Make yourſelf eaſy my love; I will go myſelf. But who knocks? (*The door opens.*) Look, here he is.

SCENE XVI.

MR. *and* MRS. WALLER, VALENTINE, MICHAEL.

Mrs. W. (*running to her ſon*) Ah! do I ſee thee again, my dear child?

Mich. Yes, madam, there he is, ifegs! a little better mayhap than before you loſt him.

Mr. W. Is that the caſe?

Val. Yes, papa, I have been well puniſhed for my pride. What will you give him that has reformed me?

Mr. W. A good reward, and with the greateſt cheerfulneſs.

Val. (*preſenting Michael to him*) Well, this is he to whom you owe it. I owe him my friendſhip too, and he ſhall always ſhare it.

Mr. W. If that is ſo, I'll make him a little preſent every year of a couple of guineas, for curing you of ſo intolerable a fault.

Mrs. W. And I will make him one of the ſame ſum, for having preſerved my ſon to me.

Mich. If you pay me for the ſatisfaction that you feel, I ſhould pay you too for what I felt. So we are clear.

Mr. W. No, my little man, we ſhall not run from

your words. But let us go to breakfaſt all four. Valentine ſhall relate his adventures of the night.

Val. Yes, papa; and I ſhall not ſpare myſelf, though I ſhould be turned into ridicule for them. I bluſh for my folly, but hope I ſhall never have to bluſh for the ſame behaviour again.

Mr. W. My dear ſon, how happy you will make your mother and me by proving that your reformation is ſincere, and will never ſuffer a relapſe.

(*Valentine takes Michael by the hand. Mr. Waller gives his to his lady, and they all go into the next apartment.*)

IF MEN DO NOT SEE YOU,

GOD SEES YOU.

MR. Ferguſon was walking in the country one fine warm day in harveſt-time with his youngeſt ſon Frank. Papa, (ſaid Frank, looking wiſtfully towards a garden by the ſide of which they were walking) I am very dry.—And I too, my dear, anſwered Mr. Ferguſon; but we muſt have patience until we go home.

Frank. There is a pear-tree loaded with very fine pears; they are quinces. Ah! with what pleaſure I could eat one.

Mr. Ferguſon. I do not doubt it; but that tree is in a private garden.

Frank. The hedge is not very thick, and here is a hole where I can eaſily get through.

Mr. Ferg. And what would the owner of the garden ſay, if he ſhould be there?

Frank. Oh! he is not there, I dare ſay, and nobody can ſee us.

Mr. Ferg. You miſtake, child! There is one who ſees us, and who would puniſh us, and juſtly too, becauſe it would be wicked to do what you propoſe.

Frank. Who is that, papa?

Mr. Ferg. He who is every where preſent, who never loſes ſight of us a moment, and who ſees to the very bottom of our thoughts; that is, God.

Frank. Ah! it is very true. I ſhall not think of it any more.

Juſt then a man ſtood up behind the hedge, whom they could not ſee before, becauſe he had been ſitting down on a graſſy ſlope. It was an old man, the owner of the garden, who ſpoke thus to Frank: "Return thanks to God, my child, that your father hindered you from ſtealing into my garden, and coming to take what does not belong to you. Know, that at the foot of each tree there is a trap laid to catch thieves, where you would certainly have been caught, and perhaps have lamed yourſelf for ever. But ſince, at the firſt word of the prudent leſſon given you by your father, you have ſhewed a fear of God, and did no longer inſiſt on the theft that you intended, I will give you with pleaſure ſome of the fruit that you wiſhed to taſte." At theſe words he went up to the fineſt pear tree, ſhook it, and brought back his hat full of pears to Frank.

Mr. Furguſon would have taken money out of his purſe to pay this civil old man, but could not prevail on him to accept any. "I have had a ſatisfaction, ſir, in obliging your ſon, which I ſhould loſe were I to be paid for it. God alone repays ſuch actions."

Mr. Ferguſon ſhook hands with him over the hedge, and Frank thanked him too in a very manly manner; but he ſhewed a ſtill more lively gratitude in the hearty appetite that he appeared to have for the pears, which did indeed quite run over with juice. That is a very good man, ſaid Frank to his papa, after he had finiſhed the laſt, and they had got a good diſtance from the old man.

Mr. Ferg. Yes, my dear; and he is ſo, no doubt, becauſe his heart is convinced of this great truth, that God never fails to reward good actions, and chaſtiſe evil.

Frank. Would God have puniſhed me then, if I had taken the pears?

Mr. Ferg. The good old man told you what would have happened to you. God, my dear child, orders every thing that paſſes upon earth, and directs events ſo as to reward good people for their virtuous actions, and to puniſh the wicked for their crimes. I will tell you an adventure that relates to this ſubject, and made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, when a child, that I ſhall never forget it as long as I live.

Frank. Ah! papa, how happy am I to-day; a pleaſant walk, fine pears, and a ſtory beſides!

Mr. Ferg. When I was as little as you, and lived at my father's, we had two neighbours, the one on the right, the other on the left-hand of our houſe: their names were Dobſon and Vicars. Mr. Dobſon had a ſon called Simon, and Mr. Vicars one alſo of the name of Gamaliel.———Behind our houſe and thoſe of our neighbours were ſmall gardens, ſeparated at that time only by quickſet hedges. Simon, when alone in his father's garden, amuſed himſelf with throwing ſtones into all the gardens round about, never once thinking that he might hurt ſomebody. Mr. Dobſon had obſerved this, and reprimanded him ſeverely for it, threatening to chaſtiſe him if ever he did ſo again. But unhappily this child knew not, or elſe did not believe, that one ſhould not do amiſs, even when alone, becauſe God is always near us, and ſees whatever we do. One day, when his father was gone out, thinking that nobody could ſee him, and therefore that he ſhould not be puniſhed, he filled his pockets with ſtones, and began pelting them all around him. Juſt at the ſame time Mr. Vicars was in his garden with his ſon Gamaliel.——This boy had the misfortune to think, as well as Simon, that it was enough not to do amiſs before others, and that when alone, one might do what one pleaſed. His father had a gun charged, to ſhoot the ſparrows that came picking his cherries; and he was ſitting in a ſummer-houſe to watch them. At this moment, a ſervant

came to tell him that a ſtrange gentleman wanted him in the parlour; he therefore left the gun in the ſummer-houſe, and expreſsly forbid Gamaliel to touch it. But Gamaliel, when all alone, ſaid to himſelf, "I don't ſee what harm there would be in playing with this gun a little;" and ſaying thus, he took it up, and began to exerciſe with it like a ſoldier. He handled his arms and reſted his firelock, and had a mind to try if he could make ready and preſent. The muzzle of his gun happened to be pointed towards Mr. Dobſon's garden, and juſt as he was going to ſhut the left eye, in order to take aim, a pebble ſtone, thrown by Simon, ſtruck him in that very eye. The fright, and the pain together, made Gamaliel drop the gun, which went off; and, oh! what cries and ſhrieks were immediately heard in both gardens! Gamaliel had received a blow of a ſtone in the eye, and Simon received the whole charge of the gun in his leg. Thus the one loſt his eye, and the other remained a cripple all the reſt of his life.

Frank. Ah! poor Simon! poor Gamaliel! how I pity them!

Mr. Ferg. They were, it is true, very much to be pitied; but their parents ſtill more ſo; for having children ſo diſobedient and vicious. After all, it was a real happineſs for theſe two bad boys to have met with this accident.

Frank. How ſo, papa?

Mr. Ferg. I will tell you. If God had not early puniſhed theſe children, they would always have continued in miſchief, whenever they found themſelves alone; whereas they experienced by this warning, that whatever bad actions men do not ſee, God ſees and puniſhes. This was therefore a leſſon to them to amend themſelves, and they became thenceforth prudent and ſedate, and ſhunned doing miſchief when alone, as much as if all the world ſaw them. And this indeed was the deſign of Providence in thus puniſhing them; for our merciful Creator never chaſtiſes us but to make us become better.

Frank. Well, that eye and leg will make me take
re. I will ſhun what is wrong, and do what is right,
en though I ſee nobody near me.

As he had finiſhed theſe words, they arrived at their
wn-houſe-door.

THE GOOD SON.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS*.

CHARACTERS.

REMY GOODACRE,	*a Country Labourer.*
NNY GOODACRE.	*his Wife.*
CELY,	*their Daughter.*
AAC,	*her Lover.*
ARLES GOODACRE,	*a Lieutenant of Foot, Son to Jeremy.*
NIFACE,	*a Schoolmaſter.*

Recruiting Serjeant.—Soldiers.—Country People.

SCENE I.

A graſs plat before Jeremy Goodacre's cottage. In the middle of it a large tree, with a ſeat round it.

ISAAC, (*alone.*)

Did not ſee her all yeſterday. I have not ſpent a
this twelvemonth without ſeeing her. What can
e happened! Every thing is quiet in the houſe.
! Cicely, can you ſleep at eaſe, while you know how
aſy I am?—Mayhap ſhe has changed her mind, and
es ſomebody elſe. (*Goes towards the cottage door.*)
n! Cicely, Cicely!

* The following is rather an imitation, or paraphraſe, than a tranſ-
n of the drama, which bears the ſame title in the French of M.
QUIN. The neceſſity of deviating from the original will be ob-
s to every reader. The French drama is alſo imitated from the
man of Mr. ENGIL.

SCENE II.

ISAAC, CICELY.

Cic. (*mimicking him.*) Heh! Iſaac! Iſaac!—Well, here I am.

Iſaac. You ſeem to be in high ſpirits, Cicely.

Cic. Are you angry that I am glad to ſee you?

Iſaac. You did not want to ſee me yeſterday though, or you would have been where you promiſed.

Cic. Well, are you going to ſcold me? Do you think I was not as uneaſy as you were?

Iſaac. Dear heart! Cicely, are you ſerious? Well, now I am as happy as I was dull a minute ago. But what hindered you to come?

Cic. You know it was the firſt day of the month, and when my brother, at his landing, wrote to father from Portſmouth, he told him that he ſhould hear from him again, without fail, as yeſterday.

Iſaac. Well?

Cic. So father would not wait for the poſtman, but ſent me, about four o'clock to the poſt-office, for the letter. They told me there to wait; that it could not be long before the coach came in: ſo I ſtaid, upon thorns. And father, uneaſy at my ſtop, came ſoon after terwards; and before a quarter of an hour's end, came mother too. You know I could not quit them. So there we ſtaid until dark night, and no coach. I ſuppoſe ſome accident had happened. We came back ſorrowful enough, and I could not leave father and mother grieving by themſelves; now tell me, could I?

Iſaac. No, you are very right. I ſhan't ſcold you. But what is your hurry now? Where do you want to go?

Cic. To ſee if the letter is come yet. Father and mother are terribly uneaſy. They are ſo fond of their brother, and he of them.

Iſaac. Now, Cicely—are you fond of me?

Cic. My brother, that was only a private ſoldier, nd is now a lieutenant.

Iſaac. Yes, Cicely, but—

Cic. And has two or threeſcore men at his com- nand.

Iſaac. Ah! your brother is well off.

Cic. How grand will he be in his ſcarlet coat and is gold ſhoulder-knot! Oh! it is a fine thing, Iſaac, o be a captain! Doſt not think ſo?

Iſaac. Ay, I ſhall know it, I am afraid. He'll be hamed now, mayhap, to ſee me one of his family, as have no gold ſhoulder-knot, nor men at my com- nand.

Cic. No, Iſaac, do not make yourſelf uneaſy. My ther has lived in the ſame way of life with you theſe xty years, and my brother has too much ſenſe to de- iſe it. He would have been the ſame as you, if he ad not chanced to enliſt when he was young. No, e will never look for a huſband to his ſiſter out of her wn condition.

Iſaac. Ah! Cicely, how happy you make me!

SCENE III.

JEREMY, CICELY, ISAAC.

Jer. Are you come back already? Where is the let- r? Let's ſee.

Cic. Father, I have not been at the poſt-office yet.

Jer. And you ſtand there, prating!

Cic. I was juſt a going. Well, I'll run as faſt as I n. Will you go, Iſaac?

Jer. Ay, go together; ſo you will be back the ſooner. ut don't loiter on the road. And, Cicely, as you ſs, you'll tell Mr. Boniface, the ſchoolmaſter, to me here and read the letter for me.

SCENE IV.

JEREMY.

How uneaſy I am about the delay of this letter! I could not reſt the whole night. Ah! my dear boy, how the thoughts of you make us glad and ſorry by turns!

SCENE V.

JEREMY, NANNY.

Nanny. Well, this letter does not come. I don't know how it is; a dread hangs over me.

Jer. Do not be impatient, my dear! we ſhall hear from him preſently, and ſee him too again very ſoon. I know we ſhall. Ah! I am ſure I pray for that every day.

Nanny. He is a ſoldier, my good man, and a ſoldier is not ſure of his life a moment. That is what makes me unhappy. Very often, when his letters are read to us, and you imagine that I cry for joy, it is for grief and ſorrow. Each, I think, is perhaps his laſt: and this money, that he ſent us at his landing, I cannot look at it without a heavy ſigh. As I ſaid to myſelf it is his pay from the king, the price of his blood; and can we, his father and mother, be happy while we are ſpending it? Ah! I wiſh he were here now.

Jer. We ſhall have him here by and by, never fear. He will come to quarter in ſome town mayhap, near ourſelves, and then we ſhall go and ſee him once a week.

Nanny, (*overjoyed.*) Aye, twice, three times a week, my man. Ah! if that was the caſe, how happy ſhould I be! But who can tell whether we ſhall know him again?

Jer. Heh! I dare ſay I ſhall know m ſon.

Nanny. What when he is dreſt like an officer, all over gold-lace, with his breaſt-plate and his ſwaſh?

SCENE VI.

JEREMY, NANNY, BONIFACE.

Bon. Good morrow, neighbour Jeremy. Good morrow, dame Goodacre.

Jer. How doſt do, Maſter Boniface? (*ſhaking him by the hand.*)

Bon. Well, you have received news from your ſon? Where is the letter? Let me read it to you.

Jer. We have not received it yet, and I am ſo impatient.

Bon. I ſuppoſe ſo, if it were only to have the honour of receiving a letter from a lieutenant. But how the plague did he get up ſo high? I cannot think, for my part. Beſides, you never ſhewed me his letter that mentions it: you got the exciſeman to read it for you.

Nanny. Then you did not hear that part, Mr. Boniface? Do, tell him how it was, Jeremy.

Bon. Aye, come, do tell us about it, neighbour Jeremy.

Jer. Well, Maſter Boniface, the matter was as thus: In that laſt battle—at what d'ye call it—near—I never can think of the name; all his regiment was ſadly mauled; moſt of the officers killed or wounded. My ſon too had received a ball, but never minded it. He rallied about three hundred men as well as he could, (*with vehemence*) led them up to the enemy, fell on with fixed bayonets, checked them ſo much, that our people had time to retreat, and at laſt came off in good order at the head of fifty men. His general ſaw the whole, made him a lieutenant upon the ſpot, and promiſed to befriend him as long as he lived —Yes, Maſter Boniface, it is all true. My ſon did juſt as I tell you.

Bon. Oh! it is a brave youth. I ſaw that long ago,

while he was at ſchool with me. When my boys were at play, it was Charley that led the gang; and if ever there was a quarrel, he always ſobered the ſtouteſt of them. It was in him then, neighbour Jeremy. That is all natural to him.

Jer. (*laughing.*) Aye, by the maſs is it!

SCENE VII.

JEREMY, NANNY, CICELY, BONIFACE.

Cic. (*running.*) Father! father! here is the letter, here it is; and another bank-note in it, I dare ſay, for it feels thick.

Jer. My good Charley? I am afraid he hurts himſelf to ſerve me

Cic. And father, ſome more wine too. The wine-merchant, he with the great red noſe, was at the poſt-office at the ſame time with me, and had juſt got an order to ſend you another hamper full. Iſaac is gone to fetch it.

Bon. A hamper full?

Jer. There will be ſome of that for you, Maſter Boniface. But, mean while we have a little of the laſt left. You ſhall drink with me while you read the letter. Go, dame, and bring us that bottle and three glaſſes, with a bit of bread and cheeſe. We will make a breakfaſt of it here under the tree. Bring out a table, Cicely. Make haſte.

Nanny and Cicely, (*as they go off.*) But pray, now, do not read the letter without us.

Bon. Never fear. You know, I cannot read before I break my faſt.

SCENE VIII.

JEREMY, BONIFACE, CICELY, (*who goes backwards and forwards.*)

Jer. Open the letter, however, Maſter Boniface, though we won't read it the more for that. And yet

I am curious to know what he ſays about the peace, and if he will ſoon come and ſee us.

Bon. Of the peace, quotha? Aye, they talk of it a good deal, but I cannot think it. They recruit and impreſs ſtill as faſt as ever. Why, this morning a ſerjeant with his party came into the town.

Jer. What, to recruit?

Bon. Ay, marry. The ſame that ſwears he enliſted Iſaac, your daughter's ſweetheart, at the fair in t'other town. Take care, neighbour Jeremy, he'll carry off Cicely's huſband that is to be, if you do not take care. —He is a ſlippery fellow, that ſerjeant.

Cic. (*coming near to liſten.*) O gracious, are you in earneſt, Maſter Boniface?

Jer. Do not be afraid, child, you know it was all a trick.

Bon. Nay, if you are ſure of that. But come, let us unſeal——What a fine hand your ſon writes! how fair and legible: but he is indebted to me for it. (*He hems, and begins to read.*)

"*Honoured father*—"

Jer. (*ſtretching his head towards Boniface to hear the letter.*) Ah! my good Charley.

Bon. "As our regiment is ordered home, to remain in this country"

Jer. Heaven be praiſed! Then he will not croſs the ſeas again. How happy my wife will be!

Bon. "I hope ſhortly to have the happineſs of ſeeing my family"

Jer. Oh! I knew we ſhould ſoon have him here.

Bon. "Meantime I cannot give you greater ſatisfaction than by informing you how honourably I have been treated a few days ſince"——

Jer. (*joyfully.*) Ay, let us hear, let us hear!

Bon. "By the General who politely invited me to dine with him"—

Jer. My Charley to dine with him? Oh! how the reſt would ſtare! all thoſe great officers! Well! well!

Bon. " He held a particular converſation with me for a long time, and was pleaſed to pay me ſeveral compliments on my behaviour during the war, which were certainly more than I deſerved. In ſhort, he aſked me where I was born, and who was my father."

Jer. What! the General aſk about me? Well, what did he ſay? let's hear: quick, Maſter Boniface.

Bon. " I told him that you were a poor honeſt labouring man, but that I would not change you for any father in the world, notwithſtanding your condition."

Jer. (*lifting up his hands.*) Heavenly goodneſs! I think I hear him.

Bon. " The General was pleaſed with this expreſſion of my duty towards you, and filling his glaſs, drank your health in the preſence of the whole table, requeſting me to inform you that he had done himſelf that pleaſure, and to aſſure you always of his friendſhip and good wiſhes."

Jer. (*overjoyed.*) Now, is it poſſible, Maſter Boniface? The General? ſome Duke, no doubt.

Bon. Aye, you hear he drank your health.

Jer. (*runs towards the cottage and calls out.*) Wife! wife! never mind what you are doing there, but come hither; come quick.

Nanny, (*from within the cottage.*) What is the matter, Jeremiah?

Jer. Nay, come, you ſhall hear; come, I tell you, quick.

SCENE IX.

JEREMY, BONIFACE, NANNY.

Jer. (*kiſſing Nanny.*) Oh! my dear good wife, what a ſon haſt thou given me!

Nanny. (*Sets the wine and bread and cheeſe on the table. Boniface lays hold on it unconcernedly.*) What is the matter good now? I am all over in a flutter of joy. Is he coming home?

Jer. Oh! better than that. He dined with the General, d'ye know, and the General aſked about our town, and about me, and my ſon told him that I was a poor labourer, but that he would not change me for all the fathers in the world. And with that the General drank my health publickly, and promiſed me his friendſhip. (*Nanny claps her hands for joy.*) So now, my dear, we muſt drink the General's health. Come, dame, take you that glaſs, you t'other, Maſter Boniface, and I'll have this, (*takes off his hat.*) Fill all bumpers.—Come, here's a health to the noble General.

Bon. 'Fore George, he does not drink better than this.

Jer. Hark ye, neighbour Boniface, you muſt write for me to my ſon, as how I have pledged the General's health in a bumper; and that he muſt thank him from me, and aſſure him that I love him dearly. Now don't forget. Nay, by the rights of the buſineſs, it would not be amiſs, I think, to ſend a civil line or two to himſelf.

Bon. Pooh! neighbour Jeremy, what doſt talk on?

Nan. But Charley is coming home, is he? we ſhall ſoon ſee him. Eh!

Jer. Softly, child, you will hear that directly.

Nan. Ah! if he could come before our Cicely is married, it would be a double happineſs.

Jer. Patience, patience; Maſter Boniface will go on.

Nan. Ay, ay; pray go on: mayhap he'll tell us ſomething more.

Bon. (*ſitting down again. Nanny goes to his ſide, and liſtens attentively.*) Invited me to dine with him"—— Where did I leave off?—" Drank your health—Requeſting me"—Ay, here it is—" Requeſting me to inform you"—

SCENE X.

JEREMY, NANNY, CICELY, BONIFACE.

Cic. (*crying and ſobbing.*) Help, help, father; here are the ſoldiers.

Jer. How! what is the matter?

Cic. The recruiting ſerjeant is going to take away Iſaac.

Bon. What, and the hamper of wine too, that he is bringing?

Nan. O my ſtars, this is a misfortune!

Cic. Do father, go and ſee if you can releaſe him. You are his father as well as mine. The ſerjeant will reſpect you I am ſure. Every body reſpects you.

Jer. Silly child! as if every body lived in our town. But make yourſelf eaſy; it is not ſo bad perhaps as you imagine. I will go and talk to them.

Cic. Do father, and I will go with you: perhaps we may prevail on them.

SCENE XI.

NANNY, BONIFACE.

Nan. Lackaday! I wiſh I could follow you. But now, Maſter Boniface, you that can ſpeak like an oration, why don't you go and hold forth to them?

Bon. No, no; dame, my buſineſs is to comfort the afflicted. I cannot quit you.

Nan. (with anxiety.) Bleſs me! don't I hear a noiſe already in the town? I hope no harm will happen to my poor man. Do, neighbour Boniface, go and ſee what is the matter.

Bon. Why, you would not have me go? What? me?

Nan. Yes. You are a man of learning. You can talk to them ſomething like.

Bon. Ay, ſo much the worſe. Theſe blades would deſire no better ſport than to fall foul of men of learning, like me. 'Sblood, keep to your books, they would ſay to me. And then again I am a little haſty, who can tell what might happen? I ſhould never have meddled with learning, that is plain.

Nan. Come, you are one of our beſt friends, Mr. Boniface, and won't you help us?

Bon. Nay, but have a little moderation after all, Gammer. Think of my profeſſion. I can give you counſels and conſolations in Engliſh and in Latin, as much as you will; but for helping folks, it does not lie in my way.

Nan. Well, I could not have expected this of you. I ſee, I muſt hobble after them myſelf.

SCENE XII.

BONIFACE, (*alone.*)

Yes, yes! go and puſh myſelf in amongſt a parcel of young ſwaggerers. I have only twenty brats in my ſchool, and thoſe young monkies play tricks on me from morning to night. What would I be among a ſcore of great hulking fellows? I ſhould have no rods there to frighten them. I think it is much better to finiſh this bottle, and then I can read the reſt of the letter. I long to know——(*fills his glaſs, and reads to himſelf.*) "The firſt of next month?"—Why that was yeſterday, (*continues to read eagerly.*) "The ſecond? To be here on the ſecond of the month?" Heigh! they'll be quite happy. (*Drinks off his wine.*) There is not a moment to be loſt. (*Fills again and drinks.*) I'll run after them, and bring them back. (*Fills and drinks a third time.*) The time is precious. (*Holding the bottle up, and ſeeing it empty, riſes in a hurry, as if to run after them, and calls* Jeremy! Nanny! They are too far off: they do not hear me. Well, this news will make it up for me with Nanny. It would be a pity to quarrel with ſuch good folks, eſpecially juſt now, when they have got a freſh hamper of ſuch nectar as this.

ACT II. SCENE I.

JEREMY, ISAAC, NANNY, *the* SERJEANT, COUNTRY PEOPLE, (CICELY *and* SOLDIERS *ſtanding by.*)

The Serj. (*to the ſoldiers.*) Come, no more of this whining; take him before a juſtice.

Country People. You won't take the man by force, will you?

Iſaac. Ay, let him if he dare.

The Serj. You may all talk as you will: this is my man. (*Slapping on his pocket.*) Here is my beating order, and that is enough.

Iſaac. Beating order? you have no order to trepan folks.

Jer. (*making a ſign to the country people to be ſilent.*) Harkye, Mr. Serjeant, good words go a great way.

The Serj. Good words! I deſire no other. Let's ſee of what ſort your's are.

Jer. I'll tell you what, ſerjeant, I love my King and country with all my heart; and if the war were not almoſt over, and every thing ſettled, if we were in any danger, and there were a real occaſion—

The Serj. Is this all that you have to ſay?

Jer. Nay, ſerjeant, only hear me,

The Serj. (*leaning on his cane.*) Well, let us hear.

Jer. This young man is my ſon in law that is to be; but what of that? If things were as I told you, I ſhould be the firſt to ſay, carry him off. For what can there be more our duty than to fight for one's country? Take myſelf too, I would ſay. My head is grey, it is true, and my face covered with wrinkles, but I am neither too old nor too weak to fight as well as another. My ſon's noble bravery has made me ſtrong again, (*with vehemence.*) I will fight as long as I can carry a firelock, and when old age and weakneſs overpower me, I will hearten up the young fellows round me to behave themſelves bravely. If I ſee any of them draw back, I'll throw myſelf in his way, and ſtop his flight; or if he will run, he ſhall paſs over the carcaſe of a poor old man. Yes, upon my ſoul, ſerjeant, I would ſay exactly ſo, if things were at that paſs.

The Serj. And I would ſay, my good old gentleman, you don't know what you are talking about.

Jer. (*advancing a ſtep.*) Harkye, ſerjeant, mayhap you don't know what you are doing. If you give your-

ſelf airs with us, we'll find your betters ſomewhere; and if I write to my ſon, that is a lieutenant—

The Serj. You a ſon a lieutenant? But if you had a dozen, I can only ſay, that I muſt have Maſter Iſaac here, or the ſmart money.

Iſaac. Ay, ay, this is a fine way to come and get folk's money. You a king's man?

The Serj. I do no more than the king does, in regard to your money, except that I take the trouble to come for it myſelf. Two guineas or he muſt march.

Nan. Nay, ſerjeant, for pity's ſake.

The Serj. Pity! we ſoldiers have much to do with pity. How would it be if the enemy were amongſt you? No quarter then, but your money or your lives.

Nan. (ſhuddering.) Oh, dear me!

The Serj. No, no, we have not much time for pity. Broken arms and legs are nothing amongſt us—But come, we are loſing time. Harkye, you muſt find the money or the man is mine. Come along; march.—*(Goes off with the ſoldiers and Iſaac.)*

Jer. Follow him, neighbours, to the juſtice's, if he goes there. I'll be after you preſently. *(Cicily and the country people go out.)*

SCENE II.

JEREMY, NANNY, BONIFACE *out of breath.)*

Jer. Ah! Maſter Boniface, you left us in the lurch.

Bon. What a plague! I have been running after you this quarter of an hour.

Jer. What is the matter, then? you ſeem all alive.

Bon. Matter; the matter is here, Gaffer. *(ſtriking the letter.)* Why your ſon is to be with us to-day, man.

Jer. To-day, Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Only hear. (*he reads.* "Our regiment is ordered into quarters, and the firſt of next month the company to which I belong will march through your town." Look ye there neighbour Jeremy: the firſt, that is, as one ſhould ſay, yeſterday.

Nan. Is it poſſible? yeſterday? and not here yet?

Bon. Stop, ſtop. Hear what follows. (*reads.*) "Or if not that day, on the ſecond at fartheſt, I ſhall aſk permiſſion of the commanding officer to go and ſee you as we paſs by.

Jer. Then my dear boy comes at laſt! Wife, I will go and meet him. I'll go as far as the great cloſe. I'll ſtretch out my arms towards him and call to him, my ſon, my dear ſon!

Nan. Nay, don't leave me pr'ythee. How can I keep pace with you, being ſo feeble? Then he will think that I don't love him as well as you do.

Bon. Ay, ay, ſtay where you are, neighbour. Only let me have a guinea—quick.

Jer. A guinea? For what?

Bon. To keep the ſerjeant in diſcourſe about the two guineas that he aſks, and when your ſon comes—

Jer. Ah! right. Here my good friend. Run, ſee what you can do. For my part, I can think of nothing but my ſon at this moment. (*Boniface goes out running.*)

SCENE III.

JEREMY, NANNY.

Nanny. Pray, Jeremy, don't you go and leave me. I could not ſtay behind. You had better get up on this little hill. You will ſee farther from the top of it.

Jer. You are right, my dear. Marry I am all on fire with joy and impatience.

Nan. (*while Jeremy goes up the hill.*) Heaven be praiſed, then my ſon is come home again. I ſhall ſee him once more, after ſo many long years. Dear; how my heart beats! My joy was great when he came into the world, but now much greater. (*She calls to Jeremy.*) Well, my dear man, do you ſee nothing of him?

Jer. (*on tiptoes, holding his hand over his eyes.*) Not yet, honey; the ſun dazzles me.

Nan. I hope all this joy may not be out of ſeaſon.

Step down, and lend me a hand to get up. I ſhall ſee farther than you.

Jer. What a duſt! is it a flock of ſheep? No; I ſee the gliſtening of their arms. They are coming down by yon hill. It is they, my dear. It is they.

Nan. Do you ſee our boy?

Jer. He cannot be far off. Eh! who is this that comes galloping towards us through the town? (*He throws his hat up.*) Huzza! wife here he comes on horſeback. Our own Charley.

Nan. Good lack! I am out of my wits with joy. Oh! I muſt go to meet him. Gracious! here he comes.

SCENE IV.

JEREMY, NANNY, LIEUTENANT GOODACRE.

Lieut. Goodacre. (*entering as Jeremy comes down from the hill.*) My dear father! (*embraces his father and mother.*)

Jer. Ah! my good ſon. God bleſs thee, my dear boy! the ſight of you makes me ſhed tears of joy.—You have a thankful father.

Nan. Oh! that you have, my dear child, and a thankful mother too.

Lieut. Goodacre. Why do you talk of thanks, my honoured parents? It is I that have obligations to you.

Jer. No, Charles. I will ſay it before all the world, you have repaid me much more than I have ever given you. You are all my comfort, and the happineſs of my old age. It is you that keep me alive, and prolong my days.

Nan. We can never make you amends for the happineſs that you afford us.

Lieut. Goodacre. And is it not the greateſt happineſs that I can enjoy myſelf? It would be none, if your affection did not make you ſhare it with me. Yes, my dear and honoured parents; I have never ceaſed to think of you in every circumſtance of life. When any good fortune has happened to me, I have thought very

little of the advantage that fell to myſelf from it. The greateſt pleaſure that I felt at ſuch times, was in thinking of the ſatisfaction that it would occaſion to you.—But in no part of my life have I enjoyed ſo great, ſo ſenſible a happineſs as at this moment, when I ſee both your eyes filled with tears. (*Taking each of them by the hand, and looking at them by turns.*) O my worthy parents, I can never ſatisfy myſelf with ſeeing you.—But compoſe yourſelves, I cannot ſtay very long with you now. I ſhall return ſhortly, and ſpend a few days with you.—Well, how do you go on? How do you paſs your old age? How do you live? Where is my ſiſter, that I have not ſeen ſince ſhe was in her cradle. Let me ſee her.

Jer. She is a good girl, and gives us vaſt ſatisfaction. We are going to marry her if you approve it. But I'll bring her hither directly. (*Going he returns.*) And yet I am grieved to tell you—

Nan. But for you ſhe might be very unhappy. Our intended ſon-in-law, my dear child.—

Jer. Has been trepanned by a ſerjeant, that luckily is ſtill here. Before he releaſes him, he expects two guineas; and they have been promiſed to him, to keep him on the ſpot, as we were in hopes that you would come in the mean time. How happy it is that you arrived here to-day!

Lieut. Goodacre. Well, go father, and try to bring him hither without telling him that I am here, nor my ſiſter neither.

Jer. Nay, how ſhall I refrain, I would much rather cry out to every body that I meet, he is here, he is here. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE V.

NANNY, LIEUTENANT GOODACRE.

Lieut. Goodacre. (*looking round him.*) How charming is this retreat! Now indeed I know the place of my birth. Yonder is the cottage that I have ſo often ſigh-

ed after. There the great tree, under the ſhade of which we uſed to ſit with our neighbours on fine ſummer evenings: and here the hill that I choſe for the ſcene of my ſports. O happy years of my childhood! Of every ſpot that I ſee round me, there is none, my dear mother, that does not remind me of ſome mark or other of your affection. But you ſeem thoughtful.

Nan. My joy is ſo great, I can hardly give it vent. If I were alone, I could cry for an hour. Beſides, too, I think—

Lieut. Goodacre. What, my dear mother?

Nan. That you are not our equal now. You are too much above us.

Lieut. Goodacre. I too much above you? Oh! baniſh that thought. Are not the ties of nature the moſt ſacred? Am not I convinced that I cannot be dearer to any perſons upon earth than to you and my father? And ſhould not I in return feel a more ſincere affection to my parents, than to any other perſon in the univerſe? Ah! believe me, I ſhall continue to love and reſpect you the ſame as ever.

SCENE VI.

NANNY, LIEUTENANT GOODACRE, CICELY.

Cic. (*enters haſtily to her mother, without obſerving Lieutenant Goodacre.*) What is the matter, mother? Why did my father ſend me here in ſuch a hurry? (*perceiving Lieutenant Goodacre, ſhe draws back.*) Oh goodneſs! an officer.

Lieut. Goodacre. (*aſide to Nanny.*) Mother, is that my ſiſter? (*Nanny makes ſigns to him in the affirmative. He goes to kiſs her.*) What a charming countenance!

Cic. (*ſtruggling.*) Oh! fye ſir, be quiet.

Nan. What Cicely, to your brother?

Lieut. Goodacre. How ſurpriſed ſhe ſeems? Yes, Cicely, your brother, and I hope a brother that you love.

Cic. Dear mother! what this fine officer! Is he my brother Charley?

Lieut. Goodacre. (*kiſſing her.*) What amiable innocence!

Cic. running to her mother quite overjoyed.) Oh! mother we have nothing to fear now. Iſaac will ſoon be releaſed.

SCENE VII.

JEREMY, NANNY, LIEUTENANT GOODACRE, BONIFACE, CICELY, ISAAC, *the* SERJEANT, COUNTRY PEOPLE.

Jer. (*pointing to his ſon.*) There, ſerjeant; there is the gentleman that will pay you the two guineas

The Serj. (*ſurpriſed.*) How is this? an officer? (*takes off his hat.*)

Lieut. Goodacre. You ſay, ſir, that you have enliſted this man: where is your beating order?

The Serj. (*preſenting it to him with ſome confuſion.*) Here, Sir

Lieut. Goodacre. I ſee the number of your corps.—What officer commands your party?

The Serj. Captain Marſhall, ſir.

Lieut. Goodacre. (*having looked over the paper.*) Why this is but a copy. Well, I know your captain, and think I ſhould know you too. Your dealing with this man does not ſeem to have been fair. I am afraid that you have abuſed the honourable profeſſion of a ſoldier, and looked upon it as allowing you a privilege to extort poor people's money. I ſhall write to your captain, and meantime ſhall be anſwerable for this man's appearance. (*Serjeant goes off.*)

SCENE VIII.

JEREMY, NANNY, LIEUTENANT GOODACRE, BONIFACE, CICILY, ISSAC, COUNTRY PEOPLE.

Lieut. Goodacre. Come hither, ſiſter, is this your intended ſpouſe? He is a clever young fellow. I like Cicely's choice very much.

Iſaac. You are very good, captain, to approve it, as I am no more than a huſbandman.

Lieut. Goodacre And what was my father? Are not you born of honeſt parents?

Nan Yes, indeed, my dear ſon, as honeſt as any in the pariſh.

Lieut Goodacre. Well, I ſhall not be happy unleſs I am at your wedding. I ſhall take all the expence of it upon myſelf.

Country People. (*with a murmur of approbation.*) That is very generous indeed.

Lieut. Goodacre. But do not I ſee Mr Boniface?

Bon. Yes, captain, much at your ſervice.

Lieut. Goodacre. Ah! one of my oldeſt acquaintances. (*ſhaking hands with him.*) I am ſorry to have made him angry ſo often formerly.

Bon. That is all paſt. The preſent does me much honour. Do you know, captain, that it was I who read all your letters for this good couple? I have ſpread your reputation through the whole country. Indeed I came in myſelf for ſome ſhare of it.

Lieut. Goodacre. Yes, Mr. Boniface, I acknowledge it with pleaſure. Your inſtructions have not been entirely uſeleſs to me in my advancement.

Bon. (*bows affectedly, and riſes with a pedantic toſs of his head.* Who would think (*aſide*) that I have flogged a captain?

Lieut. Goodacre. Father, do theſe good people belong to the village?

Jar. Yes, child, they are our neighbours, and have been very kind to us in our old age.

Lieut. Goodacre. I am heartily obliged to you, my good friends.

Country People. (*approaching familiarly.*) How plain he is, and how affable! He does not think himſelf above us. Kindly welcome home, captain. We have always been glad to hear news from you, when you were abroad. (*Lieutenant Goodacre takes each of them by the hand.*)

Jer. Every thing that I ſee of you, my dear ſon, pleaſes me highly, and convinces me, that whatever I heard to your advantage was true. You certainly have behaved yourſelf as a worthy ſoldier.

Lieut. Goodacre. I hope ſo, father; and I am indebted for it to your good advice, and that of my mother. There is no part of the world, I thank heaven, where my memory is hateful: I flatter myſelf that in many parts it is reſpected. (*looking at his watch.*) But my time is almoſt expired. I muſt leave you, my dear parents.

Nan. What, already; ſo ſoon.

Jer. Stop a little longer. We have ſcarcely had time to look at you.

Lieut. Goodacre. I muſt abſolutely join our diviſion again. Be aſſured that my heart alone would be ſufficient to keep me here, if my duty did not call me away. But ſhall I aſk you one thing before I leave you?

Jer. and Nan. Any thing, child, any thing.

Lieut. Goodacre. Well, then, my dear parents, come and live with me. You ſhall command my pay, ſuch as it is, in the ſame manner as you ever command my duty and affection.

Jer. and Nan. My dear ſon—

Lieut. Goodacre. You heſitate? Ah! your conſent muſt be quite voluntary. It would be no happineſs to me, if it ceaſed to be one to you.

Jer. Hear me, my dear child. We are old and cannot live long. Let us die here, where we have ſpent all our days. Let us die in our cottage; that ſpot is dear to us, ſince in it you was born. Only come and make us happy with the ſight of you now and then, it is all that we deſire.

Lieut. Goodacre. Oh! certainly, certainly, father.

Nan. And we, my dear ſon, will go to ſee you in return. They will be days of happineſs to us when we ſee you, and we ſhall never ceaſe to bleſs heaven for having given us ſuch a ſon.

NARCISSUS AND HIPPOLYTUS.

NARCISSUS and Hippolytus were nearly of the ſame age, and loved each other from their earlieſt infancy. As their parents were cloſe neighbours, they had opportunities of being together every day. Mr. Chambers, the father of Narciſſus, had a place under government, the profits of which were immenſe; but the father of Hippolytus, Mr. Marvel, poſſeſſed a moderate fortune, on which, however, he lived content, and all his views aimed at making his ſon happy by the advantages of a well-directed education, ſince he had it not in his power to leave him great riches. To obtain this end, he made choice of means the moſt worthy of his prudence. Hippolytus, at nine years of age, was formed to all the exerciſes of the body, and his underſtanding enriched with many uſeful acquirements. Being conſtantly in exerciſe and motion, he was healthy and robuſt——Always contented, and happy in the affection of his parents, he enjoyed a mild cheerfulneſs, that communicated its influence to thoſe who had the happineſs of being in his company. His little neighbour Narciſſus was one who felt this happineſs: for the moment that Hippolytus left him, he would be quite at a loſs for amuſement. That his time might not hang weariſome, he was continually eating without being hungry, drinking without being dry, and dozing without being ſleepy. So that ſcarce a day paſſed but he was troubled with qualms of the ſtomach, or violent headachs.——Mr. Chambers, as well as Mr. Marvel, tenderly wiſhed his ſon's happineſs: but to procure it he had unfortunately taken the means which were quite oppoſite to his end. Narciſſus from the cradle had been bred up with the utmoſt delicacy.——He had always a ſervant behind him to hand him a chair, whenever he had a mind to change his ſeat. He was

dreſt and undreſt as if he had not the uſe of his hands. It ſeemed as if all thoſe who were about him, only breathed for him, and that he could not help himſelf even to live. While Hippolytus, in a thin linen jacket, helped his father to cultivate a little garden for his amuſement, Narciſſus, in a fine ſcarlet coat, was lolling in a chariot, paying morning viſits with his mamma. If ever he went to take the country air, and alighted out of the carriage but for a moment, they took particular care to put his great coat on, and a handkerchief round his head, for fear he ſhould catch cold. Accuſtomed as he was to be humoured in his ſlighteſt fancies, he wiſhed for every thing that he ſaw; but this wiſh laſted only for a moment; and the more troubleſome it was to procure him what he wiſhed, the ſooner he was tired of it. To ſpare him the ſmalleſt ſubject of ill humour, his mother had ordered all the ſervants to reſpect even his follies. This ill-judged indulgence made him ſo whimſical and imperious, that every body in the houſe hated and deſpiſed him. Beſides his parents, Hippolytus was the only perſon who loved him and could patiently put up with his humours. He knew how to manage his temper, and could make him even good humoured like himſelf. How do you contrive to be always ſo merry? ſaid Mr. Chambers to him one day.—I do not well know, Sir, anſwered he. It comes of itſelf. But my papa tells me, that one is never perfectly happy, without mixing a little work with one's play. And I have obſerved it, too, when ever any ſtrangers come to our houſe, and we quit our work to entertain them: I never find my time hang heavy but on ſuch days. It is this mixture of exercise and amuſement that makes me always be in good health. I fear neither the winds, nor the rain; neither the heat of the day, nor the cold of the evening; and I have almoſt dug up a whole plat of my garden, before poor Narciſſus quits his bed in a morning. Mr. Chambers heaved a ſigh; and that very day he went to conſult Mr. Marvel how he ſhould act, in order to make his ſon as healthy and as cheerful as Hippolytus. Mr. Marvel

took pleaſure in anſwering his queſtions, and laid before him the plan that he had followed. The powers of the body, and of the mind, ſaid he, ſhould be equally kept in exerciſe, unleſs they are meant to be unſerviceable, as money buried in the ground would be, even to its owner. Nothing can be imagined more prejudicial to the health and happineſs of children, than to give them a puſillanimous turn, by uſing them to exceſſive delicacy; and from a pernicious complaiſance, to give way to their whimſical and obſtinate humours. To what vexatious diſappointments will not a man be expoſed, who has been accuſtomed from his childhood to ſee even his follies flattered; ſince of all the warmeſt wiſhes of his heart, he may happen to ſee ſcarcely one accompliſhed; and thus be led baſely to murmur againſt his deſtiny, when he ſhould for the moſt part thank heaven for rejecting his infatuated vows? He added, with tokens of heart-felt ſatisfaction, that Hippolytus would certainly never be that unhappy perſon. Mr. Chambers was ſtruck with this diſcourſe, and reſolved to conduct his ſon to happineſs by the ſame way. Alas! it was too late. Narciſſus was now fourteen years old, and his mind, ſo long enervated, could not bear any exertion, though ever ſo little fatiguing. His mother, as weak as himſelf, entreated her huſband not to teaze their darling. Her huſband, wearied out with thoſe entreaties, dropped the ſenſible deſign that he had formed; and the darling ſunk more and more into habits of pernicious effeminacy. Thus the ſtrength of his body declined, in proportion as his mind was degraded by ignorance. At length when he had gained the age of ſeventeen, his parents ſent him to the univerſity, intending him afterwards for the ſtudy of the law. Hippolytus being deſtined for the ſame profeſſion, accompanied his young friend. I had forgot to mention that Hippolytus, in his different ſtudies and acquirements, had never any other inſtructor than his father. Narciſſus had as many maſters as there are different accompliſhments to acquire; and he remembered a few of the terms uſed by each of them tolerably

well. This was all the fruit of his ſtudies. The understanding of Hippolytus, on the contrary, was like a garden, whoſe airy ſituation every where admits the kindly rays of the ſun, and in which every ſeed, by judicious cultivation, comes rapidly to the growth. Already well inſtructed, he earneſtly deſired freſh knowledge. His diligence and good behaviour afforded a pattern for imitation to his companions. His mild temper, his lively apprehenſion and joyous humour made his company ſtrongly attracting. Every body loved him, and every body wiſhed to be his friend. Narciſſus at firſt was happy to be in the ſame lodging with him. But very ſoon his pride, mortified by the eſteem that Hippolytus had acquired, would not ſuffer him to be longer a witneſs to it.—He therefore ſeparated from him upon a frivolous pretence. Being now left to himſelf, and his own vitiated taſte, he ſighed for pleaſure, and thoughtleſsly ſnatched at whatever ſeemed to offer her deceitful image to his view. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe to you how often he bluſhed for himſelf, and how from one imprudence to another, he fell at laſt into the groſſeſt irregularities. It will ſuffice to inform you, that he returned to his father's houſe with the ſeeds of a mortal diſtemper in his boſom; that he languiſhed ſix months on a bed of pain, and expired in the ſevereſt agonies. Hippolytus came home to his parents, regretted by both his teachers and his companions, and enriched with a treaſure of learning and prudence. With what tranſports of joy was he received by his family! O children, how ſweet a thing it is to make ourſelves beloved by all who know us, and at the ſame time to feel ourſelves worthy of this univerſal affection! His mother thought herſelf the happieſt of women; and tears of joy filled his father's eyes when-ever he beheld him. A conſiderable employment in his profeſſion was conferred on him, with the unanimous approbation of all who knew his character, and enabled him to gratify his ardent deſire of promoting the happineſs of his friends. And he enjoyed that happineſs as much as they did themſelves. His pare-

o ſhared the ſame generous ſentiments, and lived in fluence to a good old age. He took pleaſure in re- ying them with intereſt the attentions that they ſhew- for him. A wife endowed with beauty and virtue, d children reſembling himſelf, made his happineſs mplete. Whenever, therefore, any men was men- oned as being both happy, and worthy to be ſo, the me of Hippolytus always occurred firſt to the thoughts thoſe who knew him.

PLAINNESS THE DRESS OF USE.

THE little Iſabella had wore nothing but a plain ite frock, till ſhe was eight years old. Neat red rocco ſhoes, with ſilver buckles, ſet off her ſmall t; her ebon hair, that never yet had felt the tor- ing iron, floated in large curls upon her ſhoulders. She had got one day into the company of certain le girls, who, though not older than herſelf, were ſſed already like ladies; and the richneſs of their thes awakened in her heart the firſt vain notions ſhe d ever had within it.

Dear mamma, ſaid ſhe, returning from the houſe ere ſhe had met with theſe fine ladies, I have ſeen s afternoon the three miſs Aſkwells. I ſuppoſe you ow them. She that's oldeſt muſt be younger than ſelf. O dear mamma, how ſweetly they were dreſ- ; their parents, ſure, muſt have a deal of pleaſure in ng them ſo fine! I dare ſay they are not ſo rich as ; ſo give me, if you pleaſe, a fine ſilk ſlip, with h embroidered ſhoes as they had on; and let my be dreſſed by Mr. Frizzle, who, they tell me, is remely clever.

The Mother. I deſire no better, if to do ſo will con- ute to your ſatisfaction; but I fear, with all this

elegance, you'll find yourſelf not quite ſo happy as you have been hitherto, in the ſimplicity of ſuch plain things as you are uſed to.

Iſabella. And why ſo, mamma?

The Mother. Becauſe you'll be eternally afraid of ſpotting, and even rumpling, what you wear. A dreſs ſo elegant as the Miſs Aſkwells' will require the greateſt ſtudy and attention in the wear, that it may do you honour. If it gets one ſpot the beauty will be loſt for ever, as one cannot put it in the waſh-tub to recover its firſt luſtre; and however rich you may ſuppoſe me, I ſhall not be rich enough to let you have a new ſilk ſlip whenever you may want one.

Iſabella. Oh! if that be all, mamma, don't make yourſelf uneaſy. I'll be very careful of it.

The Mother. Will you? Well then, I muſt give you ſuch a dreſs; but ſtill remember I have hinted what uneaſineſs your vanity may cauſe you.

Unperſuaded by the wiſdom of this counſel, Iſabella did not loſe a moment in deſtroying all the pleaſure and enjoyment of her infancy. Her hair, that had till then hung down at liberty, was now to be confined in papers and ſqueezed cloſe between a burning pair of tongs; and that fine jet, which had till now ſo happily ſet off the whiteneſs of her forehead, was to diſappear beneath a cloud of powder and pomatum.

Two days after, Iſabella had a handſome ſlip brought home, of pea-green taffety with fine pink trimmings, and a pair of ſtraw-work'd ſhoes to match them.—Their inimitable taſte, propriety, and freſhneſs, charmed the eye; but when ſhe had them on, it was evident her limbs were under great conſtraint; her motions had no longer their accuſtomed eaſe and freedom; and her infant countenance, amidſt ſo vaſt a quantity of flowers, ſilk gauze, and ribands, loſt entirely every trace of innocence and candour.

She was, notwithſtanding, quite enchanted at her metamorphoſis. Her eyes, with mighty ſatisfaction, wandered over her whole little perſon, and were never taken off, except when ſhe looked round about her;

nd out ſome glaſs in the apartment that might repre-
ent the idol ſhe then worſhipped, at full length, before
er.

She had wrought on her mamma to ſend out cards of
nvitation to her little friends, that when they came to
ifit her ſhe might enjoy a feaſt, in viewing their ſur-
riſe and admiration. When they had all got together,
he walked to and fro before them, like a peacock; and
o notice her behaviour, any one would have imagined
he ſuppoſed herſelf an empreſs, and conſidered thoſe
bout her as ſubjected to her empire. But, alas! this
riumph was but of a very ſhort duration, and a mul-
iutde of mortifying circumſtances followed it.

The children were permitted to go out a walking in
he fields, near that part of the town ſhe lived in. Iſa-
ella therefore led the way, and they attained, in ten or
fteen minutes, a delightful country.

A luxuriant meadow firſt of all attracted their at-
ntion. It was every where enamelled with a vaſt va-
ety of charming flowers; and butterflies, whoſe wings
ere of a thouſand mingled colours, hovered in each
uarter of it. The gay little ladies hunted theſe fine
utterflies; they dextrouſly caught, but did not hurt
em; and when once they had examined all their beau-
, let them go, and with their eyes purſued the little
eatures as they fluttered this and that way. They
mployed themſelves in making noſegays likewiſe of
he flowers that ſprung up in the meadow, which they
athered for that purpoſe.

Iſabella, who from pride had firſt of all diſdained
heſe mean amuſements, wanted very ſoon to ſhare the
ntertainment they afforded; but the ground, they told
er, might be damp, in which caſe ſhe would ſtain her
oes, and damage her fine ſlip; for they had now diſ-
overed her intention, in thus bringing them together,
as to vex them only with a ſight of her fine clothes,
nd they reſolved to mortify her in their turn.

She was of courſe neceſſitated to be ſolitary, and ſit
ill; while ſhe obſerved how gaily her companions
olicked round about her. The delight of contempla-

ting on her pea-green ſlip was, in compariſon therewith, a very ſorry kind of entertainment.

At the corner of the meadow, was a ſort of little grove, in which was to be heard the muſic of a thouſand birds, that ſeemed as if inviting every perſon that went through the meadow, to go thither, and enjoy the coolneſs of the ſhade. This grove our children entered jumping as they went along with joy. Poor Iſabella would have followed them, but ſhe was told the buſhes would entirely tear all her trimmings. She obſerved her friends divert themſelves at *puſſey in the corner*, and purſue each other through the trees. The more ſhe heard them ſhout with joy, the more, as any one might have expected, was ſhe peeviſh and ill-humoured.

But the youngeſt of her viſitors had ſome ſort of compaſſion on her. She had juſt found out a corner where there grew a quantity of fine wild ſtrawberries, and therefore waved her to come on, and eat her portion of them. She would willingly have done ſo, but had ſcarcely got into the grove, when unexpectedly a cry was heard. The children gathered to the ſpot, and found poor Iſabella faſtened by the gauze upon her hat and ribands, to a branch of white thorn, which ſhe could not any how get free from. They made haſte to looſe the pins that held her hat on; but to add to her affliction, as her hair, which had been friz'd with ſo much labour, was entangled likewiſe with the branch of white thorn, ſo it coſt her almoſt a whole lock, before ſhe could be ſet at liberty; and thus was all at once the charming ſuperſtructure of her head-dreſs abſolutely pull'd to pieces.

'Tis not difficult to gueſs how little this misfortune thus befalling Iſabella touched her play-mates, when they found, as we have ſaid already, why ſhe had invited them. Inſtead of conſolation, which ſhe needed, and 'tis very probable expected, they could hardly keep from laughing at her comical appearance, and did actually jeer her with a hundred wicked witticiſms. After having ſmoothed her down a little, they ran off in

ſearch of freſh amuſement, towards a hill they ſaw at ſome little diſtance from them.

Iſabella, in the interim, could not, without real difficulty, reach it. Her ſtrait ſhoes, that had been made ſo to ſet off her little feet the better, were a great obſtruction to her ſpeed; nor was this all the miſchief, for her ſtays were drawn ſo cloſe, ſhe could not eaſily fetch breath. She would have now been happy to go home, and change her dreſs that ſhe might be at eaſe; but then ſhe knew her little friends would never have conſented, upon her account, to be deprived of their amuſement.

They had got by this time to the ſummit of the hill, and were enjoying the fine view a ſpacious horizon preſented them on every ſide. They ſaw on one hand verdant meadows; on the other, yellow harveſts; rivulets before them that meandered through the country; and by way of termination to the landſcape, a large river on whoſe banks were many pleaſant country houſes. So magnificent a proſpect charmed them. They even danced about with joy, while Iſabella at the bottom of the hill, (for ſhe was abſolutely out of breath, and could not poſſibly get further) was devoured with ſorrow.

She had time and opportunity enough, in ſuch a ſituation, to make many ſad reflections. To what purpoſe, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, are theſe fine cloaths I've got upon me! how much pleaſure do they not prevent me from enjoying! and what pain do I not ſuffer, for no other reaſon than becauſe I have them!

She was giving up her mind to theſe afflicting thoughts, when ſuddenly ſhe heard her friends come running down the hill, and all cry out together, as they paſſed her: Run, run, Iſabella! there's a dreadful ſtorm behind the hill, that's coming towards us! If you don't make haſte, your ſlip will ſoon be made a pretty ſop of!

Iſabella felt her ſtrength returning, at the fear of ſuch a great misfortune, as her play-mates threatened. She forgot her wearineſs, pinched feet and tight-laced

middle, and made tolerable haſte to reach ſome place of ſhelter. But in ſpite of every thing ſhe did to ſhun ſo grievous a misfortune as the ſpoiling of her clothes, ſhe could not run ſo faſt as her companions, who were dreſt ſo lightly. Then, too, every moment ſhe was ſtopped; at one time by her hoop and flounces in the narrow paths ſhe had to go through; at another, by her train which the furze would frequently catch hold of; and at others, by *Mounſheer's* fine ſcaffold work about her head, on which the wind bent down the branches of ſuch trees, as, in going homeward, ſhe was forced to paſs under.

At that moment too the ſtorm burſt forth in all its fury; and there fell a ſhower of hail and rain both mixed together, after all but Iſabella had regained their ſeveral habitations.

In the end, however, Iſabella got home likewiſe, but wet through and through. She had beſides left one of her fine ſhoes behind her in a heap of dung, which, as ſhe hurried homeward, ſhe had ſcrambled over without ſeeing it; and to increaſe the liſt of her diſaſters, ſhe had not quite cleared the meadow, when a guſt of wind blew off her hat into the middle of a dirty pool of water.

They had all the trouble any one can poſſibly imagine to undreſs her; ſo much had the ſweat and rain even glued her ſhirt and other garments to her body; ſo that her whole dreſs was ſpoiled, and abſolutely good for nothing.

Shall I have another ſlip, my dear, againſt to-morrow made up for you? ſaid her mother drily, ſeeing her in tears.

O no, mamma, ſaid Iſabella, kiſſing her: I am convinced fine clothes can never make the wearer of them happy. Let me take up with my nice white frock again, and have no more pomatum in my hair, till I am eight or ten years older than at preſent; and forgive my folly.

Iſabella with the dreſs of childhood, came again into the full poſſeſſion of her liberty, and ſeemed as mode-

and as charming as ſhe ever had been. Neither did her dear mamma regret the loſs ſhe had experienced in the purchaſe of this fine ſilk, ſlip, &c. ſince it proved the means of reinſtating her beloved daughter in the happineſs her vanity and folly would have taken from her, had it not been for this uſeful leſſon.

A COMPETENCE IS BEST.

MR. DRAPER had received no very great inheritance from fortune and his parents, but was not without the happy ſecret of conforming his deſires to what he had; and notwithſtanding he was frequently obliged to go without a number of conveniences and comforts others could command by means of their abundance, never did one envious thought diſturb his equability of temper. He had never ſuffered more than one affliction of conſiderable magnitude, ariſing from his want of this life's comforts; and that was one in the loſs of an affectionate and virtuous woman, torn from his embraces by the hand of death.——A charming little fellow, Leonard Draper, was the only child remaining to conſole him; and the education of this charming little fellow, was the ſingle object of his ſtudy and attention.

Leonard was endued by nature with a very ſtrong imagination; and by this, his father had found out the happy ſecret of improving, at a very early time of life, his reaſon; namely, by exhibiting before him every object in its real point of view, of which he had beforehand only given him an idea. By a ſeries of ſtrong images, arranged in order, and ſelected in a proper moment to produce their full effect, he had enabled him already to make many accurate and deep reflections.

Satisfied with his condition, this good father wiſhed particularly to inculcate on his ſon thoſe principles to

which he owed himſelf the calm of his condition, and the peace within his mind. Yes, often would he whiſper to himſelf, if I can but accuſtom him to live contented with his humble fortune, and point out what folly there would be in putting any value upon what he muſt not hope to get, I ſhall have more contributed to make his manhood happy, than by leaving him a heap of gold and ſilver.

Occupied inceſſantly on this important leſſon, he thought fit one evening to accompany his ſon to Vauxhall Gardens, for the firſt time in his life. Immediately on entering, Leonard was ſuddenly ſtruck with admiration and delight. The perfume of the flowers, the beauty of the paintings, the well-ordered diſpoſition of the walks, the crowd of men and women who were in them elegantly dreſſed, the inceſſant motion of the multitude, the hum of their diſcourſe, the noiſe of the caſcade, all joined to intereſt his contemplation; and his eye conſidered at one view ten thouſand objects.—His good father ſeeing him, if we may ſay ſo, ſwallowed up in thought, conducted him to that part of the garden which was more retired from public obſervation; that his ſenſes, which were too much occupied by ſuch a crowd of images, might be in ſome degree at reſt.—Soon after, he propoſed indulging him with ſome refreſhment, if he liked it.—Leonard gladly took his father's offer; and ſoon after, having ſatisfied his appetite and palate, ſpoke as follows:

How extremely happy every one here preſent ſeems! I ſhould like, papa, if we had ſuch a charming garden. Did you notice what a number of fine carriages were at the door! And all thoſe gentlefolks that paſs us, how well dreſſed they are! I ſhould be glad to know why we muſt live ſo ſavingly, when others in the world indulge themſelves with every thing they have a mind to: I begin, papa, believe me, now to ſee how poor you are. But why, then, are ſo many around us rich? They are not better people ſure than you, papa.

You ſpeak exactly like a child, replied the father.

You begin to ſee how poor I am? For my part, I can tell you I'm quite rich.

Leonard. And where then are your riches?

Mr. Draper. I've a garden bigger far than this.

Leonard. A garden! you, papa! I ſhould be glad to ſee it.

Mr. Draper. When we go into the country, you ſhall ſee it.

They went very ſoon, it being now the ſeaſon for its pleaſures: and the very day of their arrival at the country-houſe, not far from London, Mr. Draper took his ſon and led him up a hill, from whence the eye commanded an extenſive proſpect. On the right, was ſeen a ſpacious foreſt, whoſe extremities ſeemed loſt in the horizon. On the left, appeared a beauteous mixture of fine gardens, verdant meadows, and vaſt fields quite covered with the promiſe of a plenteous harveſt. Cloſe below the hill was ſtretched a valley, watered in its whole extenſion with a thouſand little rills; and all this landſcape was in motion. There were fiſhermen in one part, buſy with their nets; and huſbandmen, that in another were, employed in gathering fruits and herbs, and ſportſmen with their clamorous greyhounds, urging the ſwift ſtag, and ſhepherds watching by their flocks, or playing near by them in the ſhade: This delightful picture captivated Mr. Draper and his ſon, who for a time kept ſilence, till the child began the following converſations:

When papa, then, ſhall we reach your garden?

Mr. Draper. We are at it now, my child.

Leonard. But this is not a garden: 'tis a hill.

Mr. Draper. Look round as far as you can ſee; for this I tell you is my garden. Yonder foreſt, and theſe fields, are my property.

Leonard. Your property, papa? you're joking!

Mr. Draper. No, indeed, I am not. I'll convince you in an inſtant, I diſpoſe of every thing all around us as the owner of it only can do.

Leonard. 'Twill delight me to be ſure of that.

Mr. Draper. If you had all this country, what would you do with it?

Leonard. What they do, who are poſſeſſed of an eſtate which is their own.

Mr. Draper. What may that be?

Leonard. In the firſt place, then, I would cut down a deal of timber, and make fire-wood of it, to be uſed this winter. In the next place, I would go a hunting to catch veniſon. I would likewiſe ſometimes fiſh, breed ſheep, and oxen; and in harveſt, gather in the corn that covers this fine country.

Mr. Draper. Why, you comprehend the matter admirably, Leonard: And I'm glad to find our notions are ſo like each others. Well, whatever you would do, that I already do; and I'll convince you of it.

Leonard. How, papa?

Mr. Draper. I ſay then, in the firſt place, I have men who cut down for me in this foreſt all the wood I have occaſion for.

Leonard. And yet, I never heard you order them to cut down any for you!

Mr. Draper. And why not? becauſe they have the forethought to prevent me. We have always a good fire below, and ſometimes, too, up ſtairs. Well then, I have the wood brought to me from the foreſt to keep up thoſe fires; for here, you know, we can't get coals to burn as if we were in London.

Leonard. You have, indeed, the wood brought to you from this foreſt; but muſt pay for what you have.

Mr. Draper. If I were he you look on as the real owner of this foreſt, ſhould I not be forced to pay for what I might have brought me from it, as I am at preſent.

Leonard. No indeed, papa. It would be cut down for you, and ſent in without a penny coſt on your part.

Mr. Draper. You believe ſo, do you? On the other hand, I think the coſt might be a great deal more in that caſe than at preſent; for you'll grant, if I poſſeſſed

the foreſt, I muſt keep at leaſt a woodman to cut down the trees for fire-wood.

Leonard. Well; paſs over this: but can you go a hunting?

Mr. Draper. And why Leonard, ſhould I hunt?

Leonard. To have, for inſtance, veniſon.

Mr. Draper. Could we two, then, eat a buck or doe ourſelves entirely.

Leonard. We ſhould have a charming appetite to do ſo!

Mr. Draper. Well, as I cannot go a hunting, I ſend huntſmen in my place; and very probably, the veniſon you have ſeen hang up at Charing-croſs, where lately you went with me to buy ſome, was hunted in this foreſt. I can therefore without hunting veniſon have as much as I think proper.

Leonard. For your money!

Mr. Draper. Well; and is it not a charming thing for me, that I can come at veniſon on theſe terms? For I've no wages I need pay to thoſe that hunt it for me; or provided they ſhould ſhoot it, I've in that caſe neither gun, nor ball, nor powder to ſupply them with; thoſe various kinds of dogs our ſquire maintains, thank heaven! they eat up nothing that belongs to me.

Leonard. Are thoſe cows, too, and ſheep that graze in yonder meadow, yours?

Mr. Draper. Yes, truly. Have not you freſh butter every day? 'Tis from thoſe cows I get it.

Leonard. But papa, if all theſe flocks, and all thoſe little rivers too, are yours, why have we not at dinner every day all ſorts of meat and fiſh, as other rich folks I am told of?

Mr. Draper. Do they eat up every thing their ſervants ſet before them?

Leonard. No: but they may chooſe at table any thing they like.

Mr. Draper. And as for me, I make my choice before my victuals come to table. Every thing that I want, I have. Superfluous things, 'tis true, I'm no

poſſeſſed of: but what benefit would they procure me if I had them? I ſhould want, in that caſe, a ſuperfluous ſtomach alſo.

Leonard. Wealthy people make good cheer; but you papa, I fancy, don't.

Mr. Draper. Indeed I do, and better than the wealthy Leonard. I've a ſauce that almoſt always fails them; namely, a good appetite.

Leonard. And have you then a deal of money, as they have, to ſatisfy a thouſand wiſhes?

Mr. Draper. Much more money; or at leaſt, what's better, I've no wiſhes.

Leonard. There's however, I believe, a deal of pleaſure in contenting them.

Mr. Draper. A hundred times more pleaſure, child, in being of one's ſelf content as I am.

Leonard. But does not God, pray, love the rich a great deal more than you, ſince he beſtows upon them ſo much gold and ſilver?

Mr. Draper. Leonard, don't you recollect that wine we had laſt Wedneſday on the table, when your uncle came to dine and ſup with us, and which you ſaid was ſo delicious?

Leonard. Yes, papa; you were ſo good, I well remember, as to give me half a glaſs-full of it.

Mr. Draper. But you wanted more. I might have let you have it, ſince you know the bottle had a deal left in it, even after ſupper: Why did I not oblige you, pray?

Leonard. Becauſe you were afraid 'twould make me ill.

Mr. Draper. I recollect I told you ſo: and don't you fancy I did right?

Leonard. O, as for that, you did indeed; I know you love me, and are always ſtudying how to make me happy. So you would not have refuſed me ſuch a trifle as a glaſs of wine, if you had thought it would have pleaſed me, and not hurt my health.

Mr. Draper. And can you think God loves you leſs than I do?

Leonard. No, papa, I cannot, after what I've heard you ſay ſo often of his goodneſs.

Mr. Draper. On the other hand, do you believe he would have found it difficult to give you gold and ſilver in abundance?

Leonard. No more difficult than I ſhould find it to give any one a handful of the duſt we tread on.

Mr. Draper. Well then, if, as you acknowledge, he is able to beſtow theſe on you, and does not beſtow them, even tho' he loves you, what are you to think of his refuſal?

Leonard. That the riches I deſire he'd give me, would be hurtful.

Mr. Draper. Are you perfectly convinc'd of this?

Leonard. Yes, perfectly, and have not got a word to ſay againſt it. Yet papa—

Mr. Draper. Well; why thus ſhake your head?—You've ſtill ſome burthen in your heart: what is it?

Leonard. Notwithſtanding all your reaſonings, I can never bring myſelf to fancy all this country yours.

Mr. Draper. And why?

Leonard. Becauſe you can't enjoy it as you pleaſe.

Mr. Draper. You know the famous Mr. Norton?

Leonard. Do I know him? why that's he who has ſuch charming gardens.

Mr. Draper. And can he enjoy thoſe gardens as he pleaſes?

Leonard. No, indeed; poor man! he dares not even eat a bunch of grapes!

Mr. Draper. And you've ſeen ſome very fine one's in his garden?

Leonard. That I have; but they would do him harm.

Mr. Draper. You ſee then, one may eaſily poſſeſs a number of good things, and yet not dare to uſe them as one likes. I dare not uſe my gardens as I certainly ſhould like, becauſe my fortune will not let me: and this Mr. Norton dares not uſe his garden as he likes, becauſe his health will not allow him. So that I am much the happieſt.

Leonard. But papa, you love to ride a horſe-back—don't you?

Mr. Draper. Yes; for 'tis an exerciſe that does me good, when I have time to take it.

Leonard. Well then, if theſe meadows are all yours, why don't you take the hay that grows upon them, and in future keep a horſe?

Mr. Draper. Why that's the very thing I do. And thoſe ſame hay-cocks you ſee there, are poſſibly intended for the horſe I ride.

Leonard. And yet I never ſaw one in your ſtable?

Mr. Draper. Heav'n be prais'd, I'm not at ſuch a great expence.

Leonard. Nor do you ride as frequently as you would like?

Mr. Draper. You're wrong: for I'm ſo prudent, that I never wiſh to ride but when a ride would do me good; and then I get it for about three ſhillings. God be prais'd! I'm rich enough to pay that ſum.

Leonard. Don't you imagine 'twould be charming to have two fine piebald horſes, and drawn about the country in a faſhionable coach!

Mr. Draper. Agreeable enough; but when I think of all the inconveniences that attend a coach, how often one would want the harneſs-maker, ſmith, and wheel-wright; how much one depends upon the health of horſes, and the conduct of a coachman; and what riſk one runs of being overſet, together with the fatal conſequences luxury too often occaſions,—truly, Leonard, I dont grieve I am obliged to uſe my legs, they certainly will laſt me long enough. But ſee the ſun's now ſet, and we muſt think of getting home before the evening cloſes on us. Let me have your hand. Now, are not you quite pleas'd in having ſeen my great eſtate?

Leonard. Ah, dear papa, I ſhould be much more ſo could I but be perſuaded it were yours.

The father ſmil'd at this reply, and down the hill they walk'd together. As it happened, they went by a meadow, which at firſt they thought had been a pond, becauſe 'twas quite covered with water. Bleſs me, cried out Mr. Draper, do you ſee this meadow

how 'tis overflow'd? the neighbouring river muſt have burſt its bounds, and all the hay this year is ſpoiled.

Leonard. I fancy he to whom they belong'd, will not be very happy, when they tell him of his loſs.

Mr. Draper. No, no; nor is this the worſt: he will be forced to mend the banks, and very likely make another dam. Why, he'll be very happy, if he does not ſpend in theſe repairs the produce of ten harveſts he could make in ſuch a meadow.

Leonard. O, what a misfortune!

Mr. Draper. But I thought there had been hereabouts a windmill.

Leonard. And there is, papa: Look there before you.

Mr. Draper. Right, I ſee it now: the reaſon is, I did not hear it going. I'd lay any wager that the torrent coming down has forced away the wheel-work.—Let's go ſee.—Juſt ſo.—'Tis broke to pieces.—What will the poor owner do? He muſt be very rich to ſtand againſt ſo many loſſes?

Leonard. O, I pity him with all my heart! But ſince the day is over, why pray are the bricklayers ſtill at work?

Mr. Draper. I can't tell why. We need but aſk the reaſon.——Pray, friend, be ſo kind as to inform us why you work ſo late?

A Bricklayer. We ſhall be here all night. For yeſterday when it was dark, a gang of thieves pull'd down the wall, that they might get into the park, and ſteal away the furniture that had been put into a new-built ſummer-houſe. The theft was not diſcovered till this morning; and indeed 'tis very lucky no one caught them in the fact.

Mr. Draper. How ſo?

The Bricklayer. Becauſe the thieves had previouſly diſpos'd combuſtibles to ſet the ſummer-houſe on fire, if they had been diſturb'd in plundering, ſo that they might get away aſſiſted by the buſtle and confuſion ſuch deſtruction would have caus'd. The owner of this ground, as you may judge, is therefore very happy

py in his loſs; he might have ſeen his ſummer-houſe burnt down; whereas, the affair will coſt him now no more than ſome ſlight reparation to his wall, the expence of keeping up a watch all night, and buying other furniture in lieu of that he had lain in, and which indeed had coſt him much.

Well, Leonard, now, ſaid Mr. Draper to his ſon, when they had walked a little way in ſilence, what do you obſerve on theſe misfortunes? don't they grieve you?

Leonard. Why ſhould I be ſorry? I have ſuffered nothing by them.

Mr. Draper. But if this eſtate had been your property, as Mr. Norton's grounds are his; and if, when going out this morning, you had ſeen your meadow overflowed, your wind-mill broke to pieces, your park wall demoliſhed, and your ſummer-houſe broke open, would you have gone home as ſatisfied as you appear to be at preſent?

Leonard. O, by no means ſo. I ſhould, upon the other hand, be miſerable, having undergone ſo many heavy loſſes in a day.

Mr. Draper. But what if you had every day ſuch loſſes to endure, or ſtand in fear of? would you be as happy as at preſent?

Leonard. I ſhould be a thouſand times more miſerable.

Mr. Draper. Well then, Leonard, ſuch is in reality the ſtate of all poſſeſſing great abundance. Without reckoning upon the cares that agitate them, and the innumerable wants they fancy,—in the elevation of their fortune lies too frequently the cauſe of its decay. A barren ſeaſon, or falſe ſtep in the purſuit of their rapacious projects, frequently ſuffices to produce their ruin. As they fear the loſs of their imaginary conſequence, ſhould they reſolve upon ſome ſacrifices to their luxury and pride; the more they undergo diſtreſſing loſſes, they ſuppoſe they ought the more to make a ſumptuous ſhow to keep up the appearance of their riches, and ſupport a credit that already totters to its fall.—

What then is the effect of such a wretched sort of vanity? Their servants, cheated of that pay they ought to have, proceed to introduce a sort of robbery through all the house. The improvement of their fortune, and the education of their children being overlooked, their lands in some sort as it were lie fallow, or produce a blighted harvest only; and their children, left to riot in the ways of wickedness, commit disgraceful actions that are stifled by the necessary aid of money. All their property, when seized on by inexorable creditors, is in the end completely dissipated, or the law lays hold of what would otherwise be left them. And these favourites of fortune, once so proud of their abundance, elevated station and enjoyments, fall at one into the gulf of indigence, opprobrium, and despair.

Leonard. O, what a frightful picture is not this, papa?

Mr. Draper. 'Tis one, however, daily to be gazed at in society; and be assured, there is not one exaggerated feature in the whole design. I can at all times shew you in the public papers, the decay of some great family or other: and these striking instances God's providence exposes to the observation of the rich, that they may see what fortune is most likely to await their pride and folly. In the morning we will go and gaze on those fine buildings that excite your envy now, where you may read the ruin of too many families inscribed on every pillar round about, till they are swallowed up themselves in their own ruin. Why, alas! can I not spare your sensibility the cries of many desolated families, that are but too evincing tokens of such miserable revolutions!

Leonard. What then, should I look upon the mediocrity of our condition as a blessing meant us from above?

Mr. Draper. Yes, yes; if you are only frugal and laborious, and possess sufficient resolution to renounce ambition, and the immoderate wish of getting money, of confining your desires, and keeping them within the limits of that state you fill.—Do I want any thing to

make me happy? and in reaſon, would you wiſh in future to be happier than your father? Conſider the whole univerſe is your eſtate; ſince if you are but properly induſtrious, it will furniſh you a comfortable maintenance. God's providence has placed your earthly habitation half way up a hill, whoſe ſummit is extremely craggy, and its baſe choak'd up with ſwamps. Lift up your eye at intervals upon the rich and great, not with a view to envy them their ſituations, but to think upon the ſtorms that bellow round them. Sometimes too, look down upon the poor beneath you, not by the way of inſult on their friendleſs ſituation, but to hold them out your hand. If God ſhould bleſs you with a family of children, let them often have the leſſon I have juſt now taught you; but more particularly, give them the example in your life, God's bleſſing has enabled me to furniſh you withal.

By this time they were both got home. The virtuous Mr. Draper went up ſtairs into his chamber, and there falling on his knees, gave thanks to God for all the bleſſings he had conſtantly received, and offered him the ſacrifice of a heart devoted to his ſervice, as the beſt return he had to make. His days had ever been replete with probity and honour, and by giving ſuch a leſſon on contentment to his ſon, he did whatever he was able to endow him with a valuable patrimony, ſuch as no one could take from him.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

MRS. HUNTER, *and* MONIMIA, *her Daughter.*

Monimia. NO, mamma: I had much rather make a finiſh of this purſe.

Mrs. Hunter. But then Monimia, Caroline would

certainly be pleaſed a great deal better with the work-bag. Don't you recollect, ſhe ſeemed delighted when you ſhowed her yours? and that you have up ſtairs is made exactly like it.

Monimia. Notwithſtanding that, mamma, I'm ſure ſhe'd like the purſe a great deal better.

Mrs. Hunter. Be it ſo; but will the purſe be finiſhed? There are ſtill at leaſt a dozen rows to do; whereas, the work-bag only wants a riband to complete it. Sure you would not pay a viſit to your couſin, on her birth-day, and go there without ſome preſent for her?

Monimia. O, mamma, you know I ſhould not like to do ſo; but believe me, you ſhall ſee the purſe will very ſoon be finiſhed.

Mrs. Hunter. Think before you come to any reſolution in the affair. Your father, I ſuppoſe you know, ſets out at four o'clock exactly, and if any one among you has not finiſhed what ſhe has to do, that one will not go with him.

Monimia. He ſets out at five o'clock, mamma, not four.

Mrs. Hunter. Monimia, will you never then be rid of ſuch a ſhocking trick? Will you for ever be determined to aſſert the abſolute reverſe of every thing you hear?

Monimia. But if I'm ſure papa ſets out at five, and not before?

Mrs. Hunter. Well, well; 'twill very ſoon be ſeen, Monimia, which is in the right. But I adviſe you, as a friend, to be prepared againſt the hour I mention.

Monimia. O, if that be all, mamma, you may be ſure to find me ready, even at four: for look ye, 'tis as one may ſay, quite finiſhed. I ſhould get a quarter of an hour beſide, were I to run and work below there, in the garden.

Mrs. Hunter. Why ſo, pray?

Monimia. Becauſe 'tis ſo much lighter there.

Mrs. Hunter. But ſure, you'll loſe a deal of time in going thither and returning.

Monimia. O! don't fear but I ſhall get it up again. My work will go on ten times better for it.

Mrs. Hunter. As you pleaſe, Monimia; but remember, I've forewarned you what may be the caſe.

Monimia. I'll take the conſequence upon myſelf, and run as faſt as poſſible.

In fact ſhe did run thither very faſt; ſo faſt that ſhe arrived quite out of breath. She wanted more than half-a-dozen minutes to recover; and at laſt, when ſhe was ſet at work, her hands were in a tremble, owing to her flurry; ſo that frequently ſhe took up one ſtitch for another. In the end, when ſhe had quite recovered, one muſt own ſhe puſhed her work on very faſt. And yet, in ſpite of all her diligence, it ſeemed to grow beneath her fingers. Mrs. Hunter, who was really uneaſy, came to find her.

Mrs. Hunter. Well, Monimia, how goes buſineſs forward? have you finiſhed?

Monimia. No, not yet, mamma; nor is it five o'clock yet.

Mrs. Hunter. Right, Monimia; but 'tis four: the clock's juſt gone.

Monimia. Not ſtruck, mamma. I have been liſtening; ſo I am ſure of that.

Mrs. Hunter. I don't know how it came about then that I heard it: and your father muſt have heard it likewiſe, for you'll find he's ſetting out.

Monimia. O! now, I'm ſure you are joking: that can never be.

Mrs. Hunter. However, Dick has put the horſes to, and here's your brother and your ſiſters coming. They are ready.

Monimia. O, dear me! You don't ſay ſo, mamma!

The Brother, (*coming forward.*) Where, Monimia, are you? We are waiting now for none but you.

Monimia. A moment, brother.

The Brother. Four o'clock has ſtruck, and you remember that papa at dinner told us he ſhould go preciſely to a minute; having an appointment here, at half paſt five.

Mrs. Hunter. Well now, Monimia, you remember what I told you.

(*Monimia's three ſiſters enter, crying out.*) Monimia! come, come, come!

Monimia. (*vexed.*) Softly, ſoftly, children.

The Brother. How, Monimia, have you not done your purſe! See here the little landſcape I ſhall give my couſin.

Firſt Siſter. And this bow-pot, which will be my preſent.

Second Siſter. And this houſe-wife of my making for her.

Third Siſter. And theſe garters I have knit her:—But here comes papa.

Mr. Hunter. (*coming in.*) Well, we are ſetting out. You know, Monimia, I am never ſtaid for, therefore never do I ſtay for others. If you're ready, follow; but if not, remain behind.

Monimia. My purſe is not yet done: I have but two ſhort rows to finiſh.

Mr. Hunter. (*beckoning to the other children to follow.*) Well, good by'e, Monimia: I'll give Caroline your love, and ſay you wiſh her well, and happy, on her birth-day. (*They go out.*)

Monimia. (*To her mother weeping.* They are ſetting out, and I muſt ſtay at home quite melancholy! I that have waited with ſo much impatience for this day's arrival! Caroline will have a preſent from them every one, and I the eldeſt, am not of the party! What will ſhe think of me?

Mrs. Hunter. In reality the caſe is pitiable, I muſt own; and more particularly ſo, as it depended on yourſelf alone, to ſhun the mortifying ſituation. I foretold you what would be the caſe, in proper time; and if, inſtead of being obſtinately bent to go on with your purſe, you had put a riband to your work-bag; if you had not loſt ſo many minutes as you did in coming hither; and if you had not got it from the firſt in your head, your father was not to ſet out till five, you would have ſaved yourſelf all this vexation. The

misfortune now is come, and you have only to support it, as you ought, with patience.

Monimia. But my aunt and uncle, what will they think of me? They'll imagine I am in disgrace, or else don't love my cousin.

Mrs. Hunter. You must own, Monimia, they will have some reason to suspect as much.

Monimia. Ah, dear mamma! instead of lightening you increase my sorrow!

Mrs. Hunter. No, Monimia, I am no less sorrowful than you; but then, if you think proper, I can end your sorrow.

Monimia. Ah now, you're quite good! Yes, yes; I'll make an end as soon as possible, and then we two will take the purse. My uncle, aunt, and cousin too will be agreeably surprised, and see 'twas not my fault I came so late. I fancy, therefore you'll send out to fetch a coach, and in the interim I shall finish.

Mrs. Hunter. No, Monimia, that would be to disobey your father, and deprive you of the benefit accruing from an useful lesson. You shall not, at least to-day, go see your cousin; but may have it in your power to be as happy as you would have been by going. I've a certain method to propose to you for that purpose.

Monimia. And what is it, pray, mamma?

Mrs. Hunter. To form, from this time forward, a determined resolution not to settle matters just as you yourself think proper; to renounce particularly the intolerable trick you have of contradicting everlasting whatever you hear said; and rid yourself of that vile habit you give way to, of opposing your ridiculous ideas to the counsels of such people as you know are wiser than yourself. I am persuaded you've sufficient courage to take up with any resolution, and support it.

Monimia. Yes, indeed, mamma, I will, I will for.

Mrs. Hunter. I expected nothing less, Monimia, from you; and if during what's still left us of the week I see you persevere in your commendable resolve, we'll go next Saturday and see your cousin. We'll then carry her the purse, and more than that, the work bag also.

which will make her think you have delayed your pre-ent with a view of complimenting her with ſomething worthier of herſelf, and more expreſſive of your gene-oſity.

Monimia. (embracing her mamma.) Oh! dear mam-a, once more you make me happy!

Mrs. Hunter. You, Monimia, make me no leſs hap-y. Poſſibly this very moment you are laying the oundation of your happineſs in future.

THE MAN WHO ROSE TO SUDDEN FORTUNE.

ONE fine evening in the month of June, Mr. Ruſ-el went out with his ſon Eugene, to take a walk in me of the moſt agreeable environs of the city. The eather was mild, the ſky clear, the purling ſtreams and aving trees lulled them to an agreeable thoughtfulneſs. What a lovely evening! ſaid Eugene, enchanted with e beauties of nature that ſurrounded him. He preſſed is father's hand, and ſaid to him, If you knew, papa, hat thoughts riſe in my heart! He was ſilent for a oment, then lifting up towards heaven his eyes, which ere moiſtened with tears, I thank my God, ſaid he r the happy moments that he gives me to enjoy. Oh! at every body could taſte the beauties of the evening I do!—That all mankind overflowed with joy as I o at this moment! I could wiſh to be a king over a eat country, that I might make all my ſubjects happy. r. Ruſſel embraced his ſon. My dear Eugene, ſaid , the benevolent wiſh that you have juſt expreſſed, mes from a heart as generous as humane. But would t your thoughts change with your fortune? Would u preſerve in an exalted ſtation theſe ſentiments that imate you now in the middling condition to which aven has appointed you?

Eugene. Why do you aſk that queſtion, papa? can

not one become rich without becoming cruel or wick
ed?

Mr. Ruſſel. It does not always happen ſo, my dear
There are ſome fortunate perſons who remember the
paſt diſtreſſes, and in whom this reflection produce
ſentiments of charity towards the unfortunate. But t
the diſgrace of the human heart, a change of fortun
frequently alters affections the moſt tender and ſympa
thetic. While we are unfortunate ourſelves, we thin
that heaven requires it of all men as a duty to relie
our ſufferings. If the hand of God remove misfortun
from us, we think all his intents in the preſervation
the univerſe fulfilled; and we no longer think of tho
wretches that remain in the gulf from which we ha
been reſcued. We have an inſtance of this in t
man that comes ſometimes to aſk relief of me, whi
I give him with a reluctance that I cannot conque
though I reproach myſelf for it.

Eugene. Why true, papa; I obſerved that you p
your alms coldly into his hand, without ever givi
him thoſe words of comfort that you do to other po
people.

Mr. Ruſſell. I will ſhew you my dear, whether
deſerves them. Mr. Low was a linen-draper in t
Miñories. Though the profits of his buſineſs were b
moderate, a poor perſon never appeared at his door
vain. This was all the pleaſure that he indulged hi
ſelf in purchaſing; and he thought himſelf happy
enjoy it, though he could not command even this
the full extent of his wiſhes. Buſineſs called him o
day upon change. He ſaw in one part of it a numb
of principal merchants together, who were talking
vaſt cargoes, and immenſe profits to be expected fr
them. Ah! ſaid he to himſelf, ſighing, how ha
theſe people are! If I were as rich, heaven knows
ſhould not be ſo for myſelf alone, and that the po
ſhould partake of my abundance. He goes home
of ambitious thoughts, but how can his narrow buſin
enable him to fulfil his vaſt projects? With tolera
economy, it was no more than ſufficient to aff

him a decent ſubſiſtence the year round. "I ſhall always be at a ſtand here!" cried he, "and never riſe above this middling condition in which I linger at preſent." A hand-bill, inviting adventurers to purchaſe in the lottery, was at this moment put into his hand. He ſeized the idea with eagerneſs, as if inſpired by fortune; and without minding the inconvenience to which his covetouſneſs might reduce him, he went to the lottery-office, and laid out four guineas, the only money that he could ſpare in the world.—With what impatience he waited for the drawing! He one time repented having ſo fooliſhly hazarded a ſtake, the loſs of which would diſturb him. At another time he fancied that he ſaw riches falling down upon him in ſhowers. At laſt the drawing began.

Eugene. Well, papa, did he get a prize?

Mr. Ruſſel. Five thouſand pounds.

Eugene. Aha! he would jump for joy.

Mr. Ruſſel. He went immediately and received his money, and ſpent ſome days in thinking of nothing elſe. When he had enough of that, I can put this ſum to a better uſe, ſaid he, than barely poring over it.—He therefore enlarged his ſtock, extended his dealings, and by his activity and knowledge of trade he ſoon doubled his capital. In leſs than ten years he became one of the richeſt men in the city. It muſt be ſaid in his praiſe, that he had till then been faithful to his vow, in making the poor partake of his abundance.—At the ſight of an unfortunate perſon he remembered his own former condition without being aſhamed of it. And this recollection never failed of profiting the perſon who occaſioned it. Led by degrees to frequent fine company, he contracted a taſte for luxury and diſſipation. He purchaſed a magnificent country-houſe, and fine gardens, and his life became a round of pleaſures and amuſement. The moſt extravagant whims he gratified without ſcruple, but ſoon perceived that they had made a conſiderable breach in his fortune. Trade, which he had given up in order to be quite at leiſure to enjoy himſelf, no longer enabled

him to repair it. Beſides, a habit of indulgence an a mean vanity would not ſuffer him to leſſen his ex pences. I ſhall always have enough for one, though he; let others provide for themſelves. His heart, hard ened in this reſolution, was thenceforth ſhut to th unfortunate. He heard the cries of miſery aroun him, as one hears the tempeſt grumble, when ſhelter ed from its fury. Friends whom he had till then ſup ported, came to ſolicit him for freſh relief. But h refuſed them harſhly. Have I made a fortune, ſaid h only to ſquander it upon you? Do as I do, ſaid h depend upon yourſelves. His mother, whom he ha cut ſhort of half the penſion that he allowed her, cam to beg for a retired ſhelter in a corner of his hou there to ſpend her few remaining days; but he ha the barbarity to refuſe her, and with dry eyes behel her die in miſery. This crime, however, did not lon remain unpuniſhed. His debaucheries very ſoon ex hauſted all his wealth, and deprived him of the ſtreng neceſſary to ſupport himſelf by work. In ſhort, h was reduced to the ſtate of miſery in which you ſe him, and now begs his bread from door to door, a object of contempt and indignation to all honeſt peopl

Eugene. Ah! papa, ſince fortune can make men wicked, I wiſh to remain as I am.

Mr. Ruſſel. My dear Eugene, I wiſh the ſame for th ſake of your happineſs; but if heaven deſtines you a more exalted ſtation, may you never forfeit the noble neſs and generoſity of your ſoul. Think often of th ſtory that I have juſt now told you. Learn from th example, that we can never taſte true happineſs, with out feeling for the misfortunes of others; that it is th powerful man's duty to comfort the ſorrows of th weak; and that he reaps more true happineſs from th performance of this duty, than from all his pomp an luxury.

The ſun was now going to ſet, and his parting beam threw a lively glow upon the clouds, which ſeemed form a purple curtain round his bed. The air, freſhe

g at the approach of evening, breathed an agreeable lm. The birds, in repeating their farewel ſongs, llied all their powers of melody. The leaves of the rove mingled a gentle murmur with their concert, and very thing ſeemed to inſpire ſentiments of joy and appineſs; but Eugene and his father, inſtead of the ranſports which they had felt at firſt, returned home oſt in melancholy reflections.

THE GREYHOUND AND THE RING.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CALVERT,	
SERINA, - -	*his Daughter.*
EUSTACE, - -	*his Son.*
LIONEL, }	*Friends to Euſtace.*
RUFUS, }	

Scene, An apartment in Mr. Calvert's houſe.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

SERINA *(alone.)*

AH! my poor little Diana! I ſhall never be able to at work without you. It was here on this little ſhion that you lay down beſide me, while I was at y needle. How joyful and pleaſed were we both hen you awoke! You would run, ſhaking your tail, der the ſopha, and under the chairs and tables, and

then jump from one to the other. How happy did you appear when I took you in my lap! How you would lick my hands and face, and play with me! Oh! how ſorry ſhall I be if I never ſee you again! Ah! I ſhould never have loſt you myſelf! but that careleſs——

SCENE II.

SERINA, EUSTACE.

Euſtace. (overhearing theſe laſt words.) I ſee, my name is called in queſtion.

Serina. Ay, whoſe elſe ſhould it be? If you had not been ſo poſitive in taking her out with you yeſterday ſhe would not have been loſt.

Euſtace. That is true, and I am as ſorry for it as you are: but what can I do now?

Serina. Did I not beg of you to leave her at home? but you could not go a ſtep without having her at your heels.

Euſtace. I own it. I was ſo pleaſed when ſhe was along with me, to ſee her walk ſometimes before me, and ſometimes behind me. Then ſhe would run from me as if I was purſuing her, and come back again at full ſpeed, and jump about me ſo playful.

Serina. Then you ſhould have taken better care of her.

Euſtace. Yes, I ſhould ſo. But as ſhe uſed to go away from me, and come back of herſelf without any occaſion for my calling her, I thought——

Serina. You thought?—you have never the leaſt miſtruſt of any thing? and by that poor Diana was loſt.

Euſtace. I promiſe you, ſiſter, the next time——

Serina. Yes, another time when we have nothing to loſe. I could not ſleep a quarter of an hour together all laſt night. I thought I heard her whining to me at a diſtance, and that I ran to the ſide from which her cries ſeemed to come. Then I awoke, and found myſelf alone. Ah! I dare ſay ſhe is as dull too, for her part.

Euſtace. Dear ſiſter, it makes me doubly unhappy to ſee you grieve ſo. I would give all that I am worth in the world to have her again.

Serina. Now you make me grieve ſtill more. Why, don't you know at leaſt where you miſſed her? One might inquire amongſt all the neighbours thereabouts.

Euſtace. I'd lay a wager ſhe followed me into this ſtreet, and almoſt as far as our own houſe too. But as ſhe runs up into every court ſmelling about, ſomebody muſt have ſhut their door upon her and kept her in.

Serina. Yes, I dare ſay it was ſo; otherwiſe ſhe would have come back to her lodging. She knows the way to it well enough.

Euſtace. Lionel was along with me, and declared to me that he ſaw her but the moment before we miſſed her. And it was his fault: for he was playing ſuch comical tricks as we walked along, that I forgot Diana juſt then.

Serina. Well, he ſhould have helped you at leaſt to look for her.

Euſtace. So he did all yeſterday evening, and to-day again very early. We went into all the ſtreets and lanes round about, and ſearched every court and market near us. We inquired, in ſhort, among all our acquaintances, but could hear nothing of her. Indeed, ſiſter, I am aſhamed to look you in the face. I know you muſt be angry with me.

Serina. (taking him by the hand.) No, I am not angry now. You did not mean to diſoblige me; and beſides you are ſo ſorry yourſelf! But who is this coming up ſtairs? Go and ſee.

SCENE III.

SERINA, EUSTACE, LIONEL.

Lionel. (opening the door.) It is I, it is I, Euſtace. Good morning to you Miſs Serina.

Serina. Good morning, Maſter Lionel.

Lionel. I have got a ſcent of Diana, and I hope pretty ſoon—

Serina. What! to find her again?

Lionel. I'll tell you. You know that old woman that lives at the corner of the ſtreet, and ſells cakes and garden-ſtuff?

Serina. What! has ſhe my little dog?

Lionel. No, no; ſhe is a very honeſt woman, and a good friend of mine. You know, Euſtace, that Diana too wanted t'other day to ſcrape acquaintance with her, ſtanding up with her paws upon the counter, and ſmelling at the biſcuits.

Euſtace. Ah! yes; but her little fond tricks would not do there, for the old woman gave her a great ſtroke on the noſe with her glove.

Serina. Oh! that is nothing. Well, Maſter Lionel?

Lionel. Well, juſt now I went to her ſhop to buy ſome cakes, and was telling her of our loſs. What, ſays ſhe, that little cur dog?

Serina. Cur dog, Maſter Lionel! Don't call my pretty Diana ſo. I would rather not hear you talk of her at all.

Lionel. Nay, I only tell you her own words. That little cur dog, ſays ſhe, that belongs to that pretty young gentleman, your acquaintance? Yes, ſaid I, the ſame. Well, you know another little maſter that lives here below, at the large houſe with the balcony? It was he that coaxed her away.

Euſtace. How! could ſhe mean Rufus?

Lionel. Don't you remember, that he was at the old woman's ſhop yeſterday, as we paſſed, and pretended not to ſee us, for fear of being obliged to offer us ſome of his walnuts?

Euſtace. That is very true. I recollect it now.

Lionel. Well, when we had paſſed her houſe a little way, he called Diana as ſhe was following us, and offered her a bit of cake, and while the poor thing was buſy feaſting herſelf, he ſnatched her up in his arms

and carried her home. The good woman told me the whole trick.

Serina. An ill-natured creature! well, however, we know where ſhe is. Brother, you had better go to him without any more ado.

Lionel. I am greatly afraid that he would not find her there. Rufus has taken her only to ſell her, as he does his books, and whatever elſe he can purloin at his father's. He is capable of any thing. Why, we were playing at marbles t'other day and he cheated.

Euſtace. Ay! is that his way? I'll run to him this moment.

Lionel. You will not find him at home. I have juſt been there, and he was out.

Serina. Perhaps he bid them ſay that he was not at home.

Lionel. No; I went up to his room, and I told the maid that I wanted him to come and play at marbles, and that I would wait for him at your houſe.

Serina. He will never have the face to ſhew himſelf here, if he has really taken Diana.

Lionel. Ah! you do not know his aſſurance.——He would come here on purpoſe that you might not ſuſpect him; but I'll convict him before you.

Serina. We muſt go cunningly to work, and queſtion him ſlyly, to make him diſcover the ſecret.

Lionel. I'll tell you. All the cunning required, is to ſhew him at the firſt word, that he is a rogue and a thief.

Euſtace. No, no, my dear Lionel, that would only bring on a quarrel, and my papa would not have any here. Mild words, perhaps, will touch him better than reproaches or violence.

Serina. Perhaps too he does not know that the little greyhound is ours.

Lionel. Not know! Does he not ſee her along with your brother every day? he has played with her a hundred times, and ſtole her yeſterday to ſell her. That is juſt his character.

Euſtace. Hiſt! here he comes.

SCENE IV.

SERINA, EUSTACE, LIONEL, RUFUS.

Rufus. They told me at home, Lionel, that you wanted me to play at marbles. Come, I am ready. Ah! Euſtace, how do you do? Your humble ſervant, miſs.

Serina. You are going to your diverſion, Maſter Rufus. Nothing gives you uneaſineſs; but we are all in trouble here.

Rufus. What is the matter then?

Serina. We have loſt our pretty little greyhound.

Rufus. Dear! that is a pity! ſhe *was* a pretty little creature indeed. Her body ſo handſome; a grey, with black ſpots here and there, and her breaſt and forefeet and tail all white. She is worth two guineas if ſhe is worth a farthing.

Serina. You know her ſo well! could not you help us to find her again?

Rufus. Do you take me for a dog-keeper? or am I obliged to look after yours?

Euſtace. My ſiſter did not mean to affront you, Rufus.

Serina. Oh dear! no. It was only a civil queſtion. As you live in our neighbourhood, and ſhe was loſt not far off, I thought that you might have been able to give us ſome account of her.

Lionel. Certainly, you could not apply to a better perſon.

Rufus. What do you mean by that, Maſter Lionel?

Lionel. What is beſt known to yourſelf; though I am perfectly acquainted too with the whole affair.

Rufus. If it were not out of reſpect to miſs—

Lionel. You ſhould thank her yourſelf, that I do not chaſtiſe you for your impudence.

Euſtace. (*taking Lionel aſide.*) Softly, my dear Lionel, or we ſhall loſe the greyhound.

Serina. If, as you ſay, you have ſome regard for me, Maſter Rufus, be ſo good as to hear me attentively, and anſwer me, yes or no.

Lionel. And without ſhuffling.

Serina. Have not you our greyhound? or don't you know where ſhe is?

Rufus. (*confuſed.*) I? I your greyhound?

Lionel. Do you ſtammer at the queſtion? you have her. And I know the whole ſtory too. You took her treacherouſly, coaxing her with a bit of cake.

Rufus. Who told you ſo?

Lionel. One that ſaw you do it.

Serina. I aſk it as a favour of you, Maſter Rufus, to tell me is that true or falſe?

Rufus. And ſuppoſe I did give your dog a bit of cake, or that I took her up a moment to play with her, is that a reaſon that I ſhould have her or know what is become of her?

Serina. Nor do we ſay ſo. We only aſk you if you know where ſhe is juſt now.

Euſtace. Or if you did not keep her at your houſe laſt night out of a frolic to frighten us a little, and afterwards give us the pleaſure of a ſurpriſe?

Rufus. What, do you take our houſe for a dog-kennel?

Lionel. He muſt have a vaſt deal of aſſurance!

Rufus. I have nothing to ſay to you. You may be counſellor for greyhounds as long as you will, I won't be examined by you.

Lionel. Becauſe I have confounded you.

Serina. Softly, Maſter Lionel, you muſt be miſtaken. I cannot ſuſpect Maſter Rufus of ſo much meanneſs as to keep our dog if he had found it.

Euſtace. If he had loſt any thing, and I could give him an account of it, I would do it with pleaſure. So he need not be angry at our queſtions.

Rufus. I am very angry at them, and I will make a complaint of it to your father.

Lionel. You had better come to the cake-woman's houſe; I will go along with you.

Rufus. It is very pretty of you, to believe ſuch a prating goſſip before me.

Lionel. Such goſſips, however, have eyes and ears,

and, as far as honeſty is concerned, I ſhould truſt them ſooner than you.

Rufus. I won't put up with this affront, and you ſhall pay for it. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE V.

SERINA, EUSTACE, LIONEL.

Lionel. What an impudent liar! I would lay my life that he has the dog. Did not you ſee how he was confounded, when I told him flatly that he had her?

Serina. I cannot believe it yet, and indeed it would be quite too ſcandalous.

Lionel. You cannot believe it, miſs, becauſe your own heart is ſo good; for my part, I can believe any thing of him.

Serina. I muſt own, however, that it was very rude not to anſwer our queſtions civilly.

Lionel. If you had not been here, miſs, I would have tweaked him by the ears a little.

Euſtace. Tut, man, he is taller than you by the head.

Lionel. If he was twice as tall, I'll wager he is a coward. Did not you obſerve that he grew more impudent as we were more civil? and the harder I puſhed him, the quieter he became. But I'll go and follow him, and take Diana from him, wherever he has put her.

Serina. Your pains would be to no purpoſe, Maſter Lionel. Once more, I cannot believe it. He lives too near us, to expect to hide ſuch a theft from us.

Euſtace. I hope he may not go and kill her, for fear of being found out in a lie.

Lionel. No, my friend, he won't kill her. He keeps her for ſale.

Serina. Oh heavens! what an opinion you have of him!

Lionel. It is ſuch as he deſerves, and I'll go and convince you of it.

SCENE VI.

SERINA, EUSTACE.

Euſtace. Lionel is too hot. He makes a terrible quarrel of the ſmalleſt difference. If they muſt wrangle, I am glad at leaſt that it is not here.

Serina. For then papa would give us a fine leſſon. Lionel, I believe, is willing to ſerve us; but I am ſorry that he ſeems to ſeek his own revenge more than our advantage.

Euſtace. He deſires no better than to be in every quarrel, and he has done us more harm than good. If Rufus really ſtole Diana, he would return her to me ſooner for good words than for threats. But here comes papa.

SCENE VII.

MR. CALVERT, SERINA, EUSTACE.

Mr. Calv. What have you done to Rufus! He came to me as I was in my room, and ſeemed quite ruffled. He complains of you very much, but particularly of Lionel, and ſays that you accuſe him of ſtealing Diana. Is ſhe loſt?

Euſtace. Ah! yes, papa. I did not like to tell you, becauſe I hoped every moment to find her again. She went aſtray from me yeſterday evening.

Serina. Ah! you cannot imagine how ſorry I am for her. I cried the beſt part of laſt night, when I awoke and miſſed her from my ſide.

Mr. Cal. Luckily, it is but a dog. Loſſes of much more conſequence happen every day in the world, and we ſhould early accuſtom ourſelves to bear with them. But you, *(to Euſtace.)* why did not you take care of her?

Euſtace. You are very right, papa. It was my fault I ſhould have left her at home, or elſe not have loſt ſight of her, ſince I took her in my charge. And I am

ſorry for it eſpecially, on account of my ſiſter, becauſe Diana was hers, more than mine.

Serina. I cannot be angry with my brother for it. I have ſometimes vexed him without intention, and he has excuſed me.

Mr. Calv. Kiſs, me, my dear child! I love to ſee you bear a misfortune with courage; but I am ſtill better pleaſed to ſee you, in the midſt of your grief, not the leaſt provoked againſt him that occaſioned it.

Serina. My poor brother is ſufficiently puniſhed for his negligence, for he was as fond of Diana as I. She was all his amuſement; and he grieves beſides, that he was the occaſion of my uneaſineſs.

Mr. Calv. Always preſerve theſe ſentiments, my dear children, one toward the other, and indeed towards all your fellow-creatures, for they are of the ſame family. I know many perſons who, for ſuch a trifle would have turned away an honeſt ſervant.

Serina. Oh! heaven forbid! Prefer a dog to a ſervant! A creature without reaſon to a perſon of our kind!

Mr. Calv. Why do not all men make that difference as well as you, my dear child? We ſhould not then know thoſe who would rather ſee a poor child ſuffer hunger or thirſt than a favourite dog; who ſhed tears at the indiſpoſition of a ſpaniel, and look without pity on the lot of an unhappy orphan abandoned by all the world.

Serina. O papa! is it poſſible?

Mr. Calv. In return for the ſentiment which draws that generous ſigh from your breaſt, I promiſe you, my dear, a greyhound as handſome as the one you have loſt if you are not lucky enough to find her again.

Serina. No, papa, I thank you. I have ſuffered too much from the loſs of Diana. If ſhe does not come back, I will never have another. I will not run the riſk of grieving ſo again.

Mr. Calv. You carry things too far, my dear Serina. In that caſe we muſt reſign all the moſt agreeable pleaſures of life. We ſhould be afraid to love a friend becauſe death or abſence might one day ſeparate us

from him. If you compare the pleaſure which Diana's playful fondneſs has afforded you ever ſince ſhe was born, to the ſhort uneaſineſs that her loſs occaſions to you now, the firſt you will find exceeds the ſecond by a great deal. Nothing is more natural than to be fond of a pretty little creature, like Diana; and indeed, it would be a mark of ingratitude in you—

Serina. Yes, if I did not think of her now, becauſe ſhe is not here to play about me.

Mr. Calv. What comforts me a little in this misfortune is, that from this you will be better enabled to bear perhaps a greater. Every thing that we poſſeſs upon earth may ſlip from our hands with the ſame readineſs, and it is wiſe to accuſtom ourſelves early to the ſevereſt loſſes. But, with regard to our firſt ſubject of converſation, you have treated Rufus ill, it ſeems.

Serina. Not we, papa; we ſpoke to him very mildly. It was Lionel that touched him cloſe a little.

Mr. Calv. And what did he ſay in anſwer?

Euſtace. He defended himſelf but lamely. Indeed he was quite out of countenance at the firſt queſtion.

Serina. But now I will aſk you, papa, do you think that he could have the aſſurance to deny it, if he had really taken my greyhound?

Mr. Calv. I can ſay nothing as to that; but I ſhould think that confuſion could not come from a very clear conſcience. However, that we may have no reproach to make to ourſelves, concerning Diana, we muſt adverti ſe her to-morrow in the public papers.

Euſtace. But, papa, if ſhe is really in his power, that trouble will be uſeleſs.

Mr. Calv. No, it cannot be uſeleſs. A dog requires to be fed, and it is not ſo ſmall or ſo quiet that one can hide it from every body's eyes. There may happen to be ſome perſon in the houſe honeſt enough to give us information of it. I will not apply to his father, I know his rude manners too well. Beſides, he is offended with me for forbidding you a too cloſe intimacy with his ſon. We muſt wait to ſee what our advertiſement will produce.

Serina. I ſhould have ſome hopes from it, if I were able to promiſe a large reward to whoever would bring me back the dog.

Mr. Calv. I ſhall take care of that. Come, Euſtace, into my cloſet; we will put down her deſcription, and you ſhall take it to the printing-office.

Serina. Oh! what joy it would be for the poor little creature, and for me too, to ſee each other once more!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

SERINA, EUSTACE.

Euſtace, (*running into the room quite overjoyed.*) Siſter! Siſter!

Serina. What is the matter? You ſeem to be in high ſpirits. Is Diana found?

Euſtace. Diana! Oh! ſomething much better. See, (*ſhewing a ring in a ſmall caſe*) look at what I have found not a yard from our door.

Serina. Oh! the charming ring! But the ſtone that ſhould be in the middle, where is that?

Euſtace. I ſuppoſe it has fallen out. See here it is in a paper. Look at this diamond in the light. See how it ſparkles! My papa's brilliant is not ſo large.

Serina. I pity him very much that has loſt it.

Euſtace. It is worſe than to loſe a greyhound.

Serina. Oh! I don't know that. My little Diana was ſo pretty, and ſo fond of us. And then we had her a whelp. Oh! when I think how happy we were to ſee her learn new tricks as ſhe grew bigger, and to amuſe ourſelves with her play, the fineſt ring that ever I could put on my finger would not make me half ſo happy.

Euſtace. But with this ring you might buy a hundred greyhounds like her.

Serina. It ſhould not buy mine, for all that. He that loſt this ring has others, perhaps, and I had only my poor Diana. I am worſe off than he is.

Euſtace. It muſt belong to a rich man. Poor people have not ſuch toys as this.

Serina. Yet if it was ſome unfortunate ſervant that loſt it, in taking it to the jeweller——or if it was the jeweller himſelf; the diamond being looſe would make one ſuſpect ſo; what a misfortune it would be for the poor people!

Euſtace. You are right. Well, now I am quite out of humour with my prize. We muſt aſk papa's advice about it. Oh! this is lucky! here he comes.

SCENE II.

MR. CALVERT, EUSTACE, SERINA.

Mr. Calv. Well, will the advertiſement for your greyhound be in to-morrow's paper?

Euſtace. Papa, I have not been at the office yet.—Here is what kept me. A ring that I have found.—(*Gives him the caſe.*)

Mr. Calv. A very fine diamond, indeed.

Euſtace. An't it? This is enough to put a little dog out of one's head for a moment or two.

Mr. Calv. Yes, if it was your own. Do you intend to keep it?

Euſtace. Why, if nobody makes inquiry about it.

Mr. Calv. Did any body ſee you take it up?

Euſtace. No, papa.

Serina. For my part, I ſhould never reſt until I knew who owned it.

Euſtace. Let the owner ſhew himſelf, and certainly the ring ſhall not ſtay long in my hands. No, that would be as bad as if I had ſtolen it. We muſt give every one his own.

Mr. Calv. You will not be, perhaps, ſo well pleaſed then?

Euſtace. Why not, papa? I own, I did not think of any thing at firſt but my good luck in finding ſuch a jewel. I looked upon it as already my property, but my ſiſter has given me an idea of the trouble that he muſt feel who loſt it. I ſhould be much happier in putting an end to his uneaſineſs, than in keeping this ring, which would make me bluſh every time that I looked at it.

Serina. There is ſo much pleaſure in comforting thoſe who are troubled. For that reaſon, I cannot imagine that Rufus, or any other, could be ſo ill-natured as to keep my Diana, if he knew how ſorry I am for her.

Mr. Calv. (*kiſſing them.*) Amiable little innocents! My dear children, how I rejoice in being your father. Let ſuch generous ſentiments continue to ſpring up, and gain ſtrength in your hearts. They will be the foundation of your own happineſs, and that of your fellow-creatures.

Serina. You give us the example, papa. How ſhould we have other ſentiments?

Euſtace. Oh! I'll go and ſhew my prize to everybody; and we ſhould adverti ſe both together in the papers, that we have loſt a greyhound, and found a ring.

Mr. Calv. Not ſo faſt, my dear; there are precautions to be taken. There might be ſome people who would claim the ring, without being the owners.

Serina. Oh! I ſhould be as cunning as they. I would aſk them firſt, how it was made, and I would not give it to any but him that told me very particularly.

Mr. Calv. That way is not the ſureſt, neither. A perſon may have ſeen it upon the owner's finger, and come here before him to demand it.

Serina. Ah! papa, I ſee you know better how to manage than we do.

Mr. Calv. The loſer will think it worth while to make every inquiry after ſo valuable an article. So we muſt wait.

Serina. But ſhould they not think of doing ſo?

Serina. We thought of doing ſo for Diana; certainly others will for a diamond.

Mr. Calv. Meanwhile I ſhall take care of it; and do you be cautious not to ſpeak of it to any body.

SCENE IH.

EUSTACE, SERINA.

Euſtace. It is very ſtupid, for all that, not to be able to talk, when one has any thing ſo agreeable to tell. I ſhould have been ſo happy to ſhew every body my ring!

Serina. And why, ſince you neither can, nor would keep it? There is no great merit in finding any thing valuable in the ſtreet.

Euſtace. That is true; but what I tell you is very true too.

Serina. People ſay of the ladies, that they cannot keep a ſecret. Let us ſee which of us two will be moſt diſcreet.

Euſtace. For fear my ſecret ſhould want to eſcape, I will think of nothing but Diana; and now I'll go to the printing-office with the advertiſement.

Serina. Go, brother; do not loſe a moment. But what does Lionel want with us?

SCENE IV.

SERINA, EUSTACE, LIONEL.

Lionel. (*to Euſtace, who is going out.*) Where are you going, Euſtace?

Euſtace. I have ſomething particular to do.

Lionel. Oh! before you go, you muſt liſten to a ſtory that I have to tell you. It will make you die with laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Euſtace. I have not time for laughing now.

Lionel. You will laugh in ſpite of yourſelf. Only liſten, we have got full ſatisfaction.

Euſtace. Full ſatisfaction! Of whom?

Lionel. Of Rufus. He has loſt his father's ring. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Euſtace and Serina look at each other with an air of ſurpriſe.*)

Serina. His father's ring!

Lionel. It is fact. He had it given to him this morning to take it to the jeweller's, to have the middle diamond ſet in again, that had fallen out. (*Euſtace jogs Serina; ſhe makes a ſign to him to be ſilent.*) He had it when he came here; but as he went away, quite fluſtered with anger, the caſe of the ring muſt have dropt out of his pocket as he whiſked along.

Serina. And have you ſeen him ſince he loſt it?—How does he look?

Lionel. Frightened out of his wits.

Serina. Does his father know it?

Lionel. There he has drawn himſelf into a freſh ſcrape, by telling a great fib. When his father aſked him if he had given the ring to the jeweller, he anſwered with the greateſt aſſurance, that he had.

Serina. Unhappy creature!

Lionel. Why you pity him, do you?

Euſtace. Indeed he is to be pitied.

Lionel. He! I wiſh you had ſeen what game I made of him.

Serina. What did you find ſo comical in all that?

Lionel. How! don't you take the jeſt? To ſee him running from ſhop to ſhop, inquiring about his ring, and plucking every one by the ſkirt that paſſed! I ſtuck cloſe to him, to enjoy his diſtreſs, and at laſt he came up to me: "Have not you found it? Have you heard nothing of it?" What is it to me? ſaid I to him. Am I your ring-keeper?—"If you knew what it is worth." So much the better for him that has found it. "And then my father, what will he ſay?" Why, he'll talk to you with a good ſtick.

Serina. Fie! Maſter Lionel, that was very cruel of you.

Lionel. He had not more feeling for you.

Euſtace. Should we be ill-natured then, even towards thoſe that are ſo themſelves?

Lionel. Oh! revenge is ſweet, and I never have any compaſſion for them that offend me. If I had the good luck to find the ring, he ſhould not have it ſo ſoon.

Serina. Would you keep it then?

Lionel. Oh! No, I would give it to him after his father had threſhed him well.

Euſtace. I ſhould never have thought you ſo ill-natured, Lionel.

Serina. And I cannot believe it, though I hear it from his own mouth. You were ſo much concerned about my poor greyhound. It ſeems it was not in earneſt.

Lionel. It was from the bottom of my heart. I love thoſe dearly, that I do love; but when I hate any one, I hate him heartily.

SCENE V.

SERINA, EUSTACE, LIONEL, RUFUS.

Lionel. Heh! there he comes. (*points at him with his finger.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Rufus. Oh! pray now forgive me. I have been very bad to be ſure, but I have been full as unfortunate. I am puniſhed now, and well puniſhed too, for——

Lionel. Have you ſtuck up hand-bills concerning your ring?

Rufus. I dare not appear before my father, and I don't know where to hid myſelf.

Lionel. I would lay a wager that the ring is hanging at Diana's tail. We ſhall find them both together.

Rufus. I have deſerved your jeers; but, for pity's ſake——

Euſtace. Make yourſelf eaſy, maſter Rufus; your ring is here.

Rufus. (*aſtoniſhed*) What, have you it? you my ring?

Lionel (*aſide to Serina.*) He is making game of him, that is right.

Rufus. But is it really ſo? Oh! on my knees I'll—But no——you ſhall firſt hear how wicked I have been.

SCENE VI.

SERINA, EUSTACE, LIONEL.

Serina. What is the meaning of that? He is gone off.

Euſtace. I am afraid the poor boy has loſt his wits.

Lionel. Your joke, for all that, may coſt you dear. If he goes and fetches his father to demand the ring?

Euſtace. Do you think then that I will keep it?

Lionel. Why, have you actually the ring?

Euſtace. Certainly I have it, otherwiſe I ſhould not have ſaid ſo. I picked it up cloſe by our door.

Lionel. Indeed you are too good. He does not deſerve to be ſo happy. You ſhould have left him a little longer in pain, at leaſt.

Serina. How, maſter Lionel! Does not my brother's example move you? Do you know that you loſe ground now very much, in his friendſhip and mine?

SCENE VII.

MR. CALVERT, SERINA, EUSTACE, LIONEL.

Mr. Calv. What is the matter with Rufus? I ſaw him from my window, come in here all in tears?

Serina. The poor boy was half dead.

Euſtace. It was he who loſt the ring that I found. It belongs to his father.

Mr. Calv. Have you convinced him of the meanneſs of his behaviour towards us?

Lionel. Dear, ſir, no. Diana has not been ſo much as mentioned.

Mr. Calv. At leaſt I would have inſiſted upon his returning her. He ſhould not hear of his ring without that.

Euſtace. Ah! papa, my heart would not let me be ſo harſh. I ſaw Rufus ſo afflicted.

Serina. Though I love Diana very well, I could not poſſibly think of her juſt then, nor of any thing but the grief of that unfortunate boy.

Mr. Calv. You have both acted generouſly, and you are my dear children, my beſt friends, all my joy and all my pride. None but baſe ſouls would inſult the diſtreſs of an enemy that is fallen. But where is Rufus? Why did he not aſk for the ring as he went away?

Euſtace. He was ſo tranſported with joy, that he did not know what he was doing.

Serina. He ran towards the door, and went out as if he was mad.

Euſtace. O, papa, did you but know how overjoyed I am to ſee you approve my behaviour, and my ſiſter's!

Mr. Calv. Could you believe me inſenſible to a generous action?

Euſtace. Becauſe you had forbidden me—

Mr. Calv. I forbad you to ſpeak unguardedly about the ring, but I did not tell you to keep it, when the owner ſhould appear.

SCENE VIII.

MR. CALVERT, SERINA, EUSTACE, LIONEL, RUFUS, (*having the greyhound under his arm.*)

Serina, (*with an exclamation of joy.*) Ah! Diana, my dear Diana. (*She runs to her, takes her up in her arms, and careſſes her.*)

Rufus. You ſee how much I was to blame, and how little I deſerved your generoſity. Can you pardon me

this fraud, and my unworthy behaviour? (*perceiving Mr. Calvert.*) Ah! ſir, how bad I muſt appear in your eyes!

Mr. Calv. A perſon is no longer ſo when he acknowledges his fault, and endeavours as you do, to repair it. Here is your father's ring.

Rufus. I am aſhamed and ſorry, to have offended ſo excellent children. What difference between them and me! how wicked I am, and how generous are they!

Serina. It is only a little prank of yours, Maſter Rufus, and you would not have let the day paſs without returning Diana to me.

Rufus. You think too well of me. I had hid her up in the garret, and——

Mr. Calv. We don't wiſh to know any more. It is ſufficient that you are ſorry for what you have done. You now ſee yourſelf, that bad actions make God and man our enemies, and are always diſcovered ſooner or latter. I ſhould take the liberty too of propoſing to you as a model, the behaviour of my children, generous little creatures! how ſhould I thank heaven for ſending me ſuch a gift! You ſee, the moſt noble and certain revenge is that of doing kindneſſes, and that nothing is more worthy a great ſpirit, than to repay ill-nature with good offices.

Rufus. Ah! I feel that now myſelf with the moſt lively ſorrow: (*To Euſtace and Serina.*) Will you ever forgive me?

Euſtace. (*taking his hand*) Yes, from this moment, and ſincerely.

Serina. I have my Diana once more, and all is forgot.

Rufus. (*to Lionel*) We ſhould be unworthy of this pattern, if we did not follow it.

Lionel. I am as much aſhamed as you, and this leſſon ſhall not be loſt on me.

Rufus. I have juſt confeſſed all to my father. In proportion as he was angry with me, he was touched with your generoſity. He requeſts permiſſion to come

in about an hour hence, to thank you, and to beg your acceptance of a ſmall token of his gratitude.

Mr. Calv. No, there is no occaſion for any preſents. To do well, my children deſire no reward but from themſelves. Beſides, reſtoring a perſon his property is no more than a ſtrict duty.

Euſtace. How pleaſing to perform that duty! I have gained a friend for my whole life; have not I, Rufus?

Rufus. If I could be worthy of that honour. I ſhall do every thing in my power to be ſo.

THE YOUNG SPARROWS.

LITTLE ROBERT one day perceived a ſparrow's neſt under the eaves of the houſe, and running immediately for his ſiſters to inform them of his diſcovery, they all contrived together how to make themſelves maſters of the little covey. It was agreed to wait until the young ones ſhould be fledged; that then Robert ſhould raiſe a ladder againſt the wall, and that his ſiſters ſhould hold it faſt below, while he climbed up for the neſt. When they thought the little birds ſufficiently feathered, they made ready to put their deſign in execution. It ſucceeded perfectly, and they found three young ones in the neſt. The old birds ſent forth piteous cries on ſeeing their little ones taken from them, which they had nouriſhed with ſo much care; but Robert and his ſiſters were ſo overjoyed, that they did not pay the leaſt attention to their complaints.

They were at firſt a little puzzled what to do with their priſoners. Auguſta, the youngeſt, being of a mild and compaſſionate diſpoſition, was for having them put in a cage: She promiſed to take the charge of them upon herſelf, and to feed them regularly every day: She deſcribed, in a lively manner, to her brother and ſiſter, the pleaſure that they ſhould have in

ſeeing and hearing thoſe young birds when grown big. This was oppoſed by Robert: he maintained that it was better to pluck them juſt as they were, and that it would be much more funny to look at them jumping about in the room without feathers, than to ſee them diſmally ſhut up in a cage. Charlotte, the eldeſt, declared herſelf of the ſame opinion as Auguſta, but Robert perſiſted in his own.

At laſt the two little girls, ſeeing that their brother would not give up the point, and that beſides he had the neſt in his poſſeſſion, agreed to whatever he deſired. But he had not waited for their conſent to begin his execution. The firſt was already plucked.—There is one ſtript, ſays he, ſetting it on the ground. In a moment all the little family was deprived of their tender feathers. The poor things cried, *peep! peep!* and complained very piteouſly; they ſhuddered with the cold, and ſhook their bare little wings. But Robert inſtead of pitying their ſufferings, did not end his perſecutions there: He puſhed them with his toe to make them go on, and whenever they tumbled over, he burſt out a laughing; and at laſt his ſiſters joined in the laugh with him.

While they were indulging this cruel amuſement, they ſaw at a diſtance their tutor coming towards them.

Mum! each pocketed a bird, and was ſlinking off.—"Well," cried their tutor to them, "where are you going? Come hither!" This order obliged them to ſtop. They advanced ſlowly, with their eyes fixed on the ground.——

The Tutor. Why do you run away at my coming?

Rob. We are only playing.

The Tutor. You know I do not debar you of amuſement, and indeed I am never ſo happy as when I ſee you all merry.

Rob. We were afraid that you were coming to ſcold us.

The Tutor. Do I ever ſcold you for taking an innocent diverſion? I ſee you have done ſomething amiſs. Why have you each your hand in your pocket? I muſt

now the reaſon. Shew me each your hand, and what ou have in it. (*They ſhew each their hand, with a bird lucked.*)

The Tutor, (*with an emotion of pity and indignation.*) nd who could give you the idea of treating theſe poor ttle creatures thus?

Rob. Why it is ſo droll to ſee ſparrows jump without athers.

The Tutor. You think it very droll to ſee innocent eatures ſuffer, and to hear their cries when in pain?

Rob. No, ſir, I did not think it made them ſuffer.

The Tutor. Didn't you? Come hither: I will conince you it did. (*He plucks a few hairs out of Robert's ead.*)

Rob. Oh! Oh!

The Tutor. Does that hurt you?

Rob. Do you think it does not, to pluck one's hairs?

The Tutor. Pſhaw! there are only a dozen.

Rob. But that is too much.

The Tutor. What would it be then, were one to uck out all your hair ſo? Have you a notion of the ain that you would feel? And yet you have put theſe rds to the very ſame torture, though they never did ou any harm. And you, young ladies, you that ſhould e more tender-hearted, did you ſuffer this?

The two little miſſes were ſtanding by ſilent, but earing theſe laſt words, and feeling the keenneſs of the buke, ſat down with their eyes ſwimming in tears. he tutor remarking their ſorrow, was touched with , and ſaid no more to them.

Robert did not cry, and endeavoured to juſtify himſelf thus: I could not think that I did them any arm. They ſung all the while, and they clapped eir wings as if they were pleaſed.

The Tutor. Do you call their cries ſinging? But why ould they ſing?

Rob. I ſuppoſe to call their father and mother.

The Tutor. No doubt. And when their cries ſhould

have brought them, what did the young ones mean t
tell them by clapping their wings?

Rob. I cannot ſay exactly; perhaps to aſk their help

The Tutor. Juſt ſo. Therefore, if thoſe birds coul
have expreſſed themſelves in our ſpeech, you woul
have heard them cry, "Ah! father and mother, ſav
us! We have unhappily fallen into the hands of cru
children, that have plucked all our feathers. We ar
cold, and in pain. Come, warm us, and cure us, o
we ſhall die."

The little girls could hold out no longer; they ſob
bed, and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs. It wa
you, Robert, that led us to this cruelty. We hated th
thought of it ourſelves. Robert was then himſelf ſen
ſible of his fault. He had already been puniſhed by hi
tutor plucking his hair; he was now much more ſo b
the reproaches of his own heart.——————The tuto
thought there was no occaſion to add to this doubl
puniſhment. It was not, indeed, from an inſtinct o
cruelty, but purely for want of thought, that Robert
had done this ill-natured action, and the pity which h
felt from that moment for all creatures weaker tha
himſelf, opened his heart to the ſentiments of kindne
and humanity that have animated him all the reſt o
his life.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

THE COUNTESS OF C——	
AUGUSTUS, JULIA,	*her Children.*
HARRY,	*a Nobleman's younger Son.*
ELIZA,	*his Sifter.*
GABRIEL, LUCIAN, FLORA,	*Friends of Julia and Auguſtus.*
RACHAEL, ADAM,	*Servants to the Counteſs.*

The ſcene is in the country, at the Counteſs's, and in two rooms that open to the garden.

ACT I. SCENE I.

RACHAEL, *(reckoning up the counters on a table.)*

'TIS all loſt labour to ſtand counting thus. I can't make more than fifty-four. There ſhould, however, be five dozen. Well, I think there never was a houſe like ours for hare-brain'd children; for wherever they once put their foot, one may be ſure they'll jumble every thing together, if they don't loſe ſomething or another. I muſt look about however, or my lady, when ſhe comes, will ſcold me finely.——Here ſhe is.

The Counteſs, (*entering.*) You ſeem uneaſy, Rachael! what are you in ſearch of?

Rach. Of your ladyſhip's beſt counters.

The Counteſs. Don't you ſee them on the table?

Rach. Yes, my lady; but the number is not complete?

The Counteſs. That ſhould not be.

Rach. That ſhould not be indeed; and yet there are no leſs than half a dozen wanting. Were there not five dozen?

The Counteſs. Yes; you know as well as I there were.

Rach. Well, then, there are but four and fifty.

The Counteſs, (*after having counted them.*) There are indeed no more.—And yet laſt night the number was complete. I put them up myſelf, when we had finiſhed playing. But what cauſed you to come now, and count them up.

Rach. Becauſe, as I paſſed by the door, I ſaw the children had been playing with them.

The Counteſs. Yet I abſolutely ordered they ſhould not be touched: they've ivory ones to play with; who could give the theſe?

Rach. The ſelves.

The Counteſs. Themſelves! Where are they?

Rach. In the garden, madam, with their little company.

The Counteſs. Fetch Julia here.—But ſtay, have none been here but Julia and Auguſtus?

Rach. Yes, their friends: And who can tell—

The Counteſs. What, Rachel, can you poſſibly ſuſpect—

Rach. I'll anſwer for your children, pleaſe your ladyſhip, and likewiſe the three young St. Lukes, as if they were myſelf.

The Counteſs. And not the others?

Rach. I don't know them well enough.

The Counteſs. What Rachel, two ſuch children as the little Harry and his ſiſter?

Rach. If your ladyſhip thinks fit, I'll call Miſs Julia in; but here ſhe comes.

The Counteſs, (*to Julia coming in.*) Who told you, miſs, to uſe my ſilver counters? Did not I—

Julia. 'Tis not my fault, mamma.

The Counteſs. And whoſe then, pray?

Julia. The little Harry and his ſiſter's. I had got the ivory counters, when they aſked me if I meant to play with them, as they had never ſuch at home, and muſt have better; upon which they opened all the drawers and cloſets till they met with theſe.

The Counteſs. And why not mention I would never let you uſe them?

Julia. Good! as if they'd hear me. I believe they would have beat us, had we not ſurrendered them.

Rach. Upon my word, theſe children, as it ſeems, are charmingly brought up.

The Counteſs. You ſhould at leaſt have counted them when you left off playing.

Julia. That was what I wiſhed to do. But after I had got to twenty-four, or thereabouts, young Harry ſnatched them from me, put them up pell-mell, and dragged us into the garden with him.

The Counteſs. Do you know that ſix are miſſing?

Julia. Sure, mamma!

The Counteſs. How! ſure! when I have told you! ſee now whether one can truſt you in the leaſt! You know it was your duty to take care of them.

Julia. I was confounded, dear mamma: theſe children are ſo miſchievous! I was obliged to have my eye continually on them, as I thought they would have broke your china. I was obliged frequently to follow them about the room: they may have flung the counters, then, into ſome corner or another.

The Counteſs. Well, but I muſt have them found.

Rach. I know but one way, madam. Were I you I'd turn the little maſter's pockets inſide out before they quit the houſe.

The Counteſs. Fie, Rachael! would you have me thus affront their parents?

Julia. O I'm ſure, mamma, not one among them can have ſtole the counters.

The Counteſs. So I think; but children of their age may be a little giddy-headed. So go to them, Julia, and politely aſk if any one among them may not by miſtake have put them up into his pocket. Your commiſſion is a nice one, and requires a little management. Take care you don't offend them, by inſinuating you think any one has got them.

Julia. I'll take care, mamma.

The Counteſs. Accuſe yourſelf of negligence, and tell them I ſhall think you've loſt the counters, if they ſhould not ſoon be found.

Julia. I underſtand you.

The Counteſs. And bid Adam, as you paſs, come here.

Julia. I will, mamma.

SCENE II.

RACHAEL *and* THE COUNTESS.

Rach. (who has been employed in looking round the room.) I'll anſwer for it, they're not here: there's not a corner but I have ſearched into it.

The Counteſs. This ſhould not have happened in my houſe. I dread, yet long to know, by what means they are vaniſhed.

Adam, (entering.) Here am I, my lady: what's your pleaſure?

The Counteſs. To inform you, Adam, I have loſt ſince yeſterday ſix counters.

Adam. Does your ladyſhip ſuſpect I took them?

The Counteſs. God forbid I ſhould. I am too well acquainted with your honeſty for that. But I ſuppoſe if you have croſſed the room, you might have ſeen them on ſome chair, or elſewhere.

Adam. Counters on a chair?

The Counteſs. I know that's not a proper place for counters; but the children have been playing where they were, and might have inconſiderately left them in ſome corner, and you ſeen them.

Adam. No, my lady, I have not.

The Counteſs. I'm ſorry for it; I don't know what method to purſue They muſt have certainly been loſt ſince morning, as I counted them myſelf laſt night.—But look about.

Rach. Your ladyſhip has ſeen how I've been ſearching for them. Servants are but badly off, when any thing is loſt about a houſe. However honeſt they may be, they're conſtantly ſuſpected.

The Counteſs. Very likely; but the honeſt ſervant will on this occaſion pardon me, if I include her in my ſearch of the diſhoneſt.

Adam. You may firſt of all examine me, my lady.—Rogues are conſtantly the firſt to be diſpleaſed when they're ſuſpected.

Rach. God be thanked, I have no fear of that ſort; but it cannot be a matter of indifference to the honeſt ſervant, when a thief is in the houſe.

The Counteſs. But put yourſelf in my place; what would you do? Think, Adam.

Adam. Do, my lady?—I've a thought this moment ſtruck me; and provided I have leave to put it into execution, I'll engage to find the counters.

The Counteſs. But you muſt not think of giving any one occaſion to ſuppoſe himſelf ſuſpected.—What is your deſign?

Adam. I can't at preſent tell your ladyſhip. A ſingle ſyllable might ſpoil the buſineſs: do but bring together all the children in the adjoining room. I promiſe you the thief, if there is any thief among them, ſhall betray himſelf.

The Counteſs. I can't tell whether I ſhould let—

Adam. You know me, my dear miſtreſs. Be aſſured that no one but the guilty perſon ſhall have reaſon to complain; and him, I dare believe, you would not wiſh to ſpare.

The Counteſs. Well, Adam, as I know your prudence, I rely upon it.

Adam. Good! my lady. Therefore I'll go get my conjuring-ſtick, and other matters ready.—(*he goes out.*)

Rach. Madam—did he not ſay ſomething about conjuring? But that I myſelf am innocent, I ſhould beforehand die of fright.

The Counteſs. Peace, Simpleton. What now, Auguſtus? (*to Auguſtus, who comes in.*) You ſeem big with ſomething or another! have you brought the counters with you?

Aug. No, mamma: I have but learned that ſix are loſt. My ſiſter told us ſo juſt this moment.

The Counteſs. And how was the intelligence received?

Aug. We are exceedingly ſurprized. The two St. Lukes particularly, and their ſiſter, want to come and plead their innocence before you.

The Counteſs. Plead! they are the laſt I ſhould ſuſpect of ſuch a deed. And Maſter Harry!

Aug. O, he's furious; and told Julia, that to look upon him as a thief was but a bad reception.

The Counteſs. Julia was not rude, I hope, in telling them my meſſage.

Aug. No, mamma, quite otherwiſe. She ſpoke with great politeneſs.

The Counteſs. Why then, pray, was Harry angry? there was nothing perſonal in what your ſiſter ſaid.

Aug. I can't well tell the reaſon; but Eliza drew him privately aſide: he would not condeſcend to hear her. He's determined to be gone: his hat is fortunately here; he'll come and fetch it, and declares he'll not remain a minute in the houſe. He threatens he'll complain to his papa.

The Counteſs. He muſt not poſitively go. I'll tell his Lordſhip of the whole affair myſelf, when he comes to take him home.

Aug. The reſt wiſh greatly for permiſſion to appear and juſtify themſelves before you.

The Counteſs. There's no need of that. I only wiſh to know if they could give me any information of the counters. They are all of them too well brought up, that I ſhould venture to accuſe them of the theft. But I am well acquainted with the whims of children——

They'll ſee every thing, and finger every thing; and from a want of thought, might eaſily have put a thing into their pocket, without any criminal intention.

Aug. Certainly they might, mamma; as I did, you remember, when I took my ſiſter's purſe up by miſtake, and would have carried it away.

The Counteſs. But ſoftly; here they are. Go Rachael, and inquire if Adam is preparing matters. (*Rachel goes out.*)

SCENE III.

THE COUNTESS, AUGUSTUS, JULIA, HARRY, ELIZA, GABRIEL, LUCIAN, *and* FLORA.

The Counteſs. Well, how fares it with you all my little friends? I'm glad to ſee you here.

Harry. Miſs Julia has juſt now informed us, you have loſt ſix counters of the number we unluckily were playing with. I'm ſorry for it; but could never think your ladyſhip would have ſuſpected any one of us had taken them. At leaſt I can aſſure you for my ſiſter and myſelf, that we know nothing of them.

The Counteſs. God forbid I ſhould ſuſpect ſuch well-bred children, as I look upon you all to be. Sure Julia did not tell you I ſuppoſed you had the counters.

Eliza. No, my lady; all ſhe ſaid was to inquire if we had brought them out through inattention, or to play a little longer with them in the garden.

The Counteſs. Which you might have very innocently done. 'Tis ſhe alone I blame in the affair, becauſe ſhe did not let you have her counters.

Gabriel. She deſigned, I think, to uſe them.

Lucian. I never dare to ſhew my face again, if I had taken nothing but a pin.

Flora. (*emptying her pockets.*) See, my lady, I have nothing.

The Counteſs. My dear children, I've already told you I am far from thinking any of you has them, when you ſay you have not. They are certainly of no great value; yet I cannot but confeſs their loſs affects me.

Harry. Were they only worth a ſtraw, they are your ladyſhip's, and ſhould not now be miſſing. But you know there are ſuch things as ſervants; and they are not always very honeſt. 'Tis not the firſt time we have ſuſpected them at home.

Julia. But 'tis the firſt time any thing of the kind has happened in our houſe, dear Maſter Harry, I aſſure you.

Aug. I would anſwer for our ſervants, men and women.

The Counteſs. I have truſted them this long time, but if you, ſir, (*to Harry*) have made any obſervations, I'd requeſt you'd let me know them.

Harry. Oh, no, no;—but when we went into the garden, did not what's her name——the houſe maid enter?

The Counteſs. Rachael! Oh, I don't fear her. Theſe ſix years paſt that I have had her, ſhe might eaſily have made away with things of value, had ſhe been diſhoneſt.

Harry. Did not your old footman come in likewiſe? I don't like his looks; and ſhould not chooſe to meet him in a lane at night.

The Counteſs. Fie, ſir! what makes you ſuſpect the honeſt Adam? he was my father-in-law's confidential ſervant, and has been much longer in the family than even I myſelf. If he could poſſibly turn pilferer, neither you nor I could know what living creature we might truſt.

Harry. 'Tis not unlikely then, but ſome one may have got into the room when we were gone.

The Counteſs. That's not at all unlikely; and I'm going to inquire. Amuſe yourſelves till I come back.

Harry. No, madam: after what has paſſed, I can't ſtay any longer here. Auguſtus, can you tell me where they've put my hat?

Aug. 'Tis taken to be bruſhed; you'll have it brought you.

Harry. I muſt have it inſtantly.

Eliza. But won't you ſtay a little for papa? You know he means to come and fetch us.

The Counteſs. I can't let you poſſibly go home on foot. You would have upwards of three miles to walk. Stay here till I return: I won't detain you long. (*She goes out.*)

Harry. I'm very much aſtoniſh'd your mamma ſhould have ſuch thoughts of us! We ſteal her counters!

Julia. Neither has ſhe ſuch a thought. She might have fancied we had put them, without thought, into our pockets. I might eaſily have taken them in this way as yourſelf, or any other: But as you ſay *ſteal*, ſhe did not think of ſuch a word, or any like it.

Harry. Had there been none here but tradeſmen's children, ſhe might well have entertained ſuſpicions; but ſhould make ſome difference now.

Gabriel. You ſpeak of us, ſir, I can ſee. Your looks inform me ſo: but let me tell you, in my turn, that 'tis one's way of living, and not birth, one ſhould be proud of.

Harry. How theſe tradeſmen talk about their way of living! You are very happy there are ſo few children hereabout, and that Auguſtus and myſelf are forced to make you our companions, or have no diverſion. Did you live in London, you would not have ſuch an honour, notwithſtanding your fine way of living.

Aug. Speak, ſir, for yourſelf alone: for juſt as here, in London too, I ſhould be proud to entertain my little friends.

Julia. Yes, certainly. They give us, to the full, as good example as ſuch whipper-ſnapper noblemen as you.

Eliza. This, brother, you've deſerved. Why firſt attack them.

Harry. And you too, upon me? you think certainly as I do, though you won't confeſs you do.—Have you forgot mamma's inſtruction on the ſubject of familiarity with thoſe beneath us? "Never mix

with tradeſmen's children: in the lower ranks of life you'll always have low thoughts."

Aug. And can you poſſibly ſuſpect my friends are capable of being thieves?

Gabriel. Did we approach the table?

Flora. No: whereas we ſaw you take the counters, and look at them half a dozen times, I fancy. (*Harry aims to ſtrike her.*)

Aug. Softly! you'll have me to deal with elſe.

Gabriel. No, no, my friend. I thank you, but I can take care of my ſiſter. Let him even threaten her. I'm not a bit more frightened at his ſize than title.

Harry. O 'tis far beneath me to diſpute with traders.

Julia. Very well: I hope then it is beneath you likewiſe to attack a little girl.

Harry. I ſhan't permit her to inſult me.

Eliza. She would certainly have done much better had ſhe held her tongue.

Julia. But being ſuch a child, ſhe might be pardoned: and particularly when ſhe ſpoke the truth.

Harry. The truth?

Gabriel. Yes, if you underſtand that word.—She ſaid, you took the counters and looked at them; and this certainly was true.

Harry. I ſhan't even condeſcend to anſwer.

Gabriel. You can't take a better reſolution, when you've nothing but ſuch anſwers for us.

SCENE IV.

AUGUSTUS, JULIA, HARRY, ELIZA, GABRIEL, LUCIAN, FLORA, *and* THE COUNTESS.

The Counteſs. What's the meaning of all this? won't have any quarrels here.

Harry. My lady, I expect you'll do me juſtice o theſe little folks.

The Counteſs. Folks! folks! and who are theſe? am not accuſtomed to have ſuch as viſit here called ſo

Aug. He's angry, ſince we were not in a humour endure his airs.

Julia. He thought he ſhould have had a company of dukes at leaſt to play with

Gabriel. And imagines we ſhould be ſuſpected of this theft, much rather than a nobleman.

Lucian. As if we had no character to keep as he has!

Flora. Aye, and would have beat me, had not Gabriel taught him better.

The Counteſs. But it can't be true; however, let us withdraw into the adjoining chamber: Adam will be with you there: his ſcheme, at leaſt, will certainly divert us; for as to any way he has of coming at the truth, reſpecting things that have been loſt, I laughed at ſuch pretenſions: Yet if any one of you preſent ſhould refuſe his company, it could not but be looked upon as very ſtrange; and who can tell, if he or ſhe would not, on that account, incur ſuſpicion? But I make the affair too ſerious.—Go in, my good friends: I wiſh the whole were over.—As I ſaid juſt now, 'twill make you laugh; and youll be reconciled with one another.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The COUNTESS, AUGUSTUS, JULIA, HARRY, ELIZA, GABRIEL, LUCIAN, *and* FLORA.

Eliza. To ſay the truth, my brother is too haſty.

The Counteſs. He will mend that fault, I dare perſuade myſelf, in future: But here's Adam. (*Adam enters with a baſket.*)

Adam. So; 'tis here your ladyſhip ſees company: well then, with your permiſſion, and the little gentlefolks, I'll introduce my cock, who, you muſt know beforehand is a conjurer. (*Putting down the baſket on the table.*)

Flora. O, a cock! a cock!

Adam. Yes, nothing more: for look you: (*He lifts up a napkin in the baſket, ſo that Flora and the reſt diſcern*

he creature's neck and creſt.) Juſt like others, ſaving that my cock has not his equal in the world for knowledge: why, he'll tell me things no other perſon poſſibly can know of. If a ſingle ſtraw, and nothing elſe is miſſing, I need only run and have a conſultation with him; he'll be ſure to know who ſtole it.

Julia. You can then find our counters, can you?

Adam. Can I? why laſt Chriſtmas, at the ale-houſe, I had loſt my pipe; ſo what does I do, but away and fetch my cock, who let me know the groom had got it: and I think you recollect he broke his leg about a fortnight after.

Flora. He can talk then?

Adam. Yes, like other cocks: *Cock, cock-a-raw.*— On which, I underſtand him juſt as if 'twere you ſpoke to me.

Julia. Yet you never told us this before.

Adam. Becauſe we never yet loſt any thing.

The Counteſs. Well now, a truce to all this converſation, and begin.

Adam. Not quite ſo faſt, my lady. I muſt go to conjuring in the dark.

The Counteſs. A very eaſy matter; you need only cloſe the ſhutters.

Julia. I'll go out and puſh them too.

The Counteſs. You're much too ſhort: you cannot reach them. Adam will do that himſelf.

Adam. Yes, madam. (*He goes out.*)

Auguſtus. (*with the reſt, excepting Harry, who appears embarraſſed, lifting up the napkin.*) This ſame cock ſeems ſupernatural, I fancy. (*Looking at him earneſtly.*) How his eyes ſhine!

Julia. And his comb, how red it looks! my patience! how it ſhakes upon his head!

Flora. Do you imagine it has ſo much knowledge then, as Adam ſays?

Lucian. Papa has often told us, what we ought to think of ſuch ſtrange ſtories.

Gabriel. Adam is a cunning ſportſman, and I'm ſure can make birds hold their tongue, much rather wit

his piece, than to teach a cock to talk by virtue of his wand.

Eliza. Who knows; my governeſs has told me many wondrous things of conjuration, and all that.

Harry. I wonder ſiſter, you can liſten to ſuch ſtories!

The Counteſs. I am glad you have theſe notions of the matter, and ſhould like to laugh at Adam for his folly. What ſimplicity; a cock diſcover thieves!

Harry. (forcing a ſmile.) I fancy we ſhall have a deal of laughing very ſhortly. (*The ſhutters come together.*) But why ſhut the ſhutters? (*with uneaſineſs.*) I don't love darkneſs

Julia. If the cock can't ſee, he'll never find the thief out.—Will he, pray, mamma?

The Counteſs. Well aſked: for I can't tell you.

Flora. I ſhould like, if I knew how, to make him ſpeak. Come, pretty little cock, ſay ſomething. See how dark it is.—Look out a little.—He don't ſpeak a word!

Julia The reaſon is, I fancy, he'll obey his maſter only. (*Adam comes in again.*)

The Counteſs. Well, you're ſatisfied now, Adam, ſince you've thus ſhut out the day-light?

Adam. Yes, my lady; every thing is as it ſhould be. And ſo now, let thoſe remain that have not ſtole the counters; but if any one is guilty, let that one go out. What, all remain!

Harry. How cunning!

Adam. I ſee clearly then I muſt employ my art. (*He waves his wand and draws a circle on the floor, pronouncing ſomething unintelligible.*)

That's well! So now, my cock, take heed;
And tell us, who are rogues indeed.

Come, now, my little gentlemen and ladies, and let every one of you, in turn, lift up the napkin here, and with his right hand, do you ſee, ſtroke Chanticleer upon the back. You will hear his muſic, when the thief

once puts his hand upon him; but don't lift the cloth too high; juſt high enough to let your hand paſs under it.

So now, my pretty cock, take heed;
And tell us who are rogues indeed.

Well! what, will none of you begin?

The Counteſs. What, every one afraid? Why, one would think you all, at this rate, guilty!

Flora. I'm the youngeſt, but I'll ſet the example. (*She lifts up the cloth, and ſtrokes the cock twice over in the baſket.*) Do you ſee the cock don't ſpeak. It is not I then that have ſtole the counters.

Adam. Very well. Stand now in this place, with your hand behind you—Is it ſo?

Flora. Feel, feel.

Adam. That's right. Now you, ſir. (*to Auguſtus.*)

Aug. O! I fear as little as Miſs Flora.—There.—He has not ſpoke.—Muſt I too hold my hand behind me?

Adam. Certainly; and every one.—Come here, by this young lady.—Well another.

Julia. I'll go next. (*She ſtrokes him.*) If he had ſaid a word, he would have been a ſtory-teller.—

Adam. By your brother here. Who's next?

Eliza. 'Tis my turn now. (*She ſtrokes him.*) As mute as any mackerel—Yet I ſtroked him four times over.

Adam. Are your right hands all behind you? Don't forget that part.

Gabriel. (*to Harry.*) I'll follow you.

Harry. As if I'd have to do with ſuch child's play.

The Counteſs. You would not ſurely ſpoil our ſport. A little complaiſance, pray, Harry.

Harry. If that's all, I've no objection.—(*he puts his hand under the cloth.*) There.—I don't find he has ſpoke for me, though I have ſtroked him more than others.

Adam. Here, ſir, with the reſt; and keep your hand behind you.

Flora. There are none now, but my brothers left

that have not ſtroked him. It is one of them!—O, no; I don't think ſo. (*Gabriel and Lucian imitate the others; upon which, the children all burſt out a laughing.*)

Lucian. And where's the thief?—Why, no-where.

The Counteſs. Adam, you ſhould ſend your cock to Norwood; he's not deep enough.

Adam. I muſt acknowledge this confounds me.—For a little while, however, patience; and don't ſtir.—Stand ſtill, I ſay.—They're juſt like ſo much quick-ſilver!——My circle, as I think, muſt be imperfect. I'll go fetch a candle, and examine. Pray your lady-ſhip let no one quit his place.

SCENE II.

The COUNTESS, AUGUSTUS, JULIA, HARRY, ELIZA, GABRIEL, LUCIAN, *and* FLORA.

Harry. I knew before-hand what all this would come to.—Stupid nonſenſe!

Flora. Why, this cock's no wiſer than his maſter.

Eliza. Truly I'm glad he's caught.

Julia. And what does he deſign to do, when he has got his light?

The Counteſs. He'll ſhew us.

Flora. I ſhould like to ſee the cock now.—He'll ſcarce hold his head up, I ſuppoſe, for ſhame.

Adam (*returning with a light, and going up to Flora.*) Come, let me ſee your little hand. (*She holds him out the left.*) Not this,—but that behind you. Good!

Flora (*looking at her hand, and crying out.*) O! what a hand I have! as black as any coal! and will it always be ſo?

Adam. Don't be frightened, little miſs! I'll ſpeak about it to my cock, and you ſhall have both hands as white as ſnow.—(*The children have not patience, but look altogether at their hands, and inſtantly cry out at once.*)

Auguſtus. How black my fingers are too!

Julia. And mine likewiſe! What does Adam mean by this?

Eliza. I'd twiſt the creature's neck off, if I had him.

Gabriel. Fegs! my wriſtbands are come in a little for it!

Lucian. 'Tis as if my hand were painted!

Harry (lifting up his hand in triumph.) But ſee mine! There's none; but I have got a hand that's fit to look at.

Adam. (taking hold of Harry by the collar.) Very likely! 'Tis then you have ſtole the counters.—Give them up, young gentleman, this inſtant, or I'll ſearch your pockets, and then blacken you all over!

Eliza. Blacken him! O, brother! if you've got the counters give them up this moment.

The Counteſs. Take care, Adam, what you ſay!

Adam. I'm ſure he has them. So, quit the counters, or expect to have a countenance as grimy as the blackeſt negroe's.

Harry (turning pale and trembling.) Is it poſſible I ſhould have put them into my pocket, and not thought of what I was about? *(He feels about him.)* I recollect, indeed, I had them in my hand. *(He ſeems ſurpriſed at finding them thruſt down into a corner of his waiſtcoat-pocket.)* Dear me! they're here indeed! who would have thought it? *(All the children look at one another with ſurpriſe, while Harry ſtands confounded.)*

The Counteſs. Adam! *(he approaches)* take away your cock and candle, and go open us the ſhutters. Take care, (*in a whiſper,*) and don't tell your fellow ſervants how you found the counters. Say they were thruſt a great way back into the table drawer.

Adam. I will, my lady. *(He goes out.)*

The Counteſs. Go, my little friends, into the other room: you'll find I have ordered water there to waſh your hands. Take care and don't ſplaſh one another's clothes.

Flora. No, no:——but if this black ſhould not come off.

The Counteſs. 'Tis nothing but a little ivory black,

and water will remove it. You, ſir, (*to Harry.*) as your hands are clean, may ſtay with me.

SCENE III.

The COUNTESS, HARRY.

The Counteſs. Well then, my haughty little gentleman! and is it poſſible you could be guilty of ſo ſcandalous an action? You, that ſcarce a quarter of an hour ago looked down with ſo much ſcorn upon the children of a reputable worthy tradeſman, and ſuppoſed your quality diſgraced by being in their company. They have at preſent their revenge, ſince they may call you, and with juſtice, a vile thief!

Harry. Pray pardon me, my lady!—I was playing with the counters—and without conſidering at the moment, muſt have put them into my pocket.—I have no other method of accounting for their being found upon me.

The Counteſs. Pitiful excuſe! that aggravates your fault: At ſuch a tender age as your's, could I have poſſibly imagined one with ſo much front?

Harry. Believe me, madam, I had certainly no bad deſign!—I took them without meaning ſo to do, and afterwards concealed the matter, from my dread of being looked on as a thief.

The Counteſs. But after I had bid my daughter make inquiry for them with ſuch delicacy, you might eaſily have ſeemed to ſearch your pockets, and reſtored them without bluſhing. Your proceeding would have then been looked upon as nothing but an inadvertency.

Harry. I did not think of that, my lady.

The Counteſs. What then did you think of, when you durſt drop hints that poſſibly my honeſt ſervants might have taken them? or that my children's little friends were objects of ſuſpicion? What were your ideas, when you made believe to ſtroke the cock?

Harry. But, madam, I did ſtroke him.

The Counteſs. Hold your tongue, you little raſcal?—For that name is not too bad for your deſervings. Happily, as yet, you have not got ſufficient cunning to conceal your wicked actions. *You did ſtroke the cock!* Is that then your aſſertion? Don't you ſee, that if you had, you would have blacked your hands as all the others, Adam having ſmeared him over with a certain compoſition? Your companions were not in the leaſt afraid to ſtroke him, as their conſcience did not any way reproach them for the theft; but as for you, the apprehenſion you were under that, the ſervant's artifice might really be conjuration, awed you, and the means you pitched on to avoid detection have betrayed you. Oh! how politic you thought yourſelf, I warrant, in pretending only, as you did, to ſtroke the cock; but honeſty you would have found much better policy.—You merit I ſhould tell my lord, your father, of your laudable behaviour, when he comes to fetch you.

Harry. (falling on his knees.) Oh, no! pray my lady, I beſeech you! He would beat me; he would tread me under foot.

The Counteſs. And 'twould be better he ſhould do ſo, than bring up a monſter to diſgrace him at ſome future period. For of what hereafter will you not be capable, ſince in the ſeaſon of your infancy, as I may call it, you can perpetrate ſo great a crime.

Harry. Ah! madam, pardon me for pity's ſake, and never—

The Counteſs. Doubtleſs you have often made theſe promiſes to others; for this hardly is your firſt tranſgreſſion. Every circumſtance confirms it. So much falſity and impudence——

Harry. Then hear me, my good lady! if you ever hear in future that I make free with any thing whatever that's not mine——

The Counteſs. Inform me, in the firſt place, what did you intend to do with theſe ſix counters? You could hardly think you would have an opportunity of uſing them, but they muſt inſtantly be known. You meant to ſell them, then, for money?

Harry. No, believe me! I was pleaſed with looking at them. I conſidered no one would remember having ſeen them elſewhere, and on that account ſecreted them, my lady.

The Counteſs. And how could you deſire to have another's property? Confeſs! Is this your firſt offence?

Harry. (hiding his face) No, no, indeed, my lady. I have often been a thief at home; but never having been ſuſpected there, ſuppoſed I ſhould have had the ſame good fortune here.

The Counteſs. A very wicked ſort of reaſoning this! For, granting no one on earth ſuſpected you, I'm certain you well know God ſees and puniſhes whatever people do amiſs. Perhaps, however, this event is for your benefit; and you will prove more likely to amend, when you have once been puniſhed as you merit.

Harry. Let it be by you, my lady, or by any one, but not by my papa. Let him know nothing of the matter, I conjure you. Tell it, if you pleaſe, to my mamma, but keep the matter from his knowledge.

The Counteſs. There again! you would not have your father know it, as you fear the blows he might beſtow upon you. Thus 'tis nothing but an abjectneſs that guides you, even in the work of your repentance: and it is not for his peace of mind you would conceal it from him, for you fear not your mamma ſhould know it, ſince ſhe would not beat you. 'Tis not your idea to conſult her peace of mind.

Harry. Then tell it my preceptor.

The Counteſs. I am ſenſible, indeed, how much the knowledge of your fault would mortally afflict them; and from that conſideration, not upon your own account, conſent to ſpare you; but on this condition, that you come with your preceptor hither, and before him let me have your ſolemn promiſe of amendment. I will get him to keep watch upon your conduct; but if ever you ſhould break your word, not only will I mention this adventure of the counters to his lordſhip, but let every body know of it.

Harry. I conſent you ſhould do ſo, my lady.

The Counteſs. You might think, that, after this, I ſhould forbid your company with Julia aud Auguſtus but I have at heart your reformation, and will judge thereof myſelf. You may continue therefore coming here.

Harry. I thank you—yes ſincerely; but how face your ſervants.

The Counteſs. You have nothing upon that account to fear, for I have had more care and forethought for your reputation than yourſelf, by telling Adam not to ſpeak about it in the kitchen; and to hide your lie have been compelled to one myſelf, that they might not ſuppoſe you guilty.

Harry. Ah! my lady, how much am I not indebted to your bounty! Never ſhall I, if I would, forget the ſervice you have done me. But your children—and the little company now with them?

The Counteſs. I am well acquainted with their goodneſs, and am ſure they will forgive you. Call them. (*Harry, with a downcaſt look, goes ſlowly towards the door and bids them enter.*)

SCENE IV.

The COUNTESS, HARRY, AUGUSTUS, JULIA, ELIZA, GABRIEL, LUCIAN, *and* FLORA.

Eliza. Go, ſir, you're a thief! I'll never call you brother for the future.

The Counteſs. No, my dear Eliza, he is not ſo guilty as you think him. He has told me every thing. It was to play a little with the counters out of doors he took them; but when once the matter ſeemed conſidered as a theft, he was terrified at the idea of incurring my ſuſpicion. This apparent guilt has ſprung from a miſtaken ſhame, which I am very willing to excuſe; but not (*looking at the St. Lukes*) his ſcanda-

ſous endeavours to make you, my little dears, ſeem guilty.

Gabriel. Oh! my lady, we don't wiſh him any harm at preſent for it, as we know we ſhould forgive even ſuch as wrong us, and particularly when we ſee they are unhappy.

The Counteſs. Do you mark that, Harry? Such a conduct ought to ſhew you how much nobler 'tis to have an elevated way of thinking, than to boaſt an elevated birth. You find yourſelf entirely at the mercy even of thoſe you have inſulted; and, with all the boaſt of your nobility, you are the object of their pity.

Harry. Oh, what ſhame! but I ſubmit to undergo it.

Gabriel. We ſhall never introduce again the mention of this matter. It ſhall be ſecret for the time to come between us; ſhan't it, brother?

Lucian. Yes, he may rely upon my ſilence.

Gabriel. And you, ſiſter.

Flora. I'll not have him beat. I know what pain it gives one. (*Harry in the tranſports of his gratitude, embraces them.*)

Harry. I deſire, but dare not aſk, to be acquainted with you for the future.

Gabriel. 'Twill be doing us an honour if you'll ſtill continue upon terms of friendſhip with us.

Auguſtus and Julia. And for our part, we ſhall be no leſs delighted with your company, as long as you regard our friends.

Eliza. You're all of you too good. He does not merit ſuch indulgence, and papa muſt be informed of every thing.

The Counteſs. You'd loſe my friendſhip and eſteem entirely, I muſt tell you Miſs Eliza, could you poſſibly be unaffected with your brother's laudable repentance, when even ſtrangers overlook his error. Don't employ the advantage his offence affords you, to undo him in the good opinion of his parents; but, in future, let your counſel ſhew him how to act, that he may

merit their affection. I dare anſwer you will never b aſhamed of any thing he does hereafter.

Harry. I ſhould be unworthy of ſuch bounty, if th leſſon could be blotted out from my remembrance.

Flora. Take due care it be not, or *Beware of th ſtock in future!*

THE LITTLE PRATER.

LEONORA was endued with ſpirit and vivacity When ſcarcely ſix years old, ſhe was exceedingly we practiſed in the art of managing her needle, and cou very cleverly employ her ſciſſars. All the garters h papa and brothers were, were of her making. S could read with eaſe in any book ſhe happened to ta up; her writing was alſo extremely neat and fair. S did not huddle great and little letters in one word to gether, neither did they lean ſome this and others th way; and her lines were ſtraight along, not dancing t and down from one ſide of her paper to the other, too often I have ſeen in many children's copy book even older by a year or two than Leonora.

Her papa too, and mamma, were not leſs ſatisfi with her obedience, than her maſters with her diligen and ſtudy. She kept up a perfect union with her fi ters, treated every ſervant with the greateſt affabilit and her companions with regard and condeſcenſio All the friends of her parents, and every ſtranger th came there a viſiting, were equally enchanted with h company and converſation.

Who would think that, with ſo many recommend tory qualities, and ſo much underſtanding, any litt girl could poſſibly be ſo unfortunate, that none, wh they grew acquainted at the houſe, could bear he Such was Leonora, notwithſtanding; for a ſingle fau ſhe had unhappily contracted, was ſo great as to deſtro

he effect of all her juvenile accompliſhments. The ntemperance of her tongue made every one forget the races of her underſtanding, and the goodneſs of her eart. In ſhort, our Leonora was the greateſt prater ving.

When, for inſtance, ſhe was ſitting down to work, ne might have heard her ſay, O, ho! I fancy 'tis igh time I ſhould be doing ſomething! what would y mamma ſay, ſhould ſhe find me ſitting with my rms acroſs, a lolling with my elbows? O my ſtars! how uch I've got to hem here! all this apron! But at orſt, I never let the graſs grow under me when I do t out, and I ſhall ſoon have done. Ah! there the clock rikes: One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, ine—Yes, poſitively nine o'clock! Well then, I have ut two poor hours to work before I go to muſic; yet deal of buſineſs may be done in ſuch a length of time. Mamma, when ſhe obſerves how diligent I have been, ill be ſure to give me ſweatmeats. O! what pleaſure ſhall have in looking at them! Nothing do I love ke nice criſped almonds. Not that I don't like egg-lumbs preſerved; they are very good too, for papa opped one into my mouth laſt Thurſday, and then ave me a whole bag-full; but I think criſped almonds etter.—I ſhould like to ſee Miſs Winifred this morn-ng: I would ſhew her the fine petticoat mamma has ought me. Winifred's a funny little girl enough! like her vaſtly. O! but ſhe loves talking, and I on't know how it happens, but one cannot thruſt a ord in when her clapper's ſet a-going. Where's my himble got to? ſiſter, have you ſeen my thimble? atty muſt have ſurely loſt it for me, when ſhe came o ſweep the parlour. It's ſo like her! ſhe is always ch a hair-brained creature; who can work without a himble! I at leaſt, never take a ſtitch, if I miſlay it; r the needle pricks one's finger, and one's finger bleeds f courſe; and then, beſides the pain it gives one; how ne's work looks when 'tis ſpotted with red marks! Why, Patty! Patty! where can you be got to? Have ou ſeen my thimble? O, no! Here it is; and juſt as

if the matter were contrived on purpoſe, at the bottom of my work-bag.

It was thus the little creature would be always dinning people's ears that happened to be near her.——When her parents were engaged in any intereſting converſation with each other, ſhe would come and mix in their diſcourſe, by prating upon twenty different ſubjects. And at dinner, ſhe had hardly ever ended with her meat, before the pie or pudding was on the table. She would really forget to eat and drink, while everlaſtingly employed in prating.

Her papa would frequently reprove her twenty times a-day for this defect; but all reproof was loſt upon her, neither would the greateſt puniſhment produce a reformation in her conduct. As it was not poſſible for any one to hear himſelf when ſhe was by, Miſs Chatterbox was often ſent to paſs the morning all alone in her apartment. During dinner, they would put her at a little table by herſelf, as diſtant from the company as they could place her. Leonora ſeemed afflicted at this ſeparation, but was therefore not a whit more ſilent. She had always ſomething to converſe of, even with herſelf, and notwithſtanding talked ſo loud that every word ſhe ſaid was heard, for 'twas the ſame to her if any body was or was not by her: and I verily believe that, rather than be mute, ſhe ſhould have entered into converſation with her knife and fork.

From ſuch a fooliſh habit, what advantage did ſhe get? The ſtory tells us, only puniſhment and hatred. If you ſhould not be convinced of this by what I have already mentioned, you will certainly be ſo when you read what follows:

Once upon a time, her parents were invited to go down into the country for a week or fortnight, by a friend. 'Twas autumn then, the weather was extremely fine, and 'tis not eaſy to conceive what great abundance there was then of every kind of fruit, pears, apples, nectarines, and peaches.

Leonora thought it was deſigned to make her of

e party, but ſtood very much ſurpriſed when her pa, directing both his ſiſters to get ready for the urney, told her ſhe muſt ſtay at home. She fell a-ying, ran to her mamma, and ſaid, my dear mam-a, what fault have I committed, that papa ſhould be angry with me? Your papa, ſhe anſwered, is not ngry with you; but believe me, 'tis impoſſible for any e to bear your conſtant chatter. You would ſurely terrupt our pleaſure, and the pleaſure of the family e are now going to; and therefore for the future hen we viſit, we muſt leave you conſtantly behind us. Muſt I never ſpeak then? anſwered Leonora.

That, ſaid her mamma, would be no leſs a fault than hat we wiſh to ſee you cured of. You are not to e entirely mute; but then you ought to wait till you erceive your turn for ſpeaking is come round, and ot inceſſantly prevent your parents, and as many as ave more experience than yourſelf, from talking.—— ou ſhould alſo take care how you ſay whatever comes to your head. When you deſire to be informed of y thing, 'tis not improper you ſhould aſk, employing few words as poſſible; and having any thing to tell, ou ſhould, in that caſe, firſt of all reflect within your-lf, if thoſe about you would or would not like to hear

Leonora, tho' ſhe could not reaſonably call in queſtion is advice, would not have wanted words to juſtify her ating, if ſhe had not heard that moment her papa call ut that every thing was ready; and, in fact, the coach as off that very inſtant.

Leonora fell a ſighing, and with tears purſued the rriage till her eye could no longer diſcern it. When was wholly out of ſight, ſhe went into a corner, and gan to weep moſt bitterly. Ah, bubbling goſſip! e began, (*now ſpeaking to herſelf*) 'tis owing all to y long tongue that I have been ſo puniſhed. I'll take re in future, it ſhall never ſpeak a word more than it ght.

Some days after they returned. Leonora's ſiſters

brought home with them baſkets full of pears and apples. They were both exceedingly well tempered; therefore Leonora would on no account have gone without her ſhare, but then the tears ſhe had been ſhedding ſo completely took away her appetite, that 'tis not to be wondered at ſhe did not wiſh for any. She that moment ran to her papa, imploring his pardon for her fault in having forced him, ſhe knew, much againſt his will, to puniſh her. We have been both unhappy, added ſhe; but for the future I'll take care, and never ſpeak too much.

Her father tenderly embraced and kiſſed her.

On the morrow, Leonora was permitted to ſit down and take her dinner with the reſt. She ſpoke but very little, yet whatever ſhe thought to ſay was full of grace and modeſty. 'Tis true, it coſt her very much to check her tongne, that, through impatience and the itch of talking, rolled, if I may ſo, this and that way in her mouth; but on the following day, this work of checking her propenſity towards talking was leſs painful, and the next day ſtill leſs ſo. At length the difficulty, by a gradual diminution, was completely done away. At preſent ſhe has totally got rid of her bad habit, and ſhe figures in ſociety with credit to herſelf, and pleaſure to her friends, who are no longer vexed with what they were accuſtomed to entitle, in deriſion, her *inceſſant clack*.

PLEASURE WILL NOT ALWAYS PLEASE.

I SHOULD be very glad to play, mamma, all day, ſaid Laura.

Mrs. Holmes. What, *all* day!

Laura. O yes, mamma!

Mrs. Holmes. I ſhall be very glad to give you any

pleaſure in my power, my little Laura; but I fear you'll very ſoon be tired.

Laura. Of playing! Never. You'll ſee that, mamma.

And ſaying ſo, the little Laura ran to fetch her play-things. She had got them all together, but was quite alone; for both her ſiſters were that day to be employed with different maſters, till the afternoon.

At firſt, ſhe played as ſhe thought proper, and was very happy for an hour or thereabout; but by degrees the pleaſure ſhe enjoyed began to loſe a little of its power to pleaſe her.

She had handled now her play-things twenty times, or oftener, and could tell no longer what to do. Her favourite doll was grown quite troubleſome and tedious to her.

She deſired her dear mamma to ſhew her ſome new method of diverſion, and play with her; but unfortunately her mamma had very preſſing buſineſs, and could not attend to her, however ſhe might wiſh to do ſo.

Laura, after this, ſat mopping in a corner, till her ſiſters had quite finiſhed with their maſters, and were now about to take a little recreation. She ran to them in a melancholy mood, which was as much as mentioning how long their time of ſtudy had been to her, and with what impatience ſhe had wiſhed to ſee them.

They propoſed immediately ſuch games as they ſuppoſed moſt entertaining, ſince they loved her greatly. But alas! all their ſolicitude was uſeleſs. Laura could not but complain that every game they mentioned had already tired her; nay, in her impatience, ſhe even ventured to accuſe them of conſpiring with each other to afford her ſuch diverſion only as they knew would not amuſe her. Upon which Miſs Roſe, her eldeſt ſiſter, an extremely ſenſible young lady, ten years old, took Laura by the hand, and, with a ſmile, began as follows:

Look at us, dear Laura, and I'll tell you which at preſent in the room occaſions your diſſatisfaction.

Laura. And who is it, ſiſter? I, for my part, don't know who.

Roſe. The reaſon is, you don't look at yourſelf. Yes, Laura, you yourſelf occaſion your diſſatisfaction; for you ſee theſe games amuſe *us* ſtill, though we have play'd them over, you may eaſily imagine, before you were born. But then we have been both at work, and therefore are they in a manner new to us. If you, by previous ſtudy and attention, had obtained an appetite for pleaſure, it would certainly have been as eaſy to you, as we find it, to be pleaſed.

The little Laura, who, however young ſhe was, by no means wanted underſtanding, was ſo ſtruck with theſe remarks, as to diſcern that every one who would be happy ſhould take care to mix improving exerciſe with pleaſing recreation. And indeed, I know not but that, after ſuch experience gained, the menace of a whole day's pleaſure would have more terrified her than a whole day's labour.

MODERN EDUCATION.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. COURTLY.	
BERTHA,	*her Niece.*
HILARY,	*her Nephew.*
Mr. GOODWIN,	*a Clergyman, formerly Tutor to the Children's Father.*
DANDIPRAT,	*a Dancing-maſter.*

The Scene is in the houſe of Mrs. Courtly.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MRS. COURTLY, MR. GOODWIN.

Mrs. Courtly. NO, I can't forgive you, Maſter Goodwin. What! not come and ſee your well-beloved little friends, or me, theſe five years paſt!

Mr. Goodwin. Conſider, my good lady, the inevitable duties of my pariſh, the bad ſtate in which my health is, and the fear of accidents by the road.

Mrs. Courtly. What, forty miles! a very long journey, truly!

Mr. Goodwin. Long to me, that cannot eaſily change place. My bodily infirmities no more permit me now to go a gadding, and eſpecially ſo far from home.

Mrs. Courtly. And pray to what ſtrong motive, Mr. Goodwin, do we owe at laſt your reſolution?

Mr. Goodwin. To the great deſire I had of ſeeing Bertha and her brother, once more, I may ſay, before I die.

Mrs. Courtly. Don't ſpeak of dying, or of ſeeing them but once more, my good ſir: for, with reſpect at leaſt to Bertha, one might come to view her from the furtheſt corner of the world! O ſuch an underſtanding and vivacity!

Mr. Goodwin. Indeed you make me very anxious, Mrs. Courtly, to behold her: pray, where is ſhe? I am like a child, and longing to embrace her.

Mrs. Courtly. She has not yet left her toilet.

Mr. Goodwin. Not at this late hour! And Hilary, why is he not yet come from ſchool? I thought he would have been here long ago, and waiting to receive me.

Mrs. Courtly. You remember, 'twas a little late when your arrival was announced laſt night. The ſervants have been very buſy all this morning, and my niece's waiting woman could not leave her.

Mr. Goodwin. Pray oblige me, by deſpatching ſome one inſtantly for Hilary; and in the interval, I'll go up ſtairs and ſee his ſiſter.

Mrs. Courty. No, no, Mr. Goodwin; the ſurpriſe of ſeeing you might overcome her ſpirits: I'll prepare her for the interview. (*She goes out.*)

Mr. Goodwin. (*alone*) As far as I can ſee into the matter, Mrs. Courtly brings her niece up by the plan that regulated her own education, and permits her to employ a deal of time in ſetting off her perſon to the beſt advantage, like a doll, intended for the window of a toy-ſhop. Happy, if theſe trifles have not cauſed her to neglect the cultivation of her underſtanding.

Mrs. Courtly, (*returning*) I have ſent for Hilary; and Bertha's coming down this inſtant. She has but one feather more to ſettle.

Mr. Goodwin. How! one feather! juſt as if you could ſuppoſe a feather more or leſs would intereſt me! Should not her anxiety to ſee me be as great as mine is!

Mrs. Courtly. Certainly it ſhould, and is; but then her wiſh to give you pleaſure.

Mr. Goodwin. Poſſibly it will not be her feathers that will do that: But if I recollect, you told me you had ſent to fetch her brother.

Mrs. Courtly. (*ſomewhat piqu'd*) Oh, my nephew! you'll have time enough for Hilary.

Mr. Goodwin. You ſpeak as if I was not to expect great things from him.

Mrs Courtly. He's far from being vicious: but he won't attend to my inſtructions on the ſubject of good breeding.

Mr. Goodwin. What! is he unpoliſhed, wild, or ruſtic?

Mrs. Courtly. No, not that. They tell me he has got his head well ſtored with uſeful knowledge, as they call it; but that *je ne ſcai quoi* the polite poſſeſs, and that *bon ton*——

Mr. Goodwin. If that be all he wants, he's not a great way from perfection: But his heart!

Mrs. Courtly. I think it neither good nor bad; but Bertha! how accompliſhed ſhe is! what enchanting manners! As for Hilary, we don't ſee one another often.

Mr. Goodwin. And why not!

Mrs. Courtly. For fear of taking him from his beloved ſtudies; and becauſe, when he comes here, he pays no heed to what I tell him of the way of living in the faſhionable world. He can't expreſs himſelf with any ſort of grace. I ſometimes carry him into the company of women, and he never has a handſome word to ſay.

Mr. Goodwin. Becauſe, as I ſuppoſe, the converſation runs on matters he is quite a ſtranger to.

Mrs. Courtly. But ſure a well-bred youth ſhould never be a ſtranger to ſuch topics as are ſtarted in the company of women!

Mr. Goodwin. A reſpectful ſilence ſuits his preſent age; and 'tis his buſineſs to be ſilent, and ſo learn to ſpeak in future, when his turn comes round.

Mrs. Courtly. And would you make the youth a doll, that is not to have motion till his wheels are on? But you ſhall hear my Bertha talk; ſhe does it with ſuch eaſe! ſuch ſpirit! ſuch vivacity! There's no ſuch a thing as following her, when once ſhe's ſet a-going.

Mr. Goodwin. We ſhall ſee which of them will be moſt entitled to my love. You cannot but remember, how I promiſed at their father's death to look upon them as my own. I will perform this ſacred duty. As I cannot tell how long I have to live, or rather I ſhould ſay, how ſoon my death may happen, I am come to ſee theſe children after doing them all the ſervices I could at ſuch a diſtance by remittances. 'Tis needful I ſhould know their different characters, which I deſign to ſtudy; ſo that I may regulate accordingly the final diſpoſition of my fortune in their favour.

Mrs. Courtly. Such proceeding is entirely of a piece with every former token of your gratitude and generoſity. My father and my mother's ſpirits certainly are pleaſed at your beneficence. And how can I expreſs my obligations to you as I ought, for Bertha and her brother!

Mr. Goodwin. What you call beneficence, dear lady, in me, is no more than duty. Your eſteemed and worthy father truſted to my care the education of his ſon, your brother; and this brother, anxious for his tutor's happineſs, preſented me the living I poſſeſs. To him I am indebted, therefore, for my preſent happineſs; and as I have myſelf no children, his belong to me; and have a right, even while I am living, and much more then after I am dead, to all that worldly fortune I poſſeſs, and which I ſtudy to increaſe for their advantage, and no other purpoſe.

Mrs. Courtly. I can eaſily believe you, and in that caſe, Bertha, as the loveliеſt——

Mrs. Goodwin. If I make diſtinctions, 'twill not be upon account of frivolous, or outſide beauty; but ſuperior virtue or ſuperior merit in them, will obtain the preference.

Mrs. Courtly. Ah! here Bertha comes.

SCENE II.

MR. GOODWIN, MRS. COURTLY, *and* BERTHA, *(dreſſed in all the extravagance of faſhion.)*

Mr. Goodwin. (*with aſtoniſhment*) Is this then Bertha!

Mrs. Courtly. You're ſurpriſed, I ſee, to find her at firſt ſight ſo captivating. (*To Bertha.*) You have made us wait a little, my ſweet girl.

Bertha. (*making a ceremonious courteſy to Mr. Goodwin.*) Becauſe the ſervant could not place my feathers as I lik'd to have them, notwithſtanding ſhe removed them half-a-dozen times. I ſent her off at laſt quite out of humour, and did every thing myſelf.—I hope I ſee you well, Sir.

Mr. Goodwin. (*going towards her, and affectionately holding out his hand.*) Dear Bertha!——*Bertha turns away, and ſeems indifferent.*) Well!—are you unwilling to conſider me as if I were your father?

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, my dear: your father and your benefactor. I requeſt (*to Mr. Goodwin*) you would excuſe her: She has always been brought up in modeſty, and I have conſtantly enjoined her a reſerve.

Mr. Goodwin. She would not have violated either by receiving me as children do a father. I muſt likewiſe tenderly reproach her for the circumſtance of having kept ſo long up ſtairs, while I was all impatience to behold her.

Bertha. Pardon me, dear ſir, I was not fit to come before you with propriety.

Mr. Goodwin. But ſurely a young lady ſhould be always fit to come before a merely decent man, as I am, with propriety! A modeſt *déſhabillé* is all ſhe wants, for ſuch a purpoſe, when at home.

Mrs. Courtly. You're in the right; but to receive

a gueſt like Mr. Goodwin! the reſpect ſhe owes you whiſpered the neceſſity of putting on——

Mr. Goodwin. One feather leſs; and might have whiſpered the propriety of being eager to come forth and meet a friend who travels forty miles to ſee her. Yes, I own, my heart would have been infinitely more delighted to behold my children;—for the tenderneſs with which I think at all times of them, and the gratitude I owe their father, makes them ſuch: and therefore I repeat it—to behold my children run with open arms to meet me!

Mrs. Courtly. But the veneration ſhe was ſeized with at firſt——

Mr. Goodwin. Let's however drop the ſubject.—— When you ſee me next, you will receive me more affectionately, won't you, Bertha? You are not diſpleaſed I ſpeak thus freely to you. I was uſed to ſuch a language in your childhood: and the five long years I have conſumed without once ſeeing you, have made no alteration in my heart. I hope when you are married, I ſhall have permiſſion to continue ſuch a ſweet familiarity.

Bertha. It will be doing me a deal of honour.

Mr. Goodwin. O, no more of theſe ſame ceremonious compliments. Say only it will give you pleaſure. But how much you're altered for the better ſince I ſaw you laſt! an elegant appearance, eaſy manners, and a carriage——

Mrs. Courtly. O, quite charming! quite adorable!

Mr. Goodwin. And yet all this is nothing; if one wants the grace of modeſty, the charm of affability, the ſweet expreſſion, goodneſs marks the countenance withal, and that perpetual ſource of pleaſure, a well cultivated underſtanding.

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, that ſort of cultivation which can only be purſued by intercourſe with faſhionable people.

Mr. Goodwin. Faſnionable people, madam! And is Bertha, pray, to ſpend her life with ſuch? I've nothing leftto wiſh her, if ſhe has but thoſe endearing quali-

ties that may obtain her honour in a choſen company, at times indeed abroad, but commonly at home; enſuring her the approbation of her friends, and her own heart.

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, yes; that's always underſtood, I mean that ſhe ſhould learn what ſort of conduct will procure her honour and reſpect from ſuch as know what life is, as we ſay. Come, Bertha, and let's hear you play ſome pretty piece on your piano-forte.

Bertha. No, dear aunt, it might not be acceptable to Mr. Goodwin.

Mr. Goodwin. Not acceptable, my deareſt child; I'm quite delighted when I hear good muſic; and think no amuſement more becomes you.

Mrs. Courtly. What more worthy of our admiration, than thoſe charming ſciences called drawing, muſic, dancing, and perhaps too ſome few others? Bertha, give us that ſweet air of Signor Paſqualini's compoſition you're ſo fond of. (*Bertha with reluctance goes to her piano-forte, and begins to play.*) No, no; you muſt ſing too, Bertha. She has ſuch a voice!—ſo ſweet! you'll hear it. If you knew how much applauſe ſhe got for her performance at the concert, you'd be perfectly aſtoniſhed, Mr. Goodwin. You muſt know, however, ſhe's a little vain; and one muſt ſometimes kneel, or not a note——

Mr. Goodwin. I hope I ſhall obtain a note, without proceeding to that ceremony.—Shan't I, Bertha?

Bertha, (*in a whiſper to her aunt, while looking for the air.*) I'm indebted for all this to you!

Mrs. Courtly, (*whiſpering Bertha.*) For heaven's ſake, Bertha, ſeem more cheerful; and do every thing you are aſked. Your fortune very poſſibly depends upon it.

Mr. Goodwin. If your voice, my love, is not ſo clear as you could wiſh, no matter: only ſing your beſt, and you are ſure to pleaſe me.

(*Bertha plays and ſings the following words.*)

Sweetly ſmelling flower,
Thus walking with the morning hour,
Go to my Laura's breaſt, and grace
With added fragrance, that already fragrant place;
So thou wilt bloom indeed :——
But like a uſeleſs weed,
If on the ſtalk, here, thou remain,
Thy beauty will decay,
Thy fragrance paſs away,
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Mrs. Courtly, (*clapping her hands.*) Bravo! braviſſimo!

Mr. Goodwin. In truth 'tis not ſo much amiſs, conſidering ſhe's as yet a child. However, I ſuppoſed I ſhould have heard a ſong containing ſomething of the principles with which, no doubt, you ſtudy to inſpire her.

Mrs. Courtly. How, dear ſir; don't you perceive the moral of it? (*ſhe ſings.*)

If on the ſtalk, here, thou remain,
Thy beauty will decay,
Thy fragrance paſs away,
And thy bright colours glow in vain.

Which is as much as ſaying, our young women ſhould come forth and mingle with the world, if they would turn their knowledge to advantage, and not die ſhut up within their houſes.

Mr. Goodwin. Truſt me, my dear lady, 'tis much rather there than elſewhere worthy huſbands will be glad to find them: But what's this? (*caſting his eyes upon a drawing.*)

Mrs. Courtly. That's one of Bertha's doing. Don't you find it charming?

Mr. Goodwin. 'Tis not bad indeed, if Bertha did it all without the aſſiſtance of her maſter.

Mrs. Courtley. Why, to ſay the truth, ſir, he has touched it up a little.

Mr. Goodwin. My opinion here again is, Bertha would have ſhewn more judgment in ſelecting ſomething of a different ſubject; as for inſtance, if inſtead of repreſenting thus a ſhepherdeſs ſurpriſed while ſleeping by a filthy faun, ſhe had applied her pencil to ſet forth ſome virtuous action; *that* would have improved her hand as much, while it improved her heart ſtill more.

A Servant, (entering.) Sir, *(to Mr. Goodwin.)* your portmanteau is arrived.—Where will you have it put?—In your apartment?

Mr Goodwin, (to Mrs. Courtly.) Do you mean, then, my good lady, I ſhall have my lodging with you?

Mrs. Courtly. Certainly; and by accepting it, you'll do me no leſs honour than I have pleaſure in the offer.

Mr. Goodwin. You oblige me. Therefore, with permiſſion, I'll go ſee if every thing is right, and afterward return.

SCENE III.

MRS. COURTLY *and* BERTHA.

Bertha. He's gone at laſt, then! is he?

Mrs. Courtly. Softly, ſoftly, Bertha! he may chance to hear you.

Bertha. Let him hear me if he pleaſes. I'm ſo vexed, I could deſtroy my drawings, tear my muſic-book, and daſh my inſtrument to pieces.

Mrs. Courtly. Be compoſed, my dear; you have occaſion now for all your moderation.

Bertha. 'Tis enough, I think, I ſhewed my moderation in his preſence. You yourſelf both ſaw and heard him.

Mrs. Courtly. People of his age have always many oddities.

Bertha. Why then expoſe me to them! You ſhould not have ſaid a word about my ſinging, aunt.—— I did not like to ſing. This always comes of your de-

ſire to ſhew me to the beſt advantage, as you ſay; and though you ſee the miſchief, you'll repeat it when he comes again.

Mrs. Courtly. My deareſt Bertha, be perſuaded:—You don't know, perhaps your fortune in the world depends on Mr. Goodwin.

Bertha. What! my fortune?

Mrs. Courtly. Yes, indeed; muſt I inform you how much you're indebted to his bounty?

Bertha. O! I know as far as certain petty preſents come to, which he ſends me now and then: but ſurely I could do without his preſents!

Mrs. Courtly. Ah! my deareſt child, without him you would be exceedingly unhappy. What your father left you is a very trifle; and my income no great matter. By theſe means alone, it was not poſſible I could have given you ſuch an education as you have.

Bertha. And is it poſſible I am ſo indebted to him? Does he likewiſe ſhew himſelf a friend and benefactor to my brother?

Mrs. Courtly. Yes; 'tis he that pays his board and education.

Bertha. I was never told of this.

Mrs. Courtly. Since you have never wanted anything, what need was there to tell you of it? you obſerve by this, of what importance you ſhould think it to keep watch upon your conduct, and behave to Mr. Goodwin with reſpect. But ſtill, my dear, this is not all; for he is come expreſsly for the purpoſe of obſerving you and Hilary before he writes his will, and gives you his eſtate accordingly, to each, as he ſuppoſes you deſerve it.

Bertha. O, how ſorry I am now, I ſeemed ſo vexed and fretted in his preſence!

Mrs. Courtly. He is certainly a worthy man; but ſtill was much to blame in hearing with ſuch coldneſs your ſweet voice, and not appearing charmed with your piano-forte. But however that be, you muſt

abſolutely ſeek to pleaſe him, or your brother will obtain a preference in his will.

Bertha. Alas! he merits it much more than I do.

Mrs. Courtly. More! You have too mean a notion of yourſelf, my ſweeteſt, if you think ſo; and beſides, if he ſhould obtain a preference, what would be your deſtiny? A man can always make his way through life, but what reſources can a woman fly to?

Bertha. What indeed! your argument convinces me I ſhould have learnt things much more neceſſary than the uſe of a piano-forte, dancing, or even drawing.

Mrs. Courtly. Why, you ſimpleton; with ſuch a fortune as by Mr. Goodwin's favour you may hope for, what can you deſire in preference to the arts of ſhining in a faſhionable circle? Mr. Goodwin muſt be won: and with a little complaiſance, if you but ſhew it, you may do whatever you think proper with him.

The Servant, (*coming in again.*) Mr. Dandiprat, the dancing-maſter, madam.

Mrs. Courtly. Well, deſire him to walk up. (*The ſervant retires.*)

Bertha. No, aunt; let him be ſent away to-day, I beg; or I ſhall once again fret Mr. Goodwin.

Mrs. Courtly. He muſt abſolutely ſee you dance; you move with ſo much eaſe, you'll charm him, I am certain. (*Going to the door.*) Mr. Dandiprat, come in.

SCENE IV.

MRS. COURTLY, BERTHA, *and* DANDIPRAT.

Mrs. Courtly. Now is it not a truth, ſir, Bertha dances like an angel!

Dandiprat, (*bowing.*) Abſolutely, madam.

Mrs. Courtly. Very likely I ſhall have a friend come here to ſee her dance a little. You'll oblige me, therefore, if you make her ſhew her ſkill as much as poſſible to pleaſe him.

Dandiprat. That you may depend on, madam; and I'll ſhew my ſkill too.

Mrs. Courtly. A-propos; for here he comes. (*To Mr. Goodwin entering*) A chair for Mr. Goodwin.—Here—here, my dear ſir, you're come in time for Bertha's dancing leſſon: you muſt ſee how ſhe performs. You'd take her for a zephyr! Mr. Dandiprat, pray let your pupil dance the *allemande* you know of.

Bertha. I can't dance it by myſelf.

Mrs. Courtly. Fear nothing, Mr. Dandiprat will dance with you; and I'll hum the tune. Come come; you'll find I do it capitally.

Mr. Goodwin. But what hinders we ſhould have a minuet? I like that beſt, and beg to have it.

Dandiprat. I ſhall not perform it with a grace, if I muſt play as well as dance.

Mr. Goodwin. Sir, 'tis not your performance we conſider, but your pupil's.

Dandiprat. You would judge much better of her merit in a grand *chaconne*.

Mr. Goodwin. Chaconne! What's that?

Dandiprat. A dance the quality admire; 'tis in the higher ſtyle of dancing, and the opera-houſe re-echoes with the plaudits of the company, when *Veſtris* makes his *entrée* in it.

Mr. Goodwin. But Bertha never means to figure at the opera-houſe. I want a minuet.

Dandiprat. As you pleaſe, ſir; come then, miſs, a minuet. (*Bertha dances; Dandiprat moves with her, playing on his kit, and interrupts his muſic now and then with theſe inſtructions.*)

Your head a little higher.—Mind your ſhoulders.—Let your arms play freely.—Sink.—One, two, and three.—Your partner.—Look at me.

Mr. Goodwin, (when the minuet is finiſhed) Come, that is tolerable, Bertha. (*To Dandiprat*) Sir, your leſſon, if you pleaſe, is finiſhed for to-day. (*Dandiprat makes a ceremonious bow, and leaves the room.*)

Bertha, (whiſpering Mrs. Courtly) Well, aunt, you ſee what compliments I've had.

Mrs. Courtly. And is it poſſible, my dear good ſir, that you are not enchanted, raviſhed, nay, tranſported! Surely your attention was diverted; or perhaps you're not recovered yet from the fatigue your journey has occaſioned you?

Mr. Goodwin. I beg your pardon, madam. I've already ſignified to Bertha how I liked her dancing; but you would not ſurely ſee me in a tranſport at her merit in this way? No. I reſerve my ecſtaſy for merit much more proper to excite it.

SCENE V.

MRS. COURTLY, BERTHA, MR. GOODWIN, HILARY.

Hilary, (*running into the room towards Mr. Goodwin, and embracing him with ardour.*) O my dear, dear Mr. Goodwin! my good friend and father! how rejoiced I am to ſee you!

Mrs. Courtly. Well, what ſignifies all this, pray? Should you ſtifle Mr. Goodwin?

Mr. Goodwin. Let him do it, my good madam; for the tranſports of his joy delight me more than cold and ceremonious ſalutations. Yes, my deareſt Hilary, come here, and let me preſs you to my heart. What pleaſing recollection you awake within me! Yes, theſe open features are the living image of your dear departed father!

Mrs. Courtly. Why not put your beſt clothes on? Do people viſit in that trim?

Hilary. But, aunt, it would have coſt me half an hour at leaſt to change my dreſs, and put my hair in order; and I never ſhould have had the patience to delay ſo long the pleaſure I expected, when they told me Mr Goodwin was arrived.

Mr. Goodwin. And I too, my dear boy, was quite impatient, and thought every minute half an hour between the time of my arrival and this moment.

Mrs. Courtly. Have you nothing then to ſay to me or Bertha? you have not ſo much as wiſhed us a good morning.

Hilary. Pardon me, dear aunt, I was ſo glad, I did not know what I was doing: And do you forgive me too, dear ſiſter, (*holding out his hand,*) if without intention I've diſpleaſed you. Have I, Bertha?

Bertha, (*half offended.*) No.

Mr. Goodwin. Excuſe him, madam, upon my account; I ſhould be vexed, were I the cauſe of getting him your anger.

Mrs. Courtly, (*aſide.*) I can hold no longer. Be ſo kind, good ſir, as to excuſe me. I have ſeveral orders I muſt give the ſervants.

Mr. Goodwin. Don't confine yourſelf on my account.

Mrs. Courtly, (*whiſpering Bertha.*) You'll hardly ſtay and hear their inſupportable diſcourſe? (*Aloud*) Come, Bertha, I have ſomething to employ you in.

Bertha. No, aunt; I'll ſtay with Mr. Goodwin, if he'll pleaſe to let me.

Mr. Goodwin. Let you, my dear child! I ſhall be glad to have you with me.

Mrs. Courtly, (*going out with manifeſt vexation, but returning.*) But on ſecond thoughts, the ſervants are to lay the cloth here. Mr. Goodwin, ſhall I beg you to come this way? I'll conduct you to another chamber, where you will be undiſturbed.

Mr. Goodwin. With all my heart.

ACT II. SCENE I.

MR. GOODWIN, BERTHA, *and* HILARY.

Mr. Goodwin. And ſo you ſay your maſter is content with your behaviour and improvement.

Hilary. No, dear ſir; I ſaid it would become me more to let him tell you my behaviour and improvement. This however I can ſay, that I am pretty well eſtabliſhed in his favour.

Mr. Goodwin. What are you at preſent ſtudying?

Hilary. Latin, Greek, and geography; the hiſtory of England; and the mathematics.

Bertha, (*aſide.*) Here are many things I ſcarcely know the name of?

Mr. Goodwin. And pray tell me, do you like them?

Hilary. O, the more I learn, the more I wiſh to go on learning; and am not the loweſt in my claſs.

Mr. Goodwin. Then too, your drawing, muſic, dancing——

Hilary. Them too I am learning; but apply myſelf much more this ſultry weather, to the muſic-maſter and my drawing, as the doctor ſays I muſt not exerciſe myſelf too violently. In revenge, when winter comes, I ſhall apply myſelf more cloſely to my dancing, when a deal of jumping will be comfortable.

Mr. Goodwin. Why, your plan, I muſt acknowledge, ſeems well laid.

Hilary. Beſides, ſir, never ſhall I give a deal of time to dancing; hardly more than what the doctor lets me have for recreation. The eſſential thing, he tells me, is to form my heart, and cultivate my underſtanding, ſo that I may live with honour in the world, become a uſeful member of ſociety, and make myſelf by that means happy.

Mr. Goodwin, (embracing him.) You're in the right, dear boy.

Bertha. (aſide.) If theſe are ſo eſſential, how has not my aunt neglected me!

Hilary. And yet, dear ſir, though you embrace and love me ſo, I'm not, perhaps, ſo good as you imagine.

Mr. Goodwin. How!

Hilary. I'm very giddy, and I waſte my time. I cannot rid myſelf of ſeveral exceptionable habits: and for want of thought, relapſe into thoſe very faults that I've ſo frequently been ſorry for.

Mr. Goodwin. And will you ſtill relapſe into them?

Hilary. Not if I've my thoughts about me; But I find it very difficult to keep in memory, at all times, my good reſolutions.

Mr. Goodwin. I am very glad to find you can diſcern yourſelf, theſe faults within you. To a knowledge that we do wrong, is ſomething of a kin to doing well. What think you, Bertha?

Bertha. I believe I'm neither giddy, nor yet waſteful of my time, nor any thing my brother is.

Mr. Goodwin. You've other faults then, I ſuppoſe?

Bertha. I never heard my aunt ſay I had any.

Mr. Goodwin. She ſhould know, indeed, and be the firſt to notice them; but love too often blinds us, ſo that we can ſee no faults in thoſe we're fond of.—I don't mean to vex you, by ſaying this, believe me.

Bertha, (aſide.) What a man! he flatters Hilary, and anſwers me with nothing but vexatious ſpeeches!

Mr. Goodwin. Wait here a little. I'll go ſee if Philip has unpacked my trunks: I've ſomething for you, and ſhall ſoon be back.

Hilary. Yes, yes; we'll wait here for you. Don't ſtay long.

SCENE II.

BERTHA *and* HILARY.

Bertha. I fancy he may keep his preſents to himſelf! They muſt be charming things indeed *he* has to give us!

Hilary. What, dear ſiſter! does not every thing you have in your apartment, and even upon your back, come from our dear benefactor? ſhould he have the veriеſt trifle in his trunk to give me, I ſhould ſtill be charmed in thinking on his bounty!

Bertha. Poſſibly you might; but I'm ſo angry with him, with myſelf, and with my aunt—that I could find in my heart to cuff the deareſt friend I have.

Hilary. What, me too with the reſt?—What ails you then, my poor dear ſiſter? *(taking Bertha by the hand.)*

Bertha. Had you been ſo mortified!—

Hilary. So mortified! Have you been mortified then

ſiſter? Who has mortified you? not my aunt; for ſhe will hardly let you breathe, for fear of catching cold; and would, I fancy, ſuffer you to tread upon her, if to touch the ground would hurt you.

Bertha. Yes; but, Mr. Goodwin, he's ſo captious.

Hilary. How you talk! I find him, on the other hand, indulgent and good-natured.

Bertha. I've done nothing to his liking: when I ſung and danced, I could not pleaſe him; and my drawing had no better fortune: he deſpiſes every thing I know; and ſpeaks of merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a ſkill in dancing.

Hilary. And 'tis very likely, ſiſter, you'll confeſs he's in the right at laſt.

Bertha. Confeſs he's in the right! My aunt's then in the wrong, according to your notion, is ſhe? What then does he mean by merit much more calculated to excite his approbation, than a ſkill in dancing?

Hilary. I can tell you, and yet not be very learned.

Bertha. O yes, you indeed! Well then, what is it?

Hilary. Tell me, Bertha, do you ever read?

Bertha. Yes, doubtleſs, when I've time.

Hilary. And what?

Bertha. Why plays, before I go to ſee them; and a great variety of ſongs, that I may ſing them to my maſter.

Hilary. That's fine reading, truly, for your age! and don't you think you might have books much more inſtructive?

Bertha. If I might, what time have I to read them? 'Tis full one o'clock before I have breakfaſted, and got my morning dreſs on. Then comes Mr. Quaver; and when he has left me, Mr. Dandiprat. I dine at three; and after dinner, dreſs for company, which we receive at home or elſe go out a viſiting, and then the day is over.

Hilary. And is every day ſpent thus?

Bertha. No doubt.

Hilary. Well, ſiſter, I can tell you, Doctor Sharp, my

maſter has three daughters of about your age; but they employ their time in quite another manner.

Bertha. How?

Hilary. Firſt then, at ſix in ſummer, and at eight in winter, they are dreſſed completely for the day.

Bertha. They don't ſleep then enough, and muſt be very heavy long before night comes.

Hilary. Upon the other hand, they're briſker far than you, becauſe they go to bed at ten in the overnight.

Bertha. To bed at ten!

Hilary. At ten; that they may get up early in the morning. When you're faſt aſleep in bed, they've read their geography, and counted. When the clock ſtrikes ten, they take their needle-work in hand till noon; and then aſſiſt their mother in the houſe.

Bertha. Does then their mother mean to make them houſe-maids?

Hilary. She may hope, by means of ſuch an education, to procure them ſomething better. But however that be, ſhould they not be taught to govern ſervants, regulate a table, and conduct their houſe?

Bertha. And after dinner are they buſy?

Hilary. Why not buſy? They have then their harpſichord, or writing; and at night, aſſemble round a table, where they read by turns in the Spectator, or Miſs Moore's laſt publication, *Sacred Dramas*; while the two that are not occupied upon their book, employ themſelves in mending their own garments, or examining the linen of the houſe, and mending it if needful.

Bertha. So they never take, then, any recreation?

Hilary. O, I beg your pardon: they amuſe themſelves as if they were three queens; for all their taſks are intermixed with little ſports, and pleaſant converſation. They pay viſits alſo and receive them; but take care to have their work-bags, and I never ſaw them idle for a minute.

Bertha. That is certainly what Mr. Goodwin meant. And yet my aunt has often told me, ſuch an education

s you mention the Miſs Sharps receive, is only fit for radeſmen's children.

Hilary. But ſuppoſing they are not tradeſmen's chil-ren, would they find this education uſeleſs to them? They ſhould certainly know houſehold work, or how will they be able to direct a ſervant to do theirs? If hey know nothing of it every one will join to cheat hem; and the richer they may be, the greater proba-ility there is that even the ſervants they employ, will oin with each other to effect their ruin.

Bertha. I proteſt you fright me! I know nothing of he work about a houſe! ſcarce how to hold a needle! Yet I've juſt been told, we have nothing in the world, xcept what Mr. Goodwin's bounty gives us.

Hilary. Ah! dear ſiſter, the worſe luck for us! ſhould e leave us, or unfortunately we loſe him—But poſſi-ly my aunt is rich?

Bertha. O no; me told me the contrary ſcarce half n hour ago. She has no more than is ſufficient for erſelf. In caſe then any accident ſhould happen with eſpect to Mr. Goodwin, what would be our fate?

Hilary. I ſhould be at firſt put to difficulties; but my naſter tells me, I ſhould put my truſt in God, and hope e never would forſake me. His opinion is, that there re always generous people in the world, whoſe friend-hip may be gained by an exertion of one's ſkill to ſerve hem in the way of ſome profeſſion, and who frequent-y create employment for the induſtrious. Thus then, n the courſe of ſome few years, when I am more advan-ed in learning, I might undertake to teach ſuch chil-ren that know leſs than I do. I ſhould even improve yſelf by ſuch an occupation, and with good behaviour n my part, be ſure of living with ſome ſort of eaſe and omfort, and perhaps ſtrike out a way to fortune.

Bertha. But what benefit could I derive from all my kill in dancing, or in drawing, or in muſic? I ſhould ie perhaps of hunger, notwithſtandiug theſe vain ac-ompliſhments.

Hilary. And therefore Mr. Goodwin cannot be well

pleaſed when he diſcovers you have been put to no thing but thoſe arts that ſerve for ornament or pleaſur

Bertha. And vexation ſometimes, Hilary; for whe I dance, or ſing in company, if I'm not praiſed as muc as I conceive I merit, you can't think how much I'm fretted at the diſppointment?—Shall I tell you, I am often tired of thoſe fine matters, which my aunt ſay ſerve us to paſs time away with ſatisfaction.

Hilary. And what then do you reſort to for amuſe ment.

Bertha. To the opera, dreſs, faſhions, walks, an ſcandal; as we tell in one houſe what we have obſerve beforehand in another. But theſe helps to converſation and the art of killing time, ſoon fail us.

Hilary. I believe ſo; and remember what the docto told us very lately in a lecture, that the recreation men in general reſort to, are not worthy being called ſ when one thinks of thoſe that may be found in art an nature, which not only occupy our time agreeably, bu teach us to reflect upon ourſelves.

Bertha. You have convinced me of it by yourſel who notwithſtanding you are two years younger than am, are ſo much more improved. How many uſeſu things has not my aunt neglected in my education!

SCENE III.

BERTHA, HILARY, *and* MRS. COURTLY.

Mrs. Courtly, (*having overheard what Bertha ſaid.*) And what uſeful things have I neglected in your edu cation then, Miſs Thankleſs? (*Aſide.*) But all this i due to Hilary.

Hilary. Well, good by'e, ſiſter, and good by'e, dea aunt. I wonder Mr. Goodwin ſtays ſo long up ſtairs I'll run and ſeek him, if you pleaſe. (*Goes out.*)

Mrs. Courtly. The good-for-nothing blockhead! Le his friend be once ſet off, and we ſhall ſee if he preſume to come within my doors again.—But what has h

een ſaying, that you think your education thus ne-lected?

Bertha. Nay, dear aunt, that's true; for have you t me learn thoſe uſeful matters a young perſon ought o know?

Mrs. Courtly. Uſeful matters, my divine, dear Ber-a! Is there any thing then wanting in the leaſt to our perfections? Does not every one acknowledge ou are quite accompliſhed?

Bertha. Some things I'm acquainted with, 'tis true; ut they are only ſuch as ſerve to flatter vanity. Thoſe rts that ornament the mind, as geography, arithme-c——.

Mrs. Courtly. All downright pedantry! I ſhould be exed to death, if I had puzzled your poor brains with ch odd ſtuff, that's only fit for ſuch a one as Hilary. Vhy, Bertha, did you ever hear, where I have carried ou, that faſhionable women mind ſuch nonſenſe?

Bertha. No indeed; but ſtill, why not inſtruct me in hoſe houſehold arts, at leaſt, a perſon of my ſex ſhould e complete in? Can I even hold a needle!

Mrs. Courtly. No; and why? becauſe I never meant ou for a mantua-maker.

Bertha. But ſuppoſing Mr. Goodwin's death, as you ave told me, what I am poſſeſſed of is ſo little, how hould I ſubſiſt?

Mrs. Courtly. If that be all, I have a ſingle word will ttle every thing, as I can tell you now you'll never ant for money, but even ſwim in plenty. I've tor-ented Mr. Goodwin ſo effectually, that he means to ave you every thing he has. But here he comes him-lf. I leave you with him, as he means to tell you his tentions.

SCENE IV.

BERTHA, MR. GOODWIN, HILARY.

Hilary. (*running to his ſiſter with a watch.*) Look e! Look ye, ſiſter!

Bertha. How! what's this? a watch?

Hilary. Yes, ſiſter! and a gold one! O my dear dear Mr. Goodwin! how rejoiced I am! Pray let me go and ſhew it to the doctor. I'll be there and back again immediately.

Mr. Goodwin. With all my heart. Inform him 'twas not my deſign to pleaſe your vanity by ſuch a preſent, but that you might know the different hours allotted for your different ſtudies, and be always ready for your maſters.

Hilary. Oh! I ſhall be always ready for them now that's certain.

Mr. Goodwin. Beg him likewiſe to allow you the remainder of the day from ſchool: and ſay I mean to call upon him in the afternoon.

Hilary. yes, yes, I will. (*He goes out.*)

Mr. Goodwin. Well, Bertha, why ſo gloomy? What's the matter with you?

Bertha. Nothing, ſir.

Mr. Goodwin. You are not vexed that I have made your brother ſuch a preſent?

Bertha. Doubtleſs he'll be very careful of it, and knows how to handle it!

Mr. Goodwin. I've ſhewn him how, and there's no difficulty in the matter. You are ſenſible he wanted one.

Bertha. Quite ſo; and I, for my part, could not find a uſe for ſuch a bauble.

Mr. Goodwin. I was thinking ſo: you have a clock upon the ſtaircaſe.

Bertha. True; and yet there's hardly a young lady I aſſociate with, but has a watch.

Mr. Goodwin. That's lucky; you may aſk them the hour at any time.

Bertha. I may; and when they aſk the ſame of me make anſwer, I can't tell them.

Mr. Goodwin. Bertha! Bertha! you're an envious little puſs, I ſee! but here's to prove you have not been forgotten. (*Giving her a caſe.*)

Bertha. (*bluſhing.*) O, my dear good Mr. Goodwin!

Mr. Goodwin. Well, I ſee you don't know how to open it. (*he opens it himſelf, and ſhews a pair of diamond ear-rings.*) Are you content with theſe?

Bertha. O yes, if you are but content with me!

Mr. Goodwin. To ſay the truth, my dear, I am not quite ſo: we are now alone, and I muſt uſe a little freedom in converſing with you. Your dear aunt has ſpared no coſt to let you have agreeable accompliſhments; and your appearance is a proof of her affection and good taſte. I could have only wiſhed ſhe had been minded to beſtow a uſeful education on you.

Bertha. Hilary has been diſcourſing on this ſubject, and convinced me I want every thing that would be uſeful to me at a future time of life: But how may I acquire a knowledge of theſe uſeful matters?

Mr. Goodwin. I'm acquainted with a worth gentlewoman, who inſtructs young ladies in ſuch knowledge as is ſuited to their ſex.

Bertha. My aunt, however, mentioned you would put me into ſuch a ſtate as would not need this knowledge.

Mr. Goodwin. I conceive you; and to ſhew my real diſpoſition, leave you quite at liberty to chooſe that way of life in which ſhe meant to ſee you figure, ſince it ſuits your inclination. Yes, my deareſt child, rely on my affection. After my deceaſe, I'll give you every ſhilling I poſſeſs.

Bertha. What! all your fortune? is it poſſible you ſhould be ſuch a generous friend?

Mr. Goodwin. Yes, Bertha, all; but not without a fear it will be ſtill too little to prevent your being really unhappy.

Bertha. What, ſir, do you tell me?

Mr. Goodwin. Are you qualified to do yourſelf the lighteſt ſervice? or make up, upon occaſion, I don't ſay a coſtly garment, but the plaineſt gown you ever wore?

Bertha. Alas! ſir, I was never taught.

Mr. Goodwin. 'Tis plain, then, you muſt always have a crowd about you to make up thoſe articles you have no hands to make yourſelf. You know, I fancy, how much faſhionable women have occaſion to lay out, that they may keep their title up with thoſe that are as gay and fooliſh as themſelves! Now tell me, are you to ſuppoſe my property, when you are miſtreſs of it, will ſuffice for this?

Bertha. I hope, ſir, it will be enough, with the œconomy I ſhall obſerve, to render me as happy as you wiſh I may be.

Mr. Goodwin. Truſt me, notwithſtanding your œconomy, if you continue ignorant, it will not. And beſides, when you are come of age, what prudent man will take a woman who poſſeſſes no one talent uſeful to his happineſs? 'tis plain, then, nothing but the fortune you poſſeſs will render you an eligible wife; and you are ſenſible, I fancy, from the little knowledge you muſt have of life, how miſerable money-matches generally prove! my reſolution is however taken, and my all in future ſhall be yours: if you are miſerable, 'twill not be my fault.

Bertha. O, ſir! but then my brother——

Mr. Goodwin. He muſt be content with what I do in his behalf while living, and the proof of your affection when I'm dead. I mean to have him taught whatever may be uſeful to him in the ſtate of life he may incline to; as in that, with induſtry, 'tis not improbable but he may make a fortune. I myſelf am an example of this probability: he needs but do as I have. I ſhall leave you to reflect on my intentions, and am going to communicate them to him. Think on what I've told you.

SCENE V.

BERTHA, (*alone.*)

O, what pleaſure! all his fortune! This is what my aunt deſired ſo earneſtly. I ſhould be glad to know

what Hilary will ſay when Mr. Goodwin tells him his intentions. He can't chooſe, I'm certain, but be very jealous of me. He will have great cauſe: however, I ſhall not forget him. No, indeed; if I have any thing to ſpare. I muſt and will have ſomething for him: but I hear, I fancy, Mr. Goodwin. Yes, he's coming back with Hilary.—A lucky thought! I'll ſteal into this cloſet here, and liſten to their converſation. (*She gets in, and ſhuts the door, unnoticed.*)

SCENE VI.

MR. GOODWIN, HILARY.

Mr. Goodwin. So your maſter's glad then I have made you ſuch a preſent?

Hilary. Yes, enchanted; but for my part, upon ſecond thoughts, I'm ſorry for it.

Mr. Goodwin. Sorry, Hilary! and why?

Hilary. Poor Bertha! ſhe muſt doubtleſs be quite vexed at having nothing, when I've got a watch. I would not ſeem indifferent to your favours; notwithſtanding, if I durſt, I would deſire you——

Mr. Goodwin. Generous little fellow! don't you be uneaſy; Bertha has received a pair of diamond ear-rings, worth ten watches ſuch as yours.

Hilary. O, my dear Mr. Goodwin! how I thank you!

Mr. Goodwin. And I ſhan't confine my friendſhip and affection to the gift of ſuch a trifle.

Hilary. O, my generous friend and father!

Mr. Goodwin. I obſerve, with grief, her education cannot but in future be the cauſe of ſorrow to her.

Hilary. So, I likewiſe fear, ſir; my dear aunt imagines that a little drawing, dancing, ſing-ſong, and the like, are all ſhe is in want of to be happy in the world.

Mr. Goodwin. 'Tis to theſe frivolous embelliſhments ſhe ſacrifices the much more important cultivation of her underſtanding; and forbears inſpiring

her with theſe good qualities that have alone a claim on human approbation. As your ſiſter's reaſon has been ſo neglected, ſhe is pleaſed with thoſe applauſes that are offered on the altar of her vanity. But when, in ſome few years, ſhe ſees how many uſeful matters of inſtruction, and how much ineſtimable time ſhe has for ever loſt, ſhe will inevitably bluſh at her own conduct, and even execrate her flatterers; who, on their ſide, will repay her hatred with their ridicule and ſcorn.

Hilary. O, ſir, you make me tremble for my poor dear ſiſter!

Mr. Goodwin. And beſides, what reaſonable man will take up with a wife whoſe want of knowledge is ſo glaring; who, inſtead of being able to eſtabliſh order and œconomy within a houſe, muſt diſſipate the greateſt fortune by her love of luxury; and who will have an incapacity, no leſs unworthy the eſteem of him that is to be her huſband, than the veneration of his children. She muſt of neceſſity be as a ſtranger in the world, to every one about her. What would ſuch a woman do without my friendſhip?

Hilary. O, dear ſir, let me beſeech you, do not take away your favour from her.

Mr. Goodwin. No; for on the other hand, I'm now upon the point of doing ſomething for her.

Hilary. Yes, dear ſir; procure her a more uſeful education. Bertha does not want for underſtanding, or good principles.

Mr. Goodwin. I would with all my heart; but at her age, can one expect ſhe will ſubmit to any rigid treatment, after the indulgencies ſhe has received at home? No, no; I ſee it will be better to determine upon ſomething for her benefit, which ſhall take place when I am in my grave.

Hilary. For heaven's ſake, ſir, don't ſpeak ſo, I beſeech you. No: I truſt you are to live much longer for our common good; and Providence will not ſo ſoon deprive us of our ſecond father.

Mr. Goodwin. I am ſenſible of your affection; but

the fear of death will not delay the fatal moment of its coming. Bertha's future fortune gives me pain, whenever I reflect on what it may be; and in ſhort, I am reſolved to give her every thing I am poſſeſſed of, that at leaſt ſhe may have wherewithal to keep herſelf from want.

Hilary. (*taking hold of Mr. Goodwin's hand.*) O, thank you ten times over! how rejoiced I am, ſir! Shall I leave you for a moment, and go tell her this good news? But no; it will be better to conceal it from her, or at leaſt till ſhe has been induced to get ſome uſeful knowledge, from a notion ſhe muſt live, in future, by her induſtry. She will, by that means, know much better how to manage what you give her. O, my deareſt Bertha! after all, then, I may hope to ſee you happy.

Mr. Goodwin. Worthy little fellow! I'm no leſs delighted with your generoſity, than underſtanding. Having ſuch a heart, could I intend to give your ſiſter every thing and leave you nothing? That were to the laſt degree unjuſt: and therefore I revoke my firſt intention. It is you that *ſhould* be my ſole heir, and with propriety I ought to make my will accordingly.

Hilary. No, no, dear ſir, preſerve your firſt intention, and give Bertha every thing. I ſhall be much more diligent in my improvement, knowing I have nothing but my learning to ſubſiſt on. I ſhall then be much more anxious to get uſeful knowledge; which I doubt not, with God's bleſſing, will ſuffice for my advancement.

Mr. Goodwin. Be at peace upon account of Bertha. When I ſaid you *ſhould* be my ſole heir, it was not my idea, Bertha ſhould be left without a trifling legacy, ſufficient to obtain her neceſſary things.

Hilary. Well then, let's make exchange; the trifling legacy for me, by way of token from you, and the reſt for Bertha.

SCENE VII.

MR. GOODWIN, HILARY, *and* BERTHA, (*iſſuing from her hiding-place, and running to embrace her brother.*)

Bertha. O, my deareſt brother! have I merited ſo much affection from you.

Hilary. Yes, dear ſiſter, if you will but do as I could wiſh, and be what our good benefactor ſo much longs to ſee you.

Bertha. If! ſhould it become a queſtion? I *will* be ſo. I diſcern how much the difference of our education has exalted your ideas above mine, though I am ſo much older.—My good friend and father, let my future fortune be whatever you think proper; I can never be unhappy, if I leave you to determine for me. I deſire inſtruction, likewiſe, and will take my brother for a model.

Mr. Goodwin. You will unavoidably be happy, if you keep this prudent reſolution. But pray tell me, whence proceeds this change in your ideas.

Bertha. From the cloſet, whence I iſſued, I have heard my brother's wiſhes for me; his diſintereſtedneſs and generous ſacrifice. I've heard too how *you* love me. I will reverence you in future, and give up the little jealouſies I entertained againſt my brother. He ſhall be my guide and friend.

Hilary. I will endeavour to be ſuch, dear ſiſter: it will be my boaſt and pleaſure, if I proſper.

Mr. Goodwin. With what pleaſing ſentiments, dear children, do not you inſpire me! I am now no longer ſorry Providence has left me childleſs. I conſider you no leſs affectionately than I ſhould do had I given you life; and think I ſee your father, who looks down from heaven, well-pleaſed in having left me ſuch dear pledges of his love. (*Bertha and her brother take him by the hand, and bathe it with their tears.*)

Bertha. Let us not loſe a moment, ſir. Where does that worthy gentlewoman live, of whom you

told me, as a perſon who would teach me uſeful things?

Mr. Goodwin. I'll introduce you to her ſhortly. I ſhall ſtay here ſome few days, and will endeavour to bring over, if I can, your aunt, not all at once, but by degrees, to ſecond my deſigns. You muſt be careful not to vex or diſpleaſe her. She deſerves your gratitude. She has but erred reſpecting what was likely to inſure your happineſs: her wiſh was not the leſs to make you happy.

Bertha. I believe ſo; but renounce, from henceforth, all the nonſenſe I've been put to ſtudy. No more dancing, no more drawing, or piano-forte-work, in future.

Mr. Goodwin. No, dear Bertha, now you're wrong upon the other ſide, in ſuch a reſolution. On the contrary you ought to cultivate them: for, in truth, they are not undeſirable accompliſhments. They may render a woman more welcome in good company; form an agreeable relaxation from thoſe cares attendant on a houſe and family, and make her ſtill more fond of living in retirement; add another tie to the attachment of her huſband, guide her in the choice ſhe is to make of maſters for her children, and enable her to further their improvement. They are only prejudicial when they feed her vanity, and make her give into a fatal diſſipation, or contempt of duties in that ſtate of life to which God's providence has called her. They are flowers, in ſhort, that may poſſeſs ſome little portion of one's garden, if the reſt be ſet apart for fruits and vegetables.

THE BORROWED PURSE.

SPENCER, though a dull companion, was a ſpecial workman. He aſpired at nothing in his heart ſo

much as to become a maſter; but he wanted money to ſet up.

A merchant, who was well acquainted with his induſtry, was willing to ſupply him with an hundred pounds, that he might open ſhop.

One may, without much difficulty, gueſs at Spencer's joy. In his imagination, he already had a warehouſe full of goods. He reckoned up how many cuſtomers would crowd to buy them, and what money he ſhould have at balancing his books.

In the extravagant emotions of that tranſport into which theſe notions threw him, he perceived an alehouſe. Come, ſaid he, and entered it, I'll have a little pleaſure with one ſixpence of this money.

He demurred, however, ſome few moments, to call out for punch, which was his favourite liquor, as his conſcience loudly told him, that the moment of enjoyment was not yet arrived; that he was, firſt of all, to think of paying what his friend had lent him; and at preſent that it was not honeſt for him to lay out a penny of the ſum, for things not abſolutely neceſſary. He was ready to come out again, impreſſed by ſuch right notions, but bethought himſelf, upon the other hand, that if he ſpent a ſixpence of his money, he ſhould ſtill have ninety-nine pounds nineteen ſhillings and a ſixpence left; that ſuch a ſum was full enough to ſet him up in trade, and that a ſingle half hour's induſtry would compenſate for ſuch a trifling pleaſure as he wiſhed to have at preſent.

It was thus, that taking up the glaſs, he ſought to quiet his interior ſcruples; but, alas! his preſent conduct was to open him a door to ruin.

On the morrow, ſo agreeable a recollection of his pleaſure at the ale-houſe filled his mind, that he was now leſs ſcrupulous with conſcience in expending one more ſixpence at it. He had ninety-nine pounds nineteen ſhillings ſtill remaining.

On the following days, the love of liquor had beſotted him in ſuch a manner, that he conſtantly returned to his beloved ale-houſe, but increaſed the quantum

of his liquor, to a ſhilling's worth at firſt; then ſixpence more; and ſo on, till he came to half-a-crown; at which he ſeemed to make a ſtand, and every time he went, he would conſole himſelf with ſaying, 'Tis but two-and-ſixpence I am ſpending. O, I need not fear but I ſhall have enough to carry on my trade.

Such then was his deluſive way of reaſoning, in reply to what his conſcience whiſpered, which would now and then be heard. It did not ſtrike him, that his fortune was an even hundred pounds, and that the uſeful application of the whole depended on the fit employ to which he put its parts.

You ſee then, my dear little friends, how by inſenſible gradation he incurred a ſpendthrift life. He found no longer any joy in induſtry, employed entirely as he was in contemplating on his actual riches, which he fancied inexhauſtible; and yet, from day to day, he did not fail to find it was diminiſhing. He was convinced, and his conviction all at once came over him juſt like a clap of thunder, that he could not make amends for his preceding diſſipation, as his benefactor would not be ſo fond of lending him another hundred pounds, when he had ſeen him ſo miſuſe the firſt.

Quite overcome with ſhame and grief, the more he ſought to ſtifle his ideas with hard drinking, ſo much by a great deal ſooner, did his ruin fall upon him.—And at laſt the frightful moment came, when quite diſguſted at the thought of induſtry, and being, as it were, an object to himſelf of horror, life became a burden, owing to that ſcene of poverty now opening to him.

He renounced his country, followed by deſpair, and joined a gang of ſmugglers, formidable by the ravages they ſpread through every country on the coaſt. But heaven did not permit their violence ſhould long remain unpuniſhed. A diſgraceful death ſoon ended his career of wickedneſs.

Alas! if when his reaſon firſt of all addreſſed him, he had liſtened, and been wrought upon by the re-

proaches of his conſcience, eaſy in his ſituation might he now have been, enjoying in repute and honour, the repoſe of a reſpectable and opulent old age.

You ſhudder, children, at his lamentable folly. Such is notwithſtanding that of multitudes among us, in the uſe they put their money to. It was beſtowed upon them for the beſt of purpoſes, and yet they exerciſe themſelves thereby in every ſhameful diſſipation. 'Tis but ſuch and ſuch a ſum of money I am ſpending! and what's that? They think there will be enough always left them, for the proper uſe thereof. However, in the interval, days, months, and years flow onward, and they find, at the concluſion of them, they have not made ſuch a uſe thereof. In ſome ſort, they are even happy if their conduct does not plunge them finally into deſpair.

THE DIRTY BOOTS.

FORTUNATUS, proud of his high birth, was not content with inwardly deſpiſing every one inferior to himſelf in point of fortune, but preſumed to take ſuch airs upon him as evinced the ſcorn with which he looked upon them. As it chanced, one day he ſaw his father's footman cleaning ſhoes. Fooh! what a filthy buſineſs! was his exclamation, as he paſſed him, turning up his noſe: for all the world I would not be a ſhoe-black.—Very likely ſo, ſaid John; and I, for my part, hope that I ſhall never be *your* ſhoe black.

All the laſt week's weather had been very bad, but now it was grown clear and bright: on which account young Fortunatus got his father's leave to take a ride on horſeback. Now the promiſe of this ride afforded him the greater pleaſure, as the day before, when he was out, he had been hindered, by a heavy ſhower of rain, from going far. However, he had been already

far enough to ſplaſh his boots from top to bottom, and they were not yet quite dry.

Tranſported with the thought of ſo much pleaſure, he ran down to John, who was at breakfaſt in the kitchen, and employing an imperious tone of voice, cried out, "John, John! I'm going out on horſeback. Run and clean my boots! Well, don't you hear me?" John pretended that he did not, and continued at his breakfaſt, quite compoſed. It was in vain our Fortunatus put himſelf into a paſſion, and beſtowed an hundred terms upon him. John conſidered it enough to anſwer him with great indifference, "I have told you, ſir, already, if you recollect, I hoped I never ſhould become *your* ſhoe-black."

In the mean time Fortunatus, ſeeing he could not, in ſpite of all his menaces, get John to do as he deſired, returned quite full of rage, and made complaint about him to his father. Mr. Railton could not comprehend why John refuſed a buſineſs that belonged to his employment, and which hitherto he had performed without expecting orders for that purpoſe; ſo he ſent to ſpeak a little with him, and was told of the affair.

His conduct was approved of to the full by Mr. Railton, who not only blamed his ſon, but told him he might go and clean his boots himſelf, or ſtay at home, which ever he thought proper. He forbade the other ſervants to aſſiſt him in this buſineſs. "You will learn, ſir, added he, how ſilly 'tis to look with ſcorn on ſervices contributary to our comfort and convenience; ſervices, the rigour of which you ſhould rather ſtrive to ſoften, by a gentleneſs of manners in yourſelf. So, ſince a *ſhoe-black's* trade is ſo diſgraceful, be ſo kind as to ennoble it, by being for the future your own ſhoe-black."

Such a ſentence turned his promiſed pleaſure into ſorrow. He was very eager for a ride on horſeback, ſuch fine weather was it;—but to clean his boots himſelf! he could not ſtoop to ſuch an office. On the other hand, his pride would not permit him to go out

with dirty boots, in which caſe every one he met would ridicule him. He applied ſucceſſively to every ſervant in the houſe, with an offer of a piece of money to corrupt them; but there was not one could be prevailed upon to diſobey his maſter's order.—Thus, then, Fortunatus was obliged to ſtay at home, till in the end his pride permitted him to ſtoop ſo low as the conditions laid upon him. On the morrow, John reſumed his office without bidding; and the humbled Fortunatus, having exerciſed it once, would never after gratify his pride by vilifying what was in itſelf ſo uſeful.

THE MOUNTAIN PIPE.

FROM the higheſt ſummit of thoſe hills that overlook the vale of Lucca in Savoy, an Engliſh traveller, we mean to call Fitzwilliam, was contemplating the extended landſcape round about him: he was quite alone, his faithful ſervant being ordered to a neighbouring city, there to wait the time of his return when ſome few days ſhould once have paſſed; which interval he meant to ſpend in rambling over that romantic country—More than half way down the hill, Fitzwilliam ſaw a hamlet, that aſſured him of a lodging for the night.—Thus free from all inquietude, and ſwallowed up in thought, he left his mind to roam at large in contemplation, and his eye to wander from one object to another of the ſpacious view. But ſoon the ſylvan choriſter's laſt ſong admoniſhed him to think of getting under cover for the night. The ſun, already hid behind the mountain, did but colour the ſky with his gold and purple rays that floated, as it were, juſt cloſe above the trees. He deſcended ſlowly, mortified to ſee the ſpacious horizon, whoſe limits he could hardly trace, contract itſelf as he proceeded. The crepuſculum, or twilight, now began to veil it with a ſhade, ſo that

every ſtep it grew browner, till the empreſs of the night diſpelled this gloomy darkneſs, with her light more placid, though leſs glorious than the ſun's that had ſo lately ſunk from ſight. Fitzwilliam ſat down for a moment, to enjoy the picture. Nothing intercepted, or broke off his view, throughout the vaſt expanſe. He contemplated on the infinite extent at leiſure.—From the trembling moon and ſtars that twinkled while he gazed upon them, he paſſed over to the calm and ſpotleſs azure of the firmament. The air was freſh, nor did the ſlighteſt breeze diſturb it. Nature was abſorbed in univerſal ſilence, ſaving the low murmur of a ſtream meandering through the country at a diſtance. Stretched upon the graſs, he might perhaps have contemplated till the riſing of the ſun next morning; but the muſic of a lute, made more harmonious by a voice, ſoon after ſtruck upon his ear. He thought at firſt his raviſhed ſenſes were deluded by the power of his imagination, and experienced the delight of fancying he was ſuddenly tranſported in a dream to what are called the regions of enchantment. In the midſt of this illuſion, while both muſics ſtill continued, getting on his feet, a lute, ſaid he, upon the mountain! he turned round on that ſide whence the melody proceeded, and diſcovered through the darkſome verdure of the trees, no great way diſtant, the white walls and garden pailing of a cottage. He approached it with a beating heart; but what was his ſurpriſe, when he beheld a youthful peaſant with a lute, on which he was playing with exquiſite addreſs. A woman ſeated on his right, kept looking at him with an eye of infinite affection. At their feet, upon the turf, were many children, boys and girls, and ancient people, all in attitudes of pleaſure and attention. When Fitzwilliam firſt made his appearance, ſeveral of the children came to meet him, looked at one another, and then ſaid among themſelves, What gentleman is this? The young muſician turned his head, but did not leave off playing. I, that is to ſay Fitzwilliam, for the author henceforth, for more perſpicuity, muſt be ſuppoſed as ſpeaking in the perſon of

Fitzwilliam could not poſſibly withſtand the firſt emotions of my heart.——I held him out my hand; he gave me his, which I laid hold of with a ſort of tranſport.——Every body upon this got up and made a circle round us. I informed them, as conciſely as I could do, of my buſineſs in that quarter of the country, at ſuch a time of night. We have not, for many miles about, an inn, remarked the youthful peaſant, as our cottage is not near the road; but if you are content to put up with a cottage and poor people, we will do our beſt to entertain you.

If at firſt I was aſtoniſhed at his execution on the lute, and taſte in ſinging, I was ſtill much more ſurpriſed at the politeneſs of his manners, the preciſion of his language, and the eaſe with which he ſpoke. You were not born, I told him, in a cottage! Pardon me, replied he, with a ſmile: I *was*, and even in this. But you're fatigued, I fancy. Didier, bring a chair. Excuſe me, ſir: I owe my neighbours this nocturnal entertainment I'm now giving them.

I would not take the chair, but laid myſelf upon the graſs, as all the reſt did. Every body had, by this, reſumed his former poſture; and the ſilence I had interrupted by appearing as I did among them, now took place again.

The youth immediately began to play upon his lute; and in the intervals of playing, ſung a favourite ballad, which he did with ſo much ſweetneſs, that a tear, as I could ſee, ſtood trembling in the eye of every one about him, by the time he had repeated the firſt couplet. I could not refrain from envying the ſurpriſing genius of the ruſtic bard, whoever he might be, that could impreſs ſo powerfully an unlettered, and almoſt an uncivilized ſociety of people. I was charmed in ſeeing how ſurpriſingly thoſe beauties that are drawn from nature, pleaſe the ſouls of all men. Of the poet's touches, none were loſt; and at the laſt, which was the moſt affecting, I heard notwithſtanding round about me, nothing but half ſighs, and badly ſtifled ſobbings.

After ſome few minutes ſilence, the whole company

got up, each wiping, as I could ſee, his eyes. They wiſhed each other a good night with perfect cordiality. The neighbours with their children went away, and none were left except an ancient man upon a ſeat beſide the door, and whom till now I had not noticed; the muſician with the woman ſitting by him; Didier, the young boy whoſe name I recollected; and myſelf.

'Twas painful to me to give up the charming ſtate in which at that time I was plunged. I ſtill continued ſitting, but got up at laſt, and drawing near the young muſician, put my arms out, as it were by inſtinct, to embrace him. Sweet it is, ſaid I, to meet with people who ſurpriſe us at the firſt ſlight glance, and finiſh by attracting our eſteem, before a quarter of an hour is paſſed. He anſwered me no other way than by an ardent graſp, while I was ſpeaking, of my hand. Dear ſir, began the old man upon this, you are content, I fancy, with our evening's entertainment? I am glad you have conceived ſo ſuddenly a friendſhip for my dear Auvergne, for which you ſhall repoſe you in my bed. No, father, interrupted Didier, who came running from the barn, I have been littering me ſome ſtraw; and 'tis *my* bed the gentleman ſhall lie in, if he pleaſes. I was forced to promiſe I would yield to this laſt offer.—Didier, upon this, held out his hand; the old man reſted on his ſhoulder, and went in, when he had wiſhed me a good night; and now I found myſelf alone with Auvergne, and the young woman, who, he told me, was his ſpouſe. I aſked them if, for my ſake, they would not paſs fifteen minutes more, in converſation with me, as 'twas moon-light, where they then were? Willingly, ſaid Genevieve, to ſuch a queſtion, who was not a little vain of the attention I had paid her huſband. Yes, quite willingly, replied Auvergne, who ſaw how much his wife deſired it.

I ſat down between them with a linden tree behind me; through whoſe foliage the moon darted all her brightneſs.

My dear friends, ſaid I, and took the woman by the hand, pray let me know how long you have enjoyed

your preſent happineſs? Theſe ſix months, anſwered ſhe; and now 'tis upwards of a twelvemonth that Auvergne is happily returned among us from his travels. You have travelled then, ſaid I, with ſome ſurpriſe, excited by this intimation. Yes, ſir, anſwered Auvergne: I've viſited a part of Europe.—Every thing I ſee about you, interrupted I, and every thing I hear you ſay, excites a deal of wonder in me! if you have no ſecret motive for concealing the tranſactions of your life, do not refuſe me, I beſeech you, when I beg to know them. Certainly you will not, anſwered Genevieve, with that ſimplicity, which conſcious of no evil meaning, never hunts for phraſes or ſet forms of ſpeech. This gentleman appears ſo worthy of the favour he has aſked you! and beſides, you know, I always hear the ſtory with a deal of pleaſure.

He conſented, with a ſmile, to our requeſt; and 'tis *his* words I am at preſent going to ſet down, as far as my remembrance has preſerved the narrative.

As I have mentioned, I was born, ſir, in this cottage, towards the end of ſixty-three; at preſent, being three-and-twenty years of age. I had the misfortune to loſe my mother, when an infant, hardly being weaned. My father was in eaſy, though not in affluent circumſtances, but a law-ſuit he was forced into, by one who is no more at preſent, but was then a very wealthy farmer, ruined him entirely; and he died of grief, when he was torn from his paternal cottage, and behold it ſold for the advantage of the lawyers. The old man you ſaw juſt now, who is become my father, bought and came to ſettle in it. He was ſtruck with pity, ſeeing me an orphan at my early time of life, and, though ſo little, told me I ſhould be his ſhepherd. I was treated very kindly by him; and his children looked upon me as their brother. Notwithſtanding which, the loſs of my poor father, the unkindneſs of my other kindred who forſook me, and the thought of being nothing but a ſtranger in the cottage where I firſt had my exiſtence, and the lonely life I led upon the mountain, whither I was ſent to watch my father's cattle, all at

once afflicted me, and my accuſtomed gaiety was changed to melancholy. I conſumed whole days in weeping, while my flocks were grazing round me on the plain.

(Here Genevieve withdrew her hand, which I had got in mine, to wipe away a falling tear, and then returned it to me.)

One evening I was ſitting on the ſummit of the mountain, and amuſing my afflicted thoughts by ſinging to myſelf the very ballad you have juſt now heard.—Towards the concluſion, I obſerved a man among the trees. I noticed he was dreſſed in brown: his countenance was very pale; he ſeemed quite melancholy; and waited till my ſong was finiſhed. Thereupon he came cloſe to me, and inquired how far he might be from the public road? O! very far, dear ſir, ſaid I; above five miles. Can you conduct me thither? I would do ſo gladly, might I quit my flock.—'Tis poſſible your parents may accommodate me with a lodging for the night! Ah, ſir! my parents are a great way off.——Where then?—They lived like honeſt people upon earth, and they are happy now in heaven.

The tone, as he informed me after, of my voice, affected this good man, and my reply, he ſaid, could not but intereſt him. He put ſeveral queſtions to me, and my anſwers pleaſed him. Night by this time being come, I brought him to our cottage; and my maſter hoſpitably entertained him. On the morrow, they had ſome diſcourſe together with regard to me, and when I was prepared to re-aſſume my daily charge, they told me Didier would in future take it, as the ſtranger meant to have me with him. 'Twould be uſeleſs I ſhould tell you what was my affliction at the thought of quitting this dear cottage, though not mine, and parting from my Genevieve, whom even then I loved, tho' ſhe was quite a child. My ſituation was not any way a happy one; and yet I could not quit it without ſhedding tears. I could not poſſibly foreſee my future deſtination was to be decided by the preſent moment. Yes, to thee, beneficent protector of my youth, I am a debtor for my preſent happineſs! thou knoweſt, generous man,

how ardently I prayed to God for thy proſperity while thou wert living, and with what exhauſtleſs gratitude I bleſs even ſtill thy aſhes! He was called *Lu Rue*, and had the place of organiſt in no great pariſh. You would judge imperfectly of his abilities, if you adverted to the nature and obſcurity of his employment. Many travellers turned out of their road to hear his muſic; but their praiſes only made him the more modeſt. I much doubt, if in the courſe of your acquaintance, you have ever met with ſuch a genius. He received from the affection of his father, who, when living, was a very great phyſician, ſuch an education as would certainly have made him eminent as a phyſician likewiſe; but he rather choſe to yield himſelf entirely to the ardent paſſion he had long before conceived for muſic. He married the daughter of the organiſt, whom he ſucceeded, but was childleſs. His dear wife, whom he had loſt for ſeveral years, ſtill lived within his heart. Her image, and his books, were now the ſole ſociety he had in that deep melancholy which had ſeized upon his mind; but ſtill, while he avoided men, he did not hate them. On the other hand, he did much in ſecret. He was forty years of age when I came to him. He inſtructed me at firſt to read and write, and afterwards took pleaſure in the cultivation of my voice, and teaching me to play the lute, which was his favourite inſtrument.—He did not ſtop at muſical inſtruction; he provided me with ſelections from the works of the greateſt poets. He formed at once my heart, my underſtanding, and my taſte. 'Twas thus he acted, for five years, the part of an aſſiduous maſter, without any expectation of reward for all his pains and labour, but from him, who beſt knows how to recompenſe the ſervices we do our fellow-creatures.

In the midſt of all theſe occupations, I had never baniſhed from my mind the recollection of my cottage, or the countenance of Genevieve, the partner of my childiſh paſtimes. I was often ſpeaking of them to my patron, and accordingly one day—I never ſhall

forget it. 'Twas the firſt of June, four years ago.—He roſe betimes, and going, as his cuſtom was, to take a morning's airing, bade me follow him. We talked of many matters while we went along, as chance preſented ſubjects for our converſation; till at laſt he brought me to the very mountain where at firſt I ſaw him. Dear Auvergne, ſaid he, I have fulfilled the duty providence I thought impoſed upon me, the firſt time I ſaw you. I am ſenſible how much you ſigh, when you reflect upon the habitation from whence I took you; and have had no other view in undertaking to protect and educate you, than at laſt to put you in a way of getting once again poſſeſſion of it. I now ſhew it you; look at it; but take notice, I forbid, on pain of my diſpleaſure, your returning thither, till ſuch time as you have wherewithal to purchaſe it. I give you my own lute. I have inſtructed you to play upon it. Travel. You are not without a charming voice. Wherever people hear it, you will be the firſt of artiſts in your way, and need not be averſe to take the name of an itinerant muſician. Such a novelty will never fail to get you auditors and money; only be diſcreet and frugal; and when rich enough, return into your country, and buy your father's cottage.

My heart beat high at this diſcourſe, and grew enlarged with hope and joy. He held me to his boſom, ſhedding tears. They were the firſt I ever yet had ſeen fall from him, and they made a ſingular impreſſion on me. After this, we thought of coming back, and he conducted me in ſilence to his houſe.

Upon the morrow, at the break of day, I was to leave my benefactor; he beſtowed, at parting, the inſtruction he imagined I moſt needed, with two louis-d'ors. In four years time I footed it through Italy, all France, and Germany, equipped like what I was, a peaſant of the mountains, with my hair as you may ſee at preſent, floating in large curls upon my ſhoulders. I took notice, that the ſingularity of ſuch a dreſs encreaſed the effect proceeding from my muſic; and particularly in the capitals of every country I

paſſed through. Few noblemen, I fancy, ever travelled more delightfully than I did. Every where I found a good reception, and not only from the middling ſort of people, but the moſt polite. The quality in cities made up concerts, for no other purpoſe than to hear me; and in villages, I verily believe they married for the mirth of dancing to the muſic of my inſtrument. In many places I had advantageous offers made me to take up my reſidence among them. They ſeduced me ſometimes, I acknowledge, for an inſtant; but as ſoon as I again reflected on my cottage, every thought of fortune vaniſhed; nor of all my projects, was one trace left remaining. I remember ſtill what ſweet ſenſations ſeized me every time, while travelling I went over any mountain, or even came in ſight thereof. I ſought this hamlet on it, and imagined for a moment I could ſee my cottage. With my mind continually full of ſuch an image, I endeavoured to expreſs my notions, and theſe couplets were my compoſition.

Sweet little cottage of my ſire,
Where when a child I play'd;
In foreign realms my whole deſire
Pants to enjoy thy ſhade.

Each object lives within my mind,
That there the eye runs o'er;
The hamlet and the hill behind.
The linden tree before.

Aſtoniſh'd at men's pomp and pride,
Vaſt manſions oft I ſee;
But only can be ſatisfied,
Sweet rural cot, with thee.

Whence then would ſpring that bleſs'd content,
In name alone ev'n ſweet,
I ſhould enjoy, had heaven but meant
To keep me that ſoft ſeat?

I ſhould indeed live happy there,
Nor thro' the world thus roam;
And Genevieve the bliſs would ſhare
Of my paternal home.

Sweet breathe my pipe then, ſince the ſtrain
Pleas'd daily I renew;
For if my double wiſh I gain,
To muſic's power 'tis due.

Auvergne went thro' theſe couplets with ſuch ſweetneſs and expreſſion, that the fabulous ideas of Apollo wakened in me; and methought I heard that exiled deity on earth, and in the vales of Theſſaly, complaining he had loſt Olympus. I deſired to ſpeak. I wanted to cry out, but I found my tongue without motion. Auvergne could not but conceive the meaning of my ſilence, and went on as follows:

I am now about to tell you by what means I came again in poſſeſſion of this precious cottage.

Towards December laſt, when I had taken up my dwelling for a ſeaſon at Turin, and had been twice from one extremity of Italy, in which Turin is ſituated, to the other, I examined what my fortune came to, and conceived myſelf then rich enough to pay a viſit to my native mountain. I immediately ſet out, and after ſeveral forced journies, came in ten days time as far as to the city where my benefactor had reſided. With what anxious expectation did I not that moment enter it! and as I went along, aſk every one I met, what tidings he could give me of him? But, alas! I was not to enjoy the pleaſure of expreſſing what I owed him, or behold him, happy in the conſequences of his friendſhip ſhewn me. He had two months ſince been dead. I went to pour out my tears on his tomb, and made a vow to heaven that I would call my firſt child by his name, if I ſhould ever be ſo happy as to prove a father. On the evening of that day I gained this hamlet. Every one, I found, ſpoke favourably of me, without knowing who I was

at firſt. My lute, and the remembrance of our friendſhip, ſoon obtained me Genevieve's affection. I received her from her father. I bought back, with his conſent, the cottage, and the field belonging to it, for two hundred crowns, with which his eldeſt ſon procured a farm below us in the village, and has now been ſometime ſettled in it. With reſpect to him, he acquieſced to paſs the remnant of his days with Didier, in our cottage. 'Tis from him I learn the art of huſbandry; for now that I am once more in poſſeſſion of my little patrimony, the amount of my ambition is to be, as was my father, a good huſband, a kind parent, and a virtuous peaſant. I have not, as you may ſee, forgot my lute, the precious inſtrument that made my fortune; but ſtill keep it at my ſide, and often put it to my lips, for my own recreation, or to pleaſe my family or neighbours.

He ſtopped ſhort at this; but ſtill I thought I heard him ſpeaking. My attention, captivated by his narrative, was turned inſenſibly upon his perſon, after he had finiſhed. His ingenious animated countenance, the contraſt of his dreſs and converſation, his attachment to a ruſtic habitation, and the gratitude with which he cheriſhed the remembrance of his benefactor; his uncommon fortune, travels, and profeſſion; everything, I thought, exhibited the youth, in ſome ſort, as a being of enchantment, and ſuperior to the ordinary race of men. 'Twas Genevieve firſt rouſed me from my contemplation, by her motion in the act of leaning forward to embrace him; I embraced them both, and was embraced too by them. We got up, and went into the cottage, where, to my aſtoniſhment, I ſaw an air of order and propriety about me. After having made a plentiful, but light repaſt, upon ſuch fruits as I was told the mountain yielded, Didier led me to a niche in one of the apartments: it was rather narrow, but the bed that filled it was both clean and wholeſome. Of this bed, the little fellow told me, he diſpoſed with pleaſure in my favour. 'Twas not long before I fell into a downy ſlumber, and my

leeping thoughts were occupied upon the charming bjects I had recently been witneſs too. I did not, all he following day, once quit this happy family, when hey were either unemployed or occupied.

Auvergne related to me many entertaining matters hat occurred to him in travelling, and explained how e acquired that eaſineſs of manners, and politeneſs of xpreſſion, that at firſt had charmed me, and which fterwards, as I diſcovered, notwithſtanding his great outh, conciliated the reſpect and love of every aged dividual thro' the hamlet. The acuteneſs of his un- erſtanding, the unſtudied openneſs of Genevieve, the d man's blunt good ſenſe, the reſtleſs curioſity of Di- er, made their converſation intereſting, and diffuſed inexpreſſible variety through every part thereof, that armed me, and connected them much cloſer to each her. I was ſure I could have paſſed my life away ite happy with them. But why, ſaid I to myſelf, hy brood on ſuch a contemplation? 'Twas that very ght I was to leave them. I confeſs I felt a pang of dneſs to reflect upon our ſeparation, and imagined, their looks, it would occaſion them ſome ſorrow like- ſe. If my fortune ſhould in future let me, with ore liberty, diſpoſe of the remainder of my life, I n intended, and do ſtill, to make a yearly viſit to s mountain, for the purpoſe of reviſiting my friends, d filling my whole heart with thoſe ſenſations of ntentedneſs and peace which their ſociety and habi- ion cannot but inſpire.

MONEY MAKES THE OLD WIFE TROT.

DERBY *and* SIMON.

Derby. GOOD morning, neighbour Simon! I have half a dozen miles to go, and ſhould be glad if you would lend me Ball.

Simon. I ſhould be quite rejoiced, friend Derby, to oblige you, but muſt needs ſet off myſelf immediately to fetch three ſacks of meal home from the mill.—My wife wants ſome this very morning.

Derby. She muſt want it ſtill then; for the mill, I can inform you, does not go to day. I heard the miller tell 'ſquire Thomas that the water was too low.

Simon. You don't ſay ſo? That's quite unlucky; for in ſuch caſe I muſt gallop up to London for the meal. My wife would make a fine to do, ſhould I neglect it.

Derby. I can ſpare you ſuch a journey. I have ſeveral ſacks of meal at home, of which I'll lend your wife as much as ſhe can want.

Simon. Ah! Maſter Derby, I am ſure your meal will never ſuit my wife. You can't conceive how whimſical ſhe is!

Derby. Let her be ten times more ſo, and I'm not withſtanding certain ſhe will like it, as you ſold it me yourſelf; the beſt, as you aſſured me, you had ever had.

Simon. Yes, yes, that's true indeed; I always have the beſt of every thing. You know, my good friend Derby, no one is more ready to oblige than I am; but the mare refuſed this morning to eat ſtraw: and truly I'm afraid ſhe would not do to carry you.

Derby. Oh, never fear! ſhe ſhall not want for oats upon the road.

Simon. Oats, neighbour! Oats are very dear!

Derby. They are ſo; but no matter. Having a good job in view, one never ſtands for trifles.

Simon. It will certainly be foggy, and the road is ſlippery enough. If you ſhould fall and break your neck—

Derby. What fear of that? the mare is certainly ſurefooted; and beſides, you talked yourſelf of galloping to London.

Simon. Well then, to ſpeak the truth, my ſaddle is all in pieces, and I've ſent my bridle likewiſe to be mended.

Derby. Luckily I've both a bridle and ſaddle hanging up at home.

Simon. Ah, like enough! but I am ſure your ſaddle will not fit my mare.

Derby. Why then I'll borrow Goodman Clodpole's.

Simon. Clodpole's! his will no more fit than your's does.

Derby. At the worſt then, there's our 'ſquire. His ſtable-boy is a friend of mine, and he can lend me one to fit her, or the deuce is in it, out of twenty that his maſter has at the leaſt.

Simon. You know, friend Derby, no one is more willing to oblige his neighbours than myſelf. Believe me, you ſhould have the beaſt with all my heart, but ſhe has not been curried, I believe, theſe three weeks paſt. Her mane is quite out of order; and if any one ſhould ſee her in this trim, ſhe would not fetch two guineas, ſhould I wiſh to ſell her, as 'tis probable I may do.

Derby. Oh! a horſe is very quickly curried; and my ploughboy ſhall deſpatch her in a quarter of an hour.

Simon. Yes, very likely; but I've thought a little, and now recollect the creature muſt be ſhod.

Derby. Well, is there not a farrier here, hard by?

Simon. Oh, yes! ſuch a bungler for my mare! I would not truſt him with my aſs; and none but Spavin, the king's farrier in the Meuſe, at London, will ſuit me.

Derby. As luck will have it, when I get to London, I ſhall go quite near the Meuſe.

Simon, (*ſeeing Frank, his man, calls out*) Frank! Frank!

Francis, (*approaching.*) What want you, maſter?

Simon. Look, here's neighbour Derby, and he wants the loan of Ball. You know the ſkin laſt Monday was rubb'd off her back a hand's breadth, if not more. (*He tips Frank the wink.*) So go and ſee if ſhe is well. (*Frank lets his maſter ſee he underſtands him, and goes out.*) I think ſhe muſt be cured by this: Oh, yes! ſo ſhake hands my good friend! I'm glad I ſhall be able to oblige you. We muſt help each other in life. Had I at once refuſed to let you have the mare, you would yourſelf in future have refuſed me ſomething or another. Yes, that's plain. The worſt that can be ſaid of Simon is, that his acquaintances always find him ready when they want aſſiſtance. (*Francis now re-enters.*) Well, how fares it with poor Ball?

Francis. How fares it, with her maſter? Bad enough indeed! About a hand's breadth, did you ſay? You meant about the breadth of both my ſhoulders. The poor creature cannot ſtir a ſtep! And then too, I have promiſed her to Goſſip Blaze, to carry her to market.

Simon. Do you hear that, neighbour? I am ſorry matters turn out thus. I would not for the world have diſobliged you, but muſt not refuſe the mare to Goody. Truſt me, I am very ſorry, for your ſake, dear Derby.

Derby. And I as much for your's, dear Simon; for, to tell the truth, I had a note this morning from Lord Hazard's ſteward, and he tells me, if I can but get to London time enough this very day, he'll let me have the firſt refuſal of a deal of timber that my Lord is minded to cut down. It will be upwards of a hundred guineas profit to me, out of which I meant to let you have from fifteen up to twenty, as I meant that you ſhould fell the trees. But——

Simon. What, from fifteen up to twenty guineas did you ſay?

Derby. Ay, truly, did I; and perhaps it might have been a great deal more. But ſince your mare is out of order, I'll go ſee if I can get old Roan, the blackſmith's horſe.

Simon. Old Roan! My mare is at your ſervice.—

Here, Frank! Frank! tell Goſſip Blaze ſhe can't have Ball to-day, as neighbour Derby wants her, and I won't refuſe him any thing.

Derby. But what are you to do for meal?

Simon. My wife can go without it for a fortnight: did you want the beaſt ſo long?

Derby. And then your ſaddle, that is all in pieces!

Simon. I was ſpeaking of the old one: I have got another ſince, and you ſhall have the firſt uſe of it.

Derby. So then you would have me leave the mare at Spavin's to be ſhod.

Simon. No, no; I had forgot, our neighbour ſhod her here laſt week, by way of trial; and, to do him juſtice, I muſt own he ſhoes extremely well.

Derby. But if the creature has loſt ſo much ſkin from off her back, as Francis——

Simon. O! I know him. He delights to make things worſe a great deal than they are; and I would lay any wager 'tis not bigger than my little finger

Derby. Well then let him curry her a little, as theſe three weeks paſt, you know——

Simon. Theſe three weeks paſt! I would not have him fail to curry her a ſingle day.

Derby. At leaſt, however, let him give her ſomething ſhe will eat, ſince ſhe refuſes ſtraw.

Simon. She did, indeed, this morning; but the reaſon was, that ſhe had had a belly-full of hay. Don't be afraid of any thing: ſhe'll ſkim along like any bird: the road is very dry, and we ſhall have no fog. I wiſh you a good journey, and a profitable job. Come, come this moment, and I'll hold the ſtirrup for you.

PHILIP.

OH! I'll be revenged, and make him heartily repent it, cried the little Philip, while his countenance turned ſuddenly quite red with anger, and he walked along, not ſeeing Stephen, his dear friend, who at that inſtant, as it chanced, was coming on to meet him, hearing what he had ſaid with ſome degree of pain. Who is it, Stephen aſked him, you deſign to be revenged on?—Philip lifted up his eyes; he ſaw his friend, and re-aſſumed the ſmile with which his countenance was generally glowing. Ah! ſaid he, come, come, my friend, and you ſhall ſee whom I will be revenged on. You remember, I believe, my little *ſupple Jack*, that pretty cane my father gave me: 'tis all in pieces; and Robinſon, the farmer's ſon, that lives at yonder cottage with the thatch, has broke it. And pray why, ſaid Stephen, did he break it? I was walking peaceably along, ſaid Philip, with the greateſt agitation, and was playing with my cane, by putting it quite round my body; one of the two ends, by ſome means or another, got out of my hand when I was oppoſite the gate juſt by the wooden bridge, and where the little blackguard had put down a pitcher full of water, which he was carrying home from the well. My cane, in ſpringing, ſtruck the pitcher, overſet, but did not break it. He came up cloſe to me, and began to call me names. I ſeriouſly aſſured him I had not intended to do what I did, and was extremely ſorry for the accident. He would not hear me, but got hold that moment of my *ſupple Jack*, and twiſted it as you may ſee. I'll make him, notwithſtanding, heartily repent it, and know how.

He is, indeed, a very wicked boy, ſaid Stephen, but is already puniſhed very well for being ſo, ſince every one deteſts and ſhuns him. If he wiſhes to enjoy a little play, he never can get hold of a companion: if he comes where any boys are met to play, they always thruſt him out; but if he will not quit them, they

leave him. The hatred with which he is looked upon cannot but ſufficiently avenge you———

Yes; but he has broke my cane, ſaid Philip. My papa but very lately gave it me; and 'twas quite pretty, as you know.—My father will not fail to aſk me what is come of it: he will imagine I have loſt his preſent; poſſibly he'll fall into a paſſion, and this little blackguard will have cauſed it. I did him no harm. I offered to fill up his pitcher, having knocked it down without deſigning ſo to do.—The villain! I will therefore be revenged.

Believe me, my dear friend, ſaid Stephen, 'twill be better not to mind him. Your contempt is puniſhment enough for ſuch a one. You are not ſuch as he is; and depend upon it, he will ſhew himſelf at all times abler to do miſchief than yourſelf. And now I think upon it, I muſt tell you what but very lately happened to him.

Quite unluckily for him, he ſaw a bee upon a flower: he tried to catch it, and pull off its wings for paſtime; but the bee contrived to ſting him, and flew off in ſafety to the hive. Quite mad with rage, he ſaid, as you did, I will be revenged for this! Accordingly he cut himſelf a ſwitch, thruſt it through the hole into the bee-hive, turning it about. By this means Robinſon killed ſeveral of the little creatures; but in an inſtant the whole ſwarm flew all at once upon him, and ſtung him in a thouſand different places. You may gueſs he uttered piercing cries, and in his agony he rolled upon the ground. His father ran up to him, and could not, without a deal of difficulty, put the bees to flight, by flinging bowls of water on him. He was ill in conſequence of this for ſeveral days.

You ſee then, that his vengeance had no very great ſucceſs. Revenge not therefore his inſults: he will meet with ſome one who will puniſh him, without your taking any trouble in the matter. And beſides, as he is wicked, would you likewiſe be as wicked; for, my friend, he is much ſtronger than you are, and, to be

ſure of your revenge, you muſt be much more wicked than he is.

I think, ſaid Philip, you are in the right; ſo come along with me. I'll tell my father every thing, and he will not be angry with me, as I hope; for look you, I can eaſily take comfort for my broken cane, but not, ſhould he imagine I neglected to take care of what he gave me. After this they went together. Philip told his father what had happened. The good gentleman conſoled his ſon, and thanked the little Stephen for the advice he had imparted.

On the day ſucceeding, Philip had another cane, exactly like the firſt. He paſſed the farmer's houſe: his ſon was at the door, and hung his head while Philip went along.

However Philip, ſome days after, ſaw this little peaſant fall as he was carrying home a heavy load of wood, and which prevented him from getting up again. Philip ran up to him, took the log from off his ſhoulder, helped him to get up, and take his load once more upon his ſhoulders. Robinſon was now quite overwhelmed with ſhame at the idea of receiving aid from him whom he had ſerved ſo ill, and heartily repented his behaviour. Philip afterwards went home quite ſatisfied. At firſt, he had aſſiſted one he did not love, and for no other reaſon than becauſe he could not ſee a fellow-creature ſuffer without aiding him; but afterwards he was rejoiced to think of his behaviour.——"This," ſaid Philip, "is the nobleſt vengeance. It is impoſſible I ſhould repent thereof."

THE PARENTAL STEP-MOTHER.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. and MRS. MARKHAM.
STEPHEN, MIRA, MARGARET, } *Mr. Markham's children.*
GRATIAN, MICHAEL, } *Mrs. Markham's children.*
TIPPLE, *A domeſtic ſervant.*

The Scene is in Mr. Markham's Garden.

ACT I. SCENE I.

STEPHEN (*alone.*)

ONCE more then I'm got into my garden, where I have not been theſe ſix months! What a pleaſure every object gives me! Here's the little ſummer-houſe, where I was uſed ſo frequently to breakfaſt with my dear mamma. If ſhe were ſtill living, what happineſs for us both! She would receive me now with open arms; ſhe would embrace me; and, on my ſide, I ſhould have to tell her many little ſecrets: but, alas! (*beginning to cry*) I have forever loſt her; and if ſtill we are to love each other, we can only do ſo in another world. My dear mamma! if you could only hear me, though you can't come back to ſee your Stephen. In your ſtead I have indeed a mother; but a mother, as they ſay, in-law; and that, as I am told, is juſt as much as if one were to ſay, a cruel mother. What then am I

now to do? I never ſhall dare look upon her. If at leaſt I might have lived with grandmamma! but no; papa will have me here, though poor mamma is dead. Alas! I ſhall never be able to live here. I know ſo. I will therefore only ſee my dear papa and ſiſters, and go back. Yes, yes; I will go back, and muſt.

Tipple, (entering.) What, maſter Stephen! is it you come back again! How goes it with you then?

Stephen. In health, not much amiſs, dear Tipple. And how, pray, are you?

Tipple. Quite well; and not a penny for the apothecary out of me! My draughts are made up for me at the George. But what's the matter? I can ſee you have been crying.

Stephen, (wiping his eyes.) Crying!

Tipple. Yes, yes, crying! O, you can't conceal it: have you met with any accident?

Stephen. None, Tipple, ſince I left Grandmamma's.

Tipple. Oh, oh! I underſtand: you weep for your mamma; but then you have another.

Stephen. One in-law you mean? if I could only ſhun her! but how fare my poor dear ſiſters?

Tipple. How? ah! bad enough. At ſix they muſt be up. I would not have them lie a minute after.

Stephen. But, ſo early, what have they to do?

Tipple. O, let their new mother find them work! She rules us all like ſlaves! and I myſelf muſt get up with the reſt! I roſe at ſeven this morning; and behold ye, both your ſiſters were hard at it in the garden.

Stephen. But I aſk you what about?

Tipple. Why, working at the what d'ye call it?—for their brothers.

Stephen. Yes, I am told that ſecond mothers never ſpare their huſband's children while they love their own; and I imagine I muſt go to work as well. But what's become of all my pinks and tulips?

Tipple. O, they're taken all away.

Stephen. By whom?

Tipple. By Gratian and his brother.

Stephen. So then I have loſt my pretty flowers; and thoſe two wicked little fellows have deſtroyed them.—They have nothing now to do but take the garden from me likewiſe. Look ye, here they come.

SCENE II.

STEPHEN, TIPPLE, GRATIAN, MICHAEL.

Gratian, (*whiſpering Michael.*) Michael, who is that young gentleman with Tipple! if it were but Maſter Stephen!

Michael, (*whiſpering Tipple.*) Is it he?

Tipple, (*anſwering drily.*) Yes, gentlemen.

Gratian. O, my dear, dear brother, welcome!—We have wiſhed to ſee you?

Stephen, (*ſhrinking back*) Have we been acquainted with each other long enough, that you ſhould thus embrace me?

Gratian. We are not acquainted with you, I acknowledge; but are all three brothers.

Stephen. Yes, half brothers, ſir.

Gratian. Why half? If your papa loves our mamma, and ſhe loves him, why ſhould not we love one another? They are man and wife, and we are therefore brothers.

Stephen. If we are, have you a greater right to this garden than I have?

Michael, (*aſide.*) How quarrelſome he is!

Gratian. Why, your papa has let us work theſe three weeks in it.

Stephen. I was in it firſt; and ſurely you won't drive me out.

Michael. Come, Gratian; let's be gone, and leave him in his peeviſh humour.

Gratian. No, no, Michael; we muſt ſtay and be good friends with one another.

Michael. Do you like the ſulky fellow, then, ſo much?

Stephen. The ſulky fellow! do you call me ſulky?

Michael. Yes, and envious, and—

Stephen. You dare inſult me then? and even in my garden, here?

Michael. 'Tis you began; but I'm your match; you underſtand me?

Gratian. Hear me, Michael; would you ſtrike your brother? Come along, and let us not, for heaven's ſake, vex our new papa; and more particularly ſo, the very day he is to ſee his ſon. *(He draws him away.)*

Michael. Well, I'll go tell mamma. *(He and Gratian both go out.)*

Stephen. See now if my anxieties are not beginning. They will tell their mother I've inſulted them, and ſhe will get me anger from papa. Unhappy as I am—Don't you think ſo too, Tipple?

Tipple. Yes, indeed; but notwithſtanding that take heart. I'll be your friend; and we ſhall then, I think, be able to make head againſt them.

Stephen. Yes; but my papa!

Tipple. Let me alone with him. I have ſomething in my head and know a thouſand tricks of theſe new comers, which I'll tell him; adding, they have ſpoiled your garden, killed your flowers, and called you names. I warrant you they'll be but badly off.

Stephen. So then, my deareſt friend, you'll ſtand up for me?

Tipple. Yes, as ſure as I am Tipple.

Stephen. Thank you! thank you! I am not without a friend, I ſee then, though I've loſt mamma: but did you notice their fine clothes? what handſome waiſtcoats they had on! Who worked them? can you tell?

Tipple. Their mother.

Stephen. Yes, yes, I was thinking ſo; ſhe'll always be employed upon her favourites; but who, pray, will work *me* ſuch a waiſtcoat?

Tipple. Why indeed, if you ſhould want one, you muſt work it all yourſelf.

Stephen. And had not they new clothes on likewiſe

Tipple. Yes; they had them as a gift from your papa, the day he married.

Stephen. O! he did not make me ſuch a preſent. I was ſent with theſe bad clothes into the country. 'Tis too much! I can't ſupport the thought? my poor mamma is dead, and my papa forgets me! I have only you now left me.

Tipple. Be of comfort; matters may turn out much better than you think; but, in the firſt place, you muſt ſee your new mamma. So follow me, and think of putting on a cheerful face as if you were rejoiced to ſee her.

Stephen. I can never do ſo.

Tipple. But you *muſt*, however it may go againſt you. I do ſo, though I deteſt her. Would you think it? ſhe begins to tell me I muſt be leſs frequent in my viſits at the ale-houſe, I that was accuſtomed to ſpend half the day there, in the lifetime of my laſt miſtreſs! ſhe, indeed, was quite a lady. Things are marvellouſly altered now; and we muſt alter with them. Patience! when we're once alone, I'll tell you what muſt ſtill be done. At preſent, therefore, follow me.

Stephen. But will ſhe ſee I have been crying, by my eyes?

Tipple. Why, you are crying ſtill.

Stephen. Then I'll not go at preſent: ſhe would aſk the reaſon of my tears. What anſwer ſhould I give her?

Tipple. You might ſay, that coming home you had been thinking of your dear mamma, and therefore fell a crying.

Stephen. But provided ſhe ſhould ſpeak about my quarrel with her children?

Tipple. Tell her they began it; and call me to witneſs what you ſay. But here ſhe comes. Go and ſalute her boldly.

SCENE III.

MRS. MARKHAM, STEPHEN.

Mrs. Markham. Where, where is he? (*Perceiving him.*) Is it you, my deareſt Stephen? I have now then got together all my family. (*She embraces him with tenderneſs.*) How ſweet a countenance; and what a happineſs, that I can look on ſuch an intereſting child as mine!

Stephen. I likewiſe ſhould be happy, could I but rejoice; and yet—(*ſighing.*)

Mrs. Markham. My deareſt, what's the matter then? You ſeem quite ſad, my charming little man! (*Stephen cries afreſh and cannot ſpeak a word.*) You turn away and cry. What cauſes you theſe tears? Won't you inform me what afflicts you?

Stephen. Nothing, nothing.

Mrs. Markham. 'Tis enough, however, to diſtreſs me. Say, what gives you all this ſorrow, and I'll comfort you, if poſſible. If your papa or ſiſters were to ſee you, they might fancy you had met with ſome misfortune coming home; and they are pleaſed in thinking they're ſo ſoon to ſee you. Would it grieve you to embrace them?

Stephen. Believe me, I can have no greater pleaſure! But ſhall I embrace mamma? 'Tis for her I cry.

Mrs. Markham. She died ſix months ago, and do you ſtill cry for her?

Stephen. Yes, yes; all my life! Oh, my mamma! my dear mamma!

Mrs. Markham. Be calm, my little dear! Endeavour to divert your thoughts, and let us ſpeak of her no longer, ſince it gives you ſo much ſorrow.

Stephen. No, no; on the other hand, let me be always ſpeaking of her if you mean I ſhould feel any comfort. Would you have your children willing to forget you ſo ſoon after you were dead?

Mrs. Markham. Dear little fellow! (*embracing him.*) You then loved her very much?

Stephen. I find ſo; much more now than when ſhe lived. She was ſo good!

Mrs. Markham. I wiſh I were but able to reſtore her to you; which I cannot do, and therefore I will take her place, poor little fellow, in your boſom. I will love you as ſhe did, and will be a mother to you.

Stephen. But it never can be you that bore me, fed me with your milk, and brought me up. She was my real mother, and you only half ſo.

Mrs. Markham. But why give me ſuch a name? I have not called you my half ſon.

Stephen. Pray, pardon me! I did not ſo to diſpleaſe you. I begin to think you very kind; at leaſt you ſeem ſo. But then you have children of your own, and muſt, of courſe, love them much more than me.

Mrs. Markham. You ſhall not find it ſo. Some few days hence we ſhall be more acquainted with each other than we can be now, and you ſhall ſee if my affection will not make you think yourſelf my ſon.

Stephen. If that indeed could be, without forgetting my mamma?

Mrs. Markham. I would not wiſh you to forget her: on the other hand, we will ſpeak often of her, and your tenderneſs ſhall be a pattern for my children. Come, I long to introduce you to them.

Stephen. Oh! I have already ſeen them. Have they not complained of my behaviour?

Mrs Markham. No, my little man. Have you had any quarrel then? I ſhould be very ſorry in that caſe, as all my wiſh is to behold you tenderly united to each other, juſt like real brothers.

Stephen. I wiſh nothing more than that. But where is my papa and ſiſters? Let me ſee them.

Mrs. Markham. Your papa will very ſoon be home. He went this morning to deſpatch ſome buſineſs out of doors, that he might have the afternoon entirely to himſelf: but, in the interim, I can take you to your ſiſters, who will tell you what you are to think of me.

Stephen. I wiſh them to ſpeak of you; but not firſt. I have a deal to ſay of my mamma.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

GRATIAN, MICHAEL.

Michael. Why keep me from complaining to mamma? What I, that good-for-nothing fellow's friend! No, never. When his father once comes home, I'll tell him what a waſpiſh ſon he has, that he may teach him to behave a little better.

Gratian. Do you think, then, our papa will not be vexed, when told of this ſame difference between you both? and would it pleaſe you to afflict him?

Michael. Certainly I ſhould be ſorry for it. What, however, can I do? Since, if this little chap is not corrected for his rudeneſs the firſt day of coming home, there will be nothing but diſputes in future. He will conſtantly inſult us, but I ſhall not be very patient under it. I ſhall certainly be warm, and tell him what he ought to know; and if hereafter he ſhould think of taking on him, as juſt now—

Gratian. I hope then, Michael, you don't mean to beat him?

Michael. But you don't ſuppoſe I'll let myſelf be beat by him?

Gratian. No, certainly.

Michael. What then ought I to do!

Gratian. To-morrow, very likely, we ſhall ſee; but now it would be wrong to ſtruggle for the maſtery with each other.

Michael. Be it now, to-morrow, or the following day, 'tis all the ſame to Michael; but the ſooner, in my thoughts, the better.

Gratian. Brother, I beſeech you wait a little longer. Stephen cannot be ſo ſulky as you think.

Michael. And yet I know him, ſure, as well as you!

Gratian. His father and his ſiſters ſay he's very condeſcending and good-natured.

Michael. Yes, indeed, he ſhewed his condeſcenſion and good-nature, when he turned his back upon me in reply to my civility.

Gratian. That was not well; but then he does not know us even yet.

Michael. He might have tried to know us.

Gratian. How you talk! 'Tis very likely ſomething grieved him.

Michael. And are we to ſuffer for it?

Gratian. No; but brothers muſt paſs over many things that others have a right to be diſpleaſed with.

Michael. It appears to me he ſcorns us in the light of brothers.

Gratian. No; I can't perſuade myſelf of that.

Michael. Well, let him look a little to himſelf: I ſhan't put up with any inſult from him. But he's coming with his ſiſters: I'll withdraw. I can't endure the thoughts of ſuch a ſnappiſh gentleman.

Gratian. For heaven's ſake, brother, let us ſtay and ſhare in their amuſement.

Michael. No, no: I might poſſibly diſturb them, and will go.

Gratian. If you're reſolved, I'll follow you.—(*Aſide going out.*) I muſt do every thing I can to ſoften him.

SCENE II.

MIRA, MARGARET, STEPHEN.

Mira. (*holding Stephen by the hand.*) But why afflict yourſelf, dear brother, any longer? Our afflictions cannot bring mamma to life again.

Stephen. But will you promiſe me, at leaſt, that we ſhall think a little of her every time we meet?

Mira. Yes, brother, I ſhall always think I ſee her with us, juſt as when ſhe was alive.

Stephen, (*affectionately looking at them.*) My deareſt ſiſters! this idea doubles the delight I have in ſeeing you.

Mira. And I and Margaret have been wiſhing, this long while, to ſee you likewiſe.

Margaret. Yes, yes; Mira's in the right, and we may now all play with Gratian and his brother: And what pleaſure will not that afford us?

Stephen. O, no more about your Gratian and his brother, if you love me.

Mira. How!

Stephen. They would but interrupt our paſtime: they are good for nothing but to go complaining of us to their mother, and convey away our things.

Mira. They, brother! Can you think ſo badly of of them?

Margaret. Look ye, Stephen, (*ſhewing an etwee.*)

Stephen. And who gave you that?

Margaret. Why, Michael; he went out and bought it for me, with a crown his mother gave him.

Mira. See, too, this Morocco pocket-book. It was a preſent made to Gratian? and he gave it me.

Stephen. Ay, ay! I ſee you underſtand each other's meaning, and will all four be againſt me.

Mira and Margaret. Be againſt you!!

Stephen. Certainly. I know they hate me, having taken all my flowers away, and ſpoiled my garden?

Mira. Who has taken all your flowers away, and ſpoiled your garden?

Stephen. Thoſe two little chaps you ſeem ſo fond of.

Mira. We don't underſtand you. Have you ſeen your garden?

Stephen. Have I ſeen it? What a queſtion! Only look yourſelf. Where are my pinks and tulips?

Mira. Where? you have not then been at the terrace, under my mamma's *bow* window?

Stephen. Is there any garden there?

Margaret. Ay, ſurely; and a very pretty one.

Mira. Your garden here was far too little; ſo mamma got one marked out for us all, behind the terrace, ſix times larger.

Stephen. And whoſe is it? Doubtleſs your two favourites!

Mira. No, no; it belongs to all of us, without diſtinction: we have, notwithſtanding, each a portion.

Margaret. Ay, juſt like the reſt.

Stephen. And is there one for me?

Mira. Undoubtedly: and you are luckier by a deal than we. You have not taken any labour in the cultivation of your part, which, notwithſtanding, you will find quite full of flowers.

Margaret. Red, yellow, blue, and white in plenty, as you'll ſee.

Stephen. Who got them for me?

Margaret. Why, your brothers. They have been a month employing all their recreation-time upon the work. They have ſelected all the prettieſt flowers *their* beds ſupplied, and put them into yours, that at the time of your return, you might be more ſurpriſed.

Stephen. And have they done all this for me, then? Tipple told me they had taken all my flowers away, but did not tell me why.

Mira. If you give ear to Tipple, you'll be worſe off for it, I can tell you. Why he wiſhed to make us quarrel with your brothers likewiſe. How ungrateful! Their mamma conſents to have him for no other reaſon than becauſe ours begged papa, upon her death-bed, not to turn him off; and all he ſtudies, is to make her children as unhappy as he can.

Margaret. And all becauſe mamma will have him work, inſtead of ſpending half the day with idle fellows at the ale-houſe.

Stephen. Is it ſo? Then I begin to ſee he wanted to deceive me, when he promiſed he would be my friend.

Mira. However, we muſt not tell any thing about it to papa: he would diſmiſs him: we muſt therefore carefully keep ſilence, and not ruin Tipple.

Stephen. Oh no, no, indeed; ſince poor mamma had ſuch a value for him.

Mira. He will ſoon go further with you: but don't liſten to him.

Margaret. Notwithſtanding any thing he may pretend to tell you; but come now, and pay a viſit to your garden, brother.

Stephen. Yes, with all my heart: I long to ſee it.—(*Margaret and Mira take him by the hand, and go out on one ſide, without obſerving Gratian, who comes in with Michael on another ſide.*)

SCENE III.

GRATIAN *and* MICHAEL.

(*They enter with two plates of cake and fruits, which they put down upon a table in the ſummer-houſe.*)

Gratian. But where is he?

Michael. (*looking every way*) Look ye, there he is.—There, brother, with his ſiſters, going to our garden.

Gratian. Truly, I am glad of that; for only think what pleaſure he will have, when he diſcerns how buſy we have been to ornament his portion of it!

Michael. Do you think ſo? I, for my part, would lay any wager he'll find fault with every thing about him, he's ſo queer! The flowers, he'll ſay, are badly choſen, or the box not planted as it ſhould be, or the ground too moiſt, or dry, and twenty other circumſtances.

Gratian. Yes; but do you know I am beginning to conſider you as touchy as you fancy him? I never ſaw you ſo before.

Michael. 'Tis he that cauſed it. Have his ſiſters ever had occaſion to complain of my behaviour? and I only wiſh to live upon good terms with him. You know with what impatience I expected his arrival here, and how I ran with open arms to meet him.

Gratian. True, indeed; but, as I ſaid before, 'tis very likely ſomething grieves him. He's afraid perhaps his father will no longer love him, or our mother ſhew *him* leſs affection than he fancies ſhe does *us*. If ſo, 'tis ſurely then our duty to make much of him in his uneaſineſs, and win him to be friends with us, by every genteel method in our power.

Michael. You're in the right; I did not duly think of that.

Gratian. If he's as good as every body ſays, think, brother, how a little kindneſs on our part will, in the end, affect him; how his father will be fonder of us for it: and what pleaſure we ſhall give mamma!

Michael. 'Tis I was in the wrong, I own. Let him but come, and I'll be ſo attentive to him, he muſt unavoidably forget the paſt.

Gratian. What hinders us from running to him where he is? The flowers we planted for him, will make peace between us.

Michael. That's well ſaid; we'll therefore go immediately.—But here he comes himſelf.

Gratian. And ſee how pleaſed he ſeems beſides.

SCENE IV.

GRATIAN, MICHAEL, MIRA, MARGARET, STEPHEN.

Stephen, (*running to embrace his brothers*) My dear good friends, my brothers, you muſt certainly be very much diſpleaſed with my behaviour.

Gratian. We! why ſo?

Michael. 'Tis over, my dear Stephen, and I love you.

Stephen. What a pretty garden you have made me! You have given me all your fineſt flowers, without my having done any thing to give you pleaſure.

Gratian. 'Tis enough for us, if you are pleaſed with our endeavours.

Stephen. If I am! Forgive me, pray dear brothers. I inſulted you: I turned away, when you came running to embrace me. I will never do ſo for the future. We

will always be good friends; and every thing I have, you ſhall partake of with me.

Gratian. Yes, yes, that we will; and every thing ſhall be in common to us; not our pleaſures only, but our ſorrows alſo.

Michael. Let us then embrace each other, and begin this friendſhip. (*They embrace.*)

Gratian. This is as it ſhould be; and now, Stephen, we muſt go and have a little banquet that has been prepared us by mamma; we've brought and put it in the ſummer-houſe, as you may ſee. Let's enter. Enter you too ſiſters with us, and ſit down. (*Here Mr. and Mrs. Markham paſſing by, obſerve the children talking to each other, ſtop a little, and then get into a corner where unnoticed they may hear their converſation.*)

Michael. It is your privilege, dear brother, now to do the honours of the feaſt. Mamma will have it ſo; as you, ſhe ſays, by your arrival, are the founder of it.

Stephen. O, I'm ſure I never ſhall have eaten any thing with ſo much appetite as at this feaſt of friendſhip. (*He preſents them with the cake and fruit, and they begin to eat.*)

Michael. Well, and is not this much better than to quarrel with each other?

Margaret. I believe ſo, truly! for what quarrel can be worth theſe pears?

Gratian. How glad mamma will be to find we are ſuch friends with one another!

Mira. She deſires we ſhould afford her all the joy we can. When you ſhall know—But I remember you have ſeen her.

Stephen. Yes, yes, Mira; ſhe received me with the greateſt kindneſs, and has ſo agreeable a countenance, ſhe cannot be ill-temper'd. I perceived even by her tone of voice, I ſhould be eaſily induced to love her.

Mira. And how good ſne is to us!

Margaret. We need but pleaſe ourſelves, to give her pleaſure.

Mira. We were greatly to be pitied at the death of our mamma. Papa, who is employed all day in buſi-

neſs, could not look to us. There was for ever ſomething to find fault with in our garments, and our education was much more neglected.

Margaret. We ſhould very probably have ſunk from habit into indolence.

Mira. But ſince our new mamma is come, we are both ſet to rights. She gives us every entertainment ſuited to our age, and is a party with us in our little pleaſures. One would think her much more intereſted in the preſervation of our health than of her own. I have not yet had time ſufficient to remark I ſtand in need of any thing; ſhe makes beforehand ſuch proviſion for our wants!

Margaret. But lately I was ill; oh, very ill indeed! and 'twas herſelf that waited on me. She was always by my bed, and doing every thing ſhe could to comfort me. She made up all manner of nice things; and I believe I ſhould have died but for her great attention to me.

Stephen. Oh my dear, dear ſiſters! is it poſſible?

Mira. You know too, brother, that before you left us, we had not been any ways accuſtomed to employ our needle. Well; mamma was kind enough to teach us. So that now we know—not only plain, but every ſort of fine work too.

Gratian, (to Stephen) See here the neck and wriſtbands of this ſhirt. Mamma extols it very much.—Well, Mira did it all herſelf, and 'twas a preſent from her to me.

Mira. Which you merited beforehand; for who made me ſuch a garden, or preſented me with ſuch fine noſegays? Brother Stephen, you muſt know, mamma will not have us oblige our brothers, but they likewiſe muſt oblige us too; and they do more to pleaſe us, than we could have thought to aſk for.

Margaret. Yes, indeed; and as a proof, I'll ſhew you a cork boat of Michael's making with his penniſe. You ſhall ſee its nice ſilk-rigging, ſatin ſails, and riband ſtreamers. It ſwims charmingly, as you'll acknowledge, in the fiſh-pond.

Michael. Since you made me ſuch a handſome pair of garters——

Margaret. Garters! I can make much better things than garrets now. Ah, Stephen, were you but to ſee a certain green and lilac ſtrip'd ſilk purſe! The green at leaſt is all of my own fancying; or aſk Mira. Oh, I'm ſure you'll be delighted when you have it.

Stephen. How! and have you made me, then, a purſe?

(*Mira makes a ſign that Margaret ſhould hold her peace.*)

Margaret. (*embarraſſed*) No, Stephen; not for you: (*in a whiſper*) and yet it is; but you muſt know mamma enjoined me not to tell you.——And beſides, ſhe means ſurpriſing you herſelf with nothing elſe than ſuch a nice worked waiſtcoat as my brothers now have on—O, you'll ſoon ſee!

Mira. This little giddy-brains can keep no ſecret.

Margaret. No, becauſe there was ſuch pleaſure in revealing it. We have been always thinking of you brother.

Stephen. Oh, I thank you: but pray tell me, are you happy?

Mira. Are we happy? What is wanting in our ſituation? our mamma is really ſo good! I don't know how it is, but ſhe has got the ſecret of converting every thing into a ſort of pleaſure. I have no amuſement half ſo great as chattering with her. While ſhe is joking, ſhe inſtructs us.

Margaret. You ſhall ſee us, Stephen, when we're reading certain little tales, a friend of ours compoſes for us.

Mira. Ay, indeed; you make me recollect he has not ſent us any now this long, long while. Why ſure he can't be ill?

Margaret. I ſhould be very ſorry, were he ſo. He is my good friend. He knows what every little boy and girl does in the world: and 'twould be comical ſhould we be ever mentioned in his book.

Mira. I wiſh he would put us in it, on account of our mamma; that all the world might know the goodneſs of her heart, and how we love her.

Gratian. Yes, and I too, for the ſake of our papa, who treats us juſt as if we were even his real children.

Mr. Markham. (*appearing*) Yes, and ſo you are within my heart. I make it all my happineſs to think I am your father. But where's Stephen?

Stephen. (*embracing Mr. Markham*) Here, papa.—O, how rejoiced I am to ſee you, dear papa.

Mr. Markham. Embrace me, then, once more.—And now let me inquire if you are pleaſed with your new brothers?

Stephen. O, I never could have choſen better. I will love them, and do every thing I can that they may love me likewiſe.

Gratian. There will be no difficulty in that matter, ſince we alſo are determined to do juſt the ſame.

Michael. We ſhall but need to recollect the pleaſure we have had this day.

Mira. That you may keep your promiſe, I'll be ſure to put you frequently in mind thereof.

Margaret Oh, ſiſter, as to that, I'm ſure I ſhall remember it without a monitor.

Mr. Markham. I very believe you will do ſo, from what I've heard you ſay; for you muſt know, dear children, I was planted here hard by in ſecret, during all your converſation; and I'm ſure I ſhall never forget it: nor I only, but another! for another has heard every thing as well as I. Come then, dear ſpouſe, from your concealment, and enjoy a pleaſure ſo adapted to your goodneſs. (*He goes aſide, and bringing Mrs. Markham forth, preſents her to the children.*) Here ſhe is, my little ones; the partner I have choſen to promote your happineſs; and not yours only, but my own. The fortune providence has bleſſed me with already, and I hope will ſtill continue to beſtow upon me, all of which I ſcarce need mention, I ſhall leave you, would be nothing, in compariſon of that more valuable gift, a good and proper education. We have therefore made theſe ſecond nuptials to procure you every poſſible advantage.——Three among you wanted very much a mother, who might take the care upon her of your childhood: and

the other two, a father to advance you in the world.—Your intereſts were the ſame then, in the ſecond nuptials; and for the benefit of us all have they been framed. Do you then promiſe me, dear ſpouſe, as I on my ſide do, that you will never think of treating either of theſe children with the leaſt degree of partiality, except indeed what their ſuperior good behaviour may appear to merit?

Mrs. Markham. My reply to you, dear huſband, is theſe tears; I cannot poſſibly repreſs them; and to you, my dear children, theſe embraces—(*ſhe holds out her arms, and the children ſtrive with one another to get cloſeſt to her.*)

Mr. Markham. And do you here little ones, on your part, promiſe to keep up a conſtant union with each other, to avoid all jealouſy and quarrels, and like children of one parent, love each other. (*They take each other by the hand, and kneeling, anſwer*), Yes, papa; we do, we do.

Mr. Markham. (*raiſing them*) Continue then to live in ſuch a ſtate of friendſhip. You will find its charms increaſe continually, and the tie between you every day grow cloſer. You will be as happy from the ſervices you do each other, as from thoſe little ſacrifices that may frequently be needful for the ſake of peace among you. Every one enjoying his own happineſs, will not the leſs enjoy his brother's; which, in fact, he may attribute to himſelf. There will not be an individual round about you, but will intereſt himſelf in your proſperity, if his ſolicitude be worth the acquiſition; and your future children will reward you by *their* tenderneſs, for having ſo well merited the affection of your parents.

THE LITTLE GAMBLERS.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. GRANDISON.		
JULIANA,	-	*his Daughter.*
VICTOR,	-	*his Son.*
RUPERT,	-	*Victor's Neighbour.*
BERNARD,	-	*his Friend.*
RICH, BOYD, CRIB,	-	*Gamblers.*

The Scene is in the garden of Mr. Grandiſon; during the firſt act, in one part, after which it changes to another part.

ACT I. SCENE I.

RUPERT *and* BERNARD.

Bernard. WHAT have you to do at Victor's then?

Rupert. I want to have a little converſation with him, Bernard: and you know him likewiſe.

Bernard. Yes, by ſight. You have not always been ſo intimate, I fancy, as you are at preſent.

Rupert. Not before my father took a lodging here, adjoining his apartments. We ſee one another often now; and laſt night were together for an hour or two, at cards.

Bernard. I think, of late, you talk of nothing elſe but

cards; and I have ſeen you frequently with Rich and Boyd, of whom I can't ſay any good.

Rupert. You know them but too well; and would to heaven that I had never ſeen them!

Bernard. Is it ſo? But you may break off their acquaintance when you pleaſe.

Rupert. 'Tis not, at preſent, in my power. Would you betray me, if I told you ſomething?

Bernard. We have long been friends; and would you fear to truſt me, Rupert?

Rupert. O my good Bernard! they have made me miſerable, and engaged me to do things for which my father would renounce me if he knew them. I have not a moment's peace.

Bernard. Alas! what are they?

Rupert. Yeſterday they got me to go with them to a place where one *Crib* waited for them. We ſat down to play, and I loſt all I had.

Bernard. They cheated you, no doubt. But ſtill there's no miſchief done; for never play again, and then your loſs will be a gain.

Rupert. But this is not the whole. As I had no more money, and wanted to win back my loſs, I ſtill play'd on, and in the end they got poſſeſſion of my watch, my coat and waiſtcoat-buttons, buckles, and in ſhort, of every thing I had worth ſelling. I owe Crib a guinea likewiſe, and he'll tell my father, if to-day I can't find means to pay him.

Bernard. There's but one thing you can do. Confeſs the whole directly to your father. I'm ſure he'll pardon you on your repentance.

Rupert. Never! never!

Bernard. What then will you do?

Rupert. I dare not tell you.

Bernard. Let me know it.

Rupert. I communicated my diſtreſs to Rich and Boyd, and they adviſed a ſcheme to extricate me.

Bernard. A fine ſcheme, no doubt!

Rupert. It is not certainly the faireſt, as you'll ſay

but what am I at liberty to do? I have already introduced them to young Victor. He has money.

Bernard. Well! you don't intend to rob him ſurely?

Rupert. Heaven forbid! They only mean to ſerve him juſt as Crib ſerved me; and then we are to ſhare the winnings, ſo that I may pay my debt.

Bernard. And ſo, becauſe you have yourſelf been pillaged, you would aid them to defraud your friend too? But how know you Victor would not win?

Rupert. Oh! no: he plays quite fair.

Bernard. And you then like a ſharper?

Rupert. Like a ſharper!

Bernard. No: I'm ſenſible you play as fair as Victor, and on that account you loſt. Now, as I hope you always mean to play ſo, how can you be ſure of winning then?

Rupert. I don't know how it is; but they inform me they have certain ways by which they're ſure of winning.

Bernard. Ways: They're knaviſh tricks, and would you uſe them? I'm not rich, and yet I would not mend my fortune by your certain ways. I'm even ſorry you have told me your intention.

Rupert. My dear Bernard, have compaſſion on me, and I promiſe——

Bernard. Promiſe! What can bring me to aſſiſt in deception?

Rupert. No; I mean to ſay, that if I'm but ſo lucky as to pay this odious Crib, I'll break off all connection with him and his friends, and never touch a card again. If I ſhould break this promiſe, you ſhall be at liberty to tell my father every thing. (*Bernard ſhakes his head.*) Yes, every thing.——And then, it will not reſt with me to cheat: I cannot if I would, and Crib has taken that upon himſelf. I ſhall but play my cards: they've promiſed I ſhall be no loſer, but divide the profit with them.

Bernard. Well; I'll make a party with you.

Rupert. I deſire no better, and will inſtantly invite

young Victor for the afternoon. His father is at preſent in the country, and will not come back perhaps theſe three weeks.

Bernard. Quite convenient! But take notice, if yourſelf ſhould cheat him——

Rupert. Don't talk ſo. I wiſh I had not told you the affair.

Bernard. And ſo do I. I ſhould not then be anſwerable for it.

Rupert. Anſwerable!

Bernard. To my conſcience, ſurely. I can ſee a worthy youth is on the point of being cheated.

Rupert. But it is not you will cheat him.

Bernard. Rupert, if you ſaw a thief even pick a ſtranger's pocket, ought you to keep ſilence?

Rupert. Victor will loſe two, three, or poſſibly four guineas, and be cured of playing.

Bernard. Juſt as you are cured.—But here comes Victor, I obſerve.

SCENE II.

RUPERT, BERNARD, VICTOR.

Victor. Good morrow to you both.

Bernard. Good morrow, Victor.

Rupert. What, you have not yet been down into the garden, when 'tis ſuch fine weather?

Bernard. Mr. Victor does not like to run about as you do, and can entertain himſelf in his apartment.

Victor. Yes; but I have been already walking in the garden, and even breakfaſted with Juliana and my father in the grove.

Rupert. (*ſurpriſed*) Is he returned ſo ſoon? I fancy you are not ſatisfied at that.

Victor. Not ſatisfied! when he has been three weeks away!

Rupert. I love my parents well enough; and yet, if

they ſhould take it in their heads to travel, 'twould not vex me.

Victor. And, for my part, I could wiſh my father never out of my ſight, he's ſo extremely kind!

Rupert. And mine ſo harſh, I muſt not think of pleaſure when he's near me.

Bernard. Who can tell what pleaſures you expect?

Victor. I thought you were in want of nothing on that head. Since we have lodged together, I have almoſt every day obſerved you at the door; and when I've met you in the garden, never could ſee you under any thing appearing like reſtraint.

Rupert. No, no; I've always met you on the days my father dined abroad, and that's the only time I have to uſe as I think proper; therefore I do turn it to account. But now your father is come home, I take it we ſhan't ſee you quite ſo often in an evening?

Victor. Why not, Rupert? he refuſes me no pleaſure I can aſk. However, I muſt ſay I find no company like his; and he, too, frequently has ſaid he thinks my company and Juliana's quite delightful.

Rupert. What a charming father! So then he permits you to go out both when and where you like?

Victor. He does, becauſe I always tell him where I'm going.

Bernard. And becauſe he knows you never go but where you tell him?

Rupert. What do you then for entertainment, when you're both together?

Victor. In the ſummer evenings frequently we take a walk.

Rupert. In winter?

Victor. We ſit down before the fire, and talk of fifty curious matters; or I ſtudy geography, and take a leſſon in the mathematics. Sometimes too, with Juliana and a friend or two, we act a little drama of ſome kind or other. You can't think how that amuſes us.

Rupert. But ſure ſuch different ſtudies are enough to crack your brain.

Victor. Upon the other hand, they come of courſe, as if they were a game.

Rupert. A game at cards I ſhould ſuppoſe much more delightful. Do you ever play at them?

Victor. Yes, truly; and my father frequently makes one.

Rupert. And do you play for money?

Victor. Doubtleſs but a trifle notwithſtanding, juſt enough ro intereſt one; and particularly, as by that my father ſays one learns to loſe with temper.

Bernard. That's quite right; one ought to huſband, as they ſay, one's purſe.

Victor. Oh! don't imagine I want money. I have more than I can uſe.

Rupert. How much?

Victor. A crown a-week.

Rupert. A good allowance, truly! and all that to purchaſe trifles?

Victor. Yes, ſuch trifles as my father would not like to have me trouble him about; and that, I muſt acknowledge, makes me much more careful.

Bernard. I believe ſo.——One can hardly chuſe but know the worth of things, when one muſt pay for them one's ſelf.

Victor. True, Bernard. And beſides, one naturally ſaves in that caſe, as myſelf have found it; ſo that what with preſents and ſome other matters, I have now five guineas in my pocket, without reckoning ſilver.

Rupert. Such a deal! And how can you employ it?

Victor. Have I nothing then to buy? However, I can otherwiſe diſpoſe thereof. I pay to have our footman's daughter put to ſchool; and every Monday morning ſend a trifle to a writing-maſter I had once, and who is now grown blind: theſe, both together, make up ſomething, and I keep the reſt for ordinary uſes, and among them, play.

Rupert. At which you're tolerably lucky. You remember you won half-a-crown of me the other night, at *One-and-thirty.*

Victor. I was ſorry, as I always am, to win of friends.

Rupert. Then you ſhall have an opportunity at night of loſing, if you think but fit. Are you engaged?

Victor. No; I ſhall ſtay at home. My father is to draw out a petition for a widow-woman, who would get into an alms-houſe.

Rupert. That's quite well: and mine goes out at five. Come then to me, and I'll endeavour to amuſe you.—We ſhall have Rich, Boyd, and Crib.

Victor. I'll run and aſk my father's leave. Will you be here when I return.

Rupert. No, I muſt go and give them notice of the party; but your anſwer Mr. Bernard will bring to me.

SCENE III.

BERNARD, VICTOR.

Victor. Will you go in with me, Mr. Bernard? I am ſure my father will be very glad to ſee you: he has often told me what a great eſteem he has conceived this long while for you.

Bernard. I am very happy in his partiality. The eſteem of ſuch a gentleman is highly honourable; but at preſent I am rather indiſpoſed, and ſhall remain, with your permiſſion, in the garden.

Victor. Do; a turn or two will ſettle you, and I ſhall not be abſent long. (*He goes out.*)

Bernard. (*alone*) I don't know what to do in this affair! Poor Rupert is afflicted! I ſhould like to extricate him; but to let the worthy Victor fall a victim! No, the accomplice is not better than the robber; and to favour roguery is juſt as bad as doing it. I'll therefore go and tell the whole. But ſoftly! here comes Juliana. Let me firſt of all do every thing I can to aid her in preſerving Victor from the danger, and yet not betray my friend.

SCENE IV.

BERNARD, JULIANA.

Juliana. What, you here, Mr. Bernard, and alone! I thought I ſaw my brother talking with you.

Bernard. He has juſt now left me.

Juliana. I ſhould like he never were to leave you, if his company were but agreeable to you: I ſhould not be uneaſy then.

Bernard. You do me honour, miſs; but ſurely Mr. Victor is too ſenſible to give you any pain.

Juliana. I have no pain while he keeps company with ſuch as you: but ſhall I come directly to the point? I don't think any good of thoſe frequenting Rupert's company; and he by all means wants to mix with them.

Bernard. I have not yet perceived their company has hurt him.

Juliana. True; but my poor brother, I muſt ſay, is innocent, and ſomewhat credulous; he judges every one is like himſelf.—What would become of him, if thoſe he thinks his friends were what they ſhould not be? I have remarked you do not much approve of Rupert's intimates.

Bernard. To ſay the truth, my dear young lady, I ſhould rather wiſh that Rupert would be ſatisfied with Mr. Victor's friendſhip. There is one advantage, notwithſtanding, that his father watches over him, as yours does over Victor, and inſtructs him what to do.

Juliana. The miſchief often is remarked too late; 'tis eaſier to prevent than cure it.

Bernard. I am ſure you love your brother tenderly, and therefore hear me; but tell no one it was I that mentioned what I'm going now to ſay. Young Rupert has prevailed upon him, juſt before you entered, to make one with him and his three intimates. They mean to play, no doubt; but do your utmoſt to divert your brother from partaking with them. I deſigned to wait

here for his anſwer, but don't think 'tis proper I ſhould carry it. I make no doubt but he will quickly bring it. Pray don't judge amiſs of me that I retire; and think of the advice my duty, as a friend to Mr. Victor, bade me give you.

SCENE V.

JULIANA, (*alone.*)

As a friend! This looks a little ſerious! Ah, my poor dear brother? ſhould it chance that you, who are at preſent all the joy and conſolation of my father, were to change, and be the cauſe of his affliction for the time to come!

Victor, (*re-entering.*) My father's friends are willing, I can ſee, to take the earlieſt opportunity of paying him their compliments on his arrival, juſt as if he had been abſent for a twelvemonth. I could no how thruſt a word in.

Juliana. You had ſomething then of conſequence to tell him?

Victor. Of the greateſt conſequence to me. I want to paſs the evening with my friends.

Juliana. With Mr. Rupert, doubtleſs?

Victor. Yes.

Juliana. I thought ſo. You might eaſily have gueſſed, however, ſuch a friend as Rupert does not pleaſe me.

Victor. Truly, Rupert's greatly to be pitied, being ſo unfortunate as not to have a place in your good graces! And what ſhould he be, to merit ſuch an honour!

Juliana. He ſhould be—juſt ſuch a one as you are.

Victor. Do you mean to joke?

Juliana. No: I am very ſerious I aſſure you; and conſider you a very amiable young man without a fault, unleſs indeed it be the want of due politeneſs to your ſiſter.

Victor. And why ſo? becauſe that ſiſter is a little cri-

tic, and pretends to greater underſtanding than her brother.

Juliana. Truly, I had quite forgot to mention modeſty, when I was drawing up your panegyric.

Victor. But what means this prating? and pray tell me, why theſe intimations with regard to Rupert? Do you know him?

Juliana. I would know him by his actions.

Victor. Are you always by him to remark them?

Juliana. I can gueſs them from the company he keeps.

Victor. I underſtand you perfectly; his company diſpleaſes you, becauſe I am one that is acquainted with him.

Juliana. Surely, brother, he muſt have acquaintance of longer ſtanding than yourſelf; and them I ſpeak of as I would of good-for-nothing fellows.

Victor. Good-for-nothing fellows!

Juliana. Yes, that play and practiſe each diſhonourable trick to win their adverſary's money, and then ſpend it more diſhonourably ſtill.

Victor. O, what two great crimes! they play when they are got together, and they ſpend their winnings as they pleaſe. We do the ſame, I fancy. And beſides you ſay they play to win; but they have often loſt to me.

Juliana. Yes, yes; they've loſt their copper, and have won your ſilver.

Victor. Well, and if they have, the loſs was mine not yours. But this is juſt like what my ſiſter is. She would be ſorry if ſhe could not vex me in my pleaſures notwithſtanding I do every thing to heighten her's.

Juliana, (taking him by the hand.) No, brother every pleaſure you can have is alſo mine; but for the world I would not have your pleaſures hurt you, and deprive me of the ſatisfaction I receive from loving you.

Victor. I know, indeed, you love me; but am hurt to find you fancy I'm incapable to guide myſelf.

Juliana. And yet you would not be the firſt that but here comes my father.

JULIANA, VICTOR, *and* MR. GRANDISON.

Mr. Grandiſon. My dear children, I have juſt now been enjoying a delightful ſatisfaction.

Juliana. That of being viſited on your return by your acquaintances, I ſuppoſe you mean; but certainly your friends muſt cheriſh you, when we who are reſtrained by your authority rejoice as much as they can do.

Victor. Yes, truly; for without you we can find no pleaſure.

Mr. Grandiſon. You muſt, notwithſtanding, learn to do without me: ſince, according to the ordinary courſe of nature, I ſhall certainly go firſt.

Juliana. O, ſir, would you afflict us at a time we thought of nothing but rejoicing!

Victor. Yes, ſir, you will live, and long we hope, for our advantage. But let's talk no more on ſuch a gloomy ſubject.—I've a little favour to requeſt.

Mr. Grandiſon. Well, come, let's hear it.

Victor. Mr. Rupert—you're acquainted with his father—Well, he has invited me to ſpend the evening with him.

Mr. Grandiſon. You have then a new acquaintance. I am glad you pick up ſuch good company ſo near you.

Juliana. You hear that? good company.

Victor. I think him ſo; I have already ſat down with him ſeveral times, and he has introduced me alſo to ſome friends of his.

Juliana. Good company, I fancy, likewiſe.

Victor. Yes, for I muſt know them better ſure than you.

Mr. Grandiſon. When I employed the words *good company*, I meant diſcreet and well brought up.

Victor. Yes, ſir, extremely ſo.

Juliana. And how do you know they're ſuch, as you have only ſeen them once or twice?

Victor. But have I not been hours together with them?

Mr. Grandiſon. How did your acquaintance begin?

Juliana. At play.

Victor. And why not ſo? My father lets me play.

Mr. Grandiſon. 'Tis true, for recreation, and for ſuch a ſum as being gained, will not induce the immoderate love of money; or if loſt, not put one out of temper; and this likewiſe at a time, when nothing can be done more profitable.

Juliana. But I thought, ſir, ſomething might be always done more profitable?

Victor Yes, if, as for inſtance, ſpeaking for myſelf, I could nail my thoughts continually to ſome book or other.

Mr. Grandiſon. The remark of Juliana is not amiſs. One may employ a leiſure evening better than at play, no doubt, if people would be always rational, or even innocently mirthful; but as ſcandal ſometimes will go round, or folly, in ſuch a caſe, you know, I bid you play, and often take a part myſelf.

Juliana. And theſe, I doubt not, brother, are the reaſons why you play.

Victor. I don't ſee any right you have to catechize me.

Mr. Grandiſon. But why take offence at what ſhe ſays through friendſhip?

Victor. Rather, ſir, from a deſire to hurt me in your thoughts.

Mr. Grandiſon. Can you conceive ſuch notions of your ſiſter?

Juliana, (*with a tone of tenderneſs.*) Brother!

Victor, (*with the ſame tone.*) Juliana, pardon me: I'm in the wrong to tax you thus: but grant, however, your inſinuations unavoidably muſt hurt me.

Mr Grandiſon. Her ſuſpicions may have ſome foundation that reflect not upon you; you need not fear, I think, our diſpoſitions towards each other, ſo united as we are. (*Juliana and Victor take their father by the hand.*)

Juliana. O, ſir, how good you are!

Victor. You lay by all a father's rights, and are our friend.

Mr. Grandiſon. If I were any other than your friend, I ſhould not be completely qualified to bring you up. I might perhaps connive at your neglecting outward ceremonies of reſpect; but not your failure in that confidence I look for from your tenderneſs. You ſhould not have a ſecret you would keep hid from me, as whenever you may chance to be in danger, my experience may preſerve you from it. Let me therefore aſk you, Juliana, what are the objections you have formed againſt your brother's new connections?

Juliana. They are always taken up with cards.

Victor. Who told you ſo?

Juliana. No matter from whom I have my information: the thing is, whether it be true?

Mr. Grandiſon. I have already told you what I think of playing: every thing depends upon the game you play at.

Victor. O! it needs no great attention; 'tis the game of *one and thirty*.

Mr. Grandiſon. I confeſs I don't approve it much.

Victor. Why not? There can be nothing in the world ſo innocent. Whoever's one and thirty, or the neareſt to it, wins.

Mr. Grandiſon. And do you know 'tis what we call a game of chance?

Victor. Becauſe one has a chance to win or loſe?—and muſt not this be ſaid of every game?

Mr. Grandiſon. With this material difference, that at *one and thirty* chance alone decides; whereas, in many others, ſkill is to be ſhewn. In ſhort, one wants but fingers, and no head for games of chance: and in my thought, ſuch games are utterly unworthy of a thinking man.

Juliana. They cannot even amuſe one.

Victor. Don't ſay ſo, dear ſiſter. There's a deal of pleaſure in expecting ſuch or ſuch a card as one may want.

Mr. Grandiſon. Becauſe the love of money makes

it ſo. And as this love of money operates very powerfully, 'tis a ſtrong temptation for ten thouſand rogues to follow gaming as a trade; and therefore unſuſpecting people generally are their dupes.

Victor. Do you believe ſo, ſir? but how?

Juliana. I fancy they muſt have ſome art or other, to arrange the pack in ſuch a way, as to obtain what cards they want.

Mr. Grandiſon. Yes, that is in reality their ſecret. I can't tell their method; but am certain they employ ſome method, and have ſeen deplorable examples of it in my travels.

Victor. O, pray tell us what examples?

Mr. Grandiſon. With a deal of pleaſure. When at Bath, I was acquainted with a young gentleman, who loſt one night above twelve thouſand pounds, which was his all.

Juliana. His all! poor youth! and what then did he do to live?

Victor. He muſt have been beſide himſelf.

Mr. Grandiſon. Deſpair obtained poſſeſſion of his features, when he ſaw his fortune thus irretrievably loſt. He looked ſo frightful, I was forced to turn away my ſight; he gnaſhed his teeth, plucked up his hair by handfuls, and beat violently on his breaſt: he gaſped and panted like a dying man, and left the room quite mad.

Victor. And pray, ſir, among thoſe who won his money, was there no one who would give it back, as I ſhould certainly have done?

Mr. Grandiſon. They kept their ſeats; and ſtill continued playing on: or if they turned off their attention from the cards, it was to look upon him with contempt.

Juliana. The wicked wretches!

Mr. Grandiſon. But the worſt part of the ſtory is as follows: That this poor young man deſtroyed himſelf before morning.

Juliana. O how ſhocking!

Victor. Dreadful! and from henceforth, ſir, I'll ne-

ver touch a card, I promiſe you. I'll run and till this Rupert—

Mr. Grandiſon. Softly, ſoftly! you are always much too haſty in your reſolutions. One ſhould never wholly give pleaſure up, becauſe, when carried to exceſs, it may be hurtful. I have often told you, that a game at cards, when friends are met together, is amuſing, innocent, and even uſeful.

Juliana. Uſeful, ſir!

Mr. Grandiſon. Yes, uſeful; as it teaches us to bear our fortune, and not triumph when we win, or be dejected at our little loſſes.

Victor. Heaven be praiſed, I'm not ſo fond of money as to hurt another by my inſults in good fortune; or evince I'm hurt myſelf, by being vexed when I'm unlucky; but to ſhun what poſſibly might happen, 'twill be better for me not to viſit either Rupert or his friends.

Mr. Grandiſon. You would be only weak, if this ſhould be your final reſolution: For at leaſt you have it in your power, when with them, to refrain from playing.

Victor. O, I know them: they would abſolutely make me play.

Mr. Grandiſon. Well, play as much as they would have you, as by that means you will gain a better knowledge of them. But inſtead of going to this Rupert, or his friends, invite him hither. You may alſo tell them, Juliana very likely will make one.

Juliana. But, ſir—

Mr. Grandiſon. Yes, yes; I have a reaſon.

Juliana. But ſuppoſe they win my money?

Mr. Grandiſon. You ſhall have it all from me again. And tell them, Victor, you expect a friend, whom you'll prevail on to ſit down and play amongſt them.

Victor. But you know, ſir, I expect no friend?

Mr. Grandiſon. When I inform you of a friend you have at home, who will be with you, can't you gueſs what friend I glance at?

Juliana. Sly! why ſure you underſtand papa? he glances at himſelf.

Mr. Grandiſon. Yes, Victor; for you recollect juſt now you ſaid I was your friend.

Victor. O, yes; they'll play indeed, if you are of the party?

Mr. Grandiſon. Therefore you ſhall not inform them who that friend is you expect. As ſoon as I have finiſhed my petition, I'll return and join you ——I ſhall ſee what's proper to be done. Till then, play with them, and at any game they chooſe.

Victor. So then you'd have me run to Rupert and his friends!

Mr. Grandiſon. Yes, yes; and don't forget deſiring Bernard's company. I ſhall be glad to ſee him. All his maſters praiſe him wonderfully, and yourſelf have frequently been laviſh in his commendations.

Juliana. But he merits every tittle of it.

Victor. One word more, ſir; ſhall we meet here in the garden?

Mr. Grandiſon. As you pleaſe. The weather is ſo fine, you may appoint them in the ſummer-houſe.—(*Victor goes out.*) He's gone: let's follow him, and take our ſtation near the ſummer-houſe: as we are walking, I'll inform you of my reaſon.

ACT II. SCENE I.

MR. GRANDISON *and* JULIANA.

Mr. Grandiſon. We are here; and now I need not fear they'll be before me, and do any thing I ſhall not notice.

Juliana. You are in the right, ſir, to take this precaution, as I fear your preſence will be much more neceſſary here than mine.

Mr. Grandiſon. You fear!

Juliana. Yes, ſir; for I have told you Mr. Bernard

was not long ſince with me. From ſome words he dropped, I've reaſon to believe my brother's company have laid a plot to cheat him of his money.

Mr. Grandiſon. All the better, if he finds himſelf their victim. I will hide myſelf behind the ſummer-houſe there, juſt by that partition, and hear every word they ſay. They'll enter here, and cannot poſſibly diſcover me: but in the interim take you care; and if you ſee their roguery, ſeem as if you did not.

Juliana. I ſhall find it hard, ſir, to diſſemble. 'Twill be painful to me, ſhould I ſee my brother prove the object of their ridicule, and fall a victim to his open nature.

Mr. Grandiſon. By himſelf alone can he be fully undeceived; as with the greater eaſe I ſhall, in that caſe get him to be more attentive for the future in the choice of his connections, and ſo cure him likewiſe of his love for gaming, which, I muſt acknowledge, he ſeems ready to give into.

Juliana. How, ſir, can he have a thought of going thus to cards? He ought to know himſelf. He is ſo credulous, that every ſharper muſt ſuppoſe him proper for his purpoſe! and ſo warm, that at the firſt ill luck he falls into a paſſion!

Mr. Grandiſon. Yes, that's juſt his character. I did not think you ſo obſervant, Juliana.

Juliana. One ſhould be in truth obſervant of another's conduct, if one means to ſerve him. And—

Mr. Grandiſon. A knock! it muſt be Rupert's friends; they don't deſire to loſe a moment. I now leave you. I'll go round about, and gain my ſtation. (*He goes out.*)

Juliana. (*alone.*) How I long to know the iſſue of all this! alas! dear brother! who can tell but your future happineſs in life depends on the deciſion of the preſent afternoon.

SCENE II.

JULIANA, VICTOR, RUPERT, BERNARD, RICH, BOYD, *and* CRIB.

Rupert, (*to Juliana.*) I was afraid, Miſs Juliana, as your brother knows, our company might incommode you: but he would not—

Victor. Incommode her! I'm in hopes ſhe'll keep us company.

Juliana. With all my heart, if you think proper, gentlemen.

Boyd, (*with conſtraint.*) You do us honour, madam.

Crib, (*whiſpering Rupert.*) This is quite unlucky! in politeneſs we muſt play the game ſhe likes. You ſhould not have conſented to come here.

Victor. Perhaps I ſhall be able, gentlemen, to introduce a friend of mine to your acquaintance likewiſe.

Rich. Shall you?

Victor. Yes, and not without a pocket-full of gold.

Rupert, (*Aſide.*) That's well.

Juliana. We'll ſtay here in the garden, if you pleaſe.

Bernard. We can't do better. We'll have the pleaſure of a charming walk.

Rich. Do you deſign to walk?

Bernard. What elſe?

Boyd. Why, play!

Bernard. But I don't unſterſtand your play; and if I did, I ſhall not wiſh to loſe my money.

Crib. Wiſh to loſe it! juſt as if 'twere certain you would loſe it!

Bernard. Sir, with you particularly. You're too ſkilful, by a deal for me.

Victor. If I ſhould win, I promiſe I'll return you every farthing.

Rupert. And I too.

Rich and Boyd. And we.

Bernard. You'd make a fool of me. To loſe my money, and receive it back, or on the other hand, win yours, and not keep it, is not what I do: ſo don't concern

yourſelves on my account. I'll ſee you play, or elſe walk up and down the garden hereabouts.

Juliana. My father, gentlemen, can't have the honour to receive you, (*Rich and his company ſeem rejoiced*) but has bid me entertain you. Victor will get ready ſome refreſhments, and I'll run and fetch the cards.

Crib. That's needleſs: I've a pack about me.

Victor. How! about you?

Crib. Yes, I ſtudy them.

Juliana. And have you fiſh too?

Crib. I ſhall beg you'll get us them, unleſs we are to ſtake our money.

Rupert, (aſide to Crib.) You remember I've no money?—(*Aloud.*) No, no; we ſhall hardly know what we're about. And ſo, miſs, if you'll be ſo kind—

Juliana. Enough, I'll bring the bag. Come, brother.

SCENE III.

RUPERT, BERNARD, RICH, BOYD, *and* CRIB.

Boyd, (going into the ſummer-houſe with Rupert, Rich, and Crib, while Bernard walks about.) I am ſorry we are here.

Rich. What matters, ſince the father is not here?

Crib. You ſhould not have conſented to the place of meeting, Rupert.

Rupert. Here, or in my room; what difference does that make?

Rich. And then, when Victor has loſt every thing, we'll carry of his money, and go play where we think proper.

Boyd. We ſhall empty, very likely, the young lady's pocket alſo.

Crib. Yes; that's what I look for: let's take care, however. We'll put in our fiſh at twopence each, for half-a-dozen deals or ſo; and when the game grows warm, and they have won a little, we'll then make them double.

Rupert. You remember, Crib, your promiſe?

Crib. Don't you be uneaſy. We know one another. All our loſs ſhall be in counters, and we'll have no reckoning when the game is over. I'll diſpoſe the cards in ſuch a way, that we muſt loſe at firſt and that will draw them on.

Rupert. But Crib, you know you fleeced me quite the other day; and I have now but ſixpence in my pocket. How am I to pay my loſs?

Crib. Your loſs! we ſhall be ſure to win, if we attend to what we do.

Boyd. I ſhould be glad if Victor's friend would come: he'll be another pigeon we ſhall pluck.

Rich. Yes, yes! I know of none ſo eaſy to be dup'd, as theſe ſame bookiſh fellows.

Crib. We had beſt begin, that they may find us buſy when they come. (*He takes his cards out.*) Stay; I'll put them ſo that you may loſe. (*He ſhuffles them.*)—Now, you ſhall ſee. (*He gives three cards to Rupert, Rich, and Boyd; lays down as many for himſelf, and then addreſſes Rupert.*) Do you ſtand?

Rupert. No: beg.

Crib. There.

Rupert, (*looking at the cards.*) Out.

Crib. (*to Boyd.*) And you?

Boyd. One card, but not a high one.

Crib. Much good may it do you!—there.

Boyd. Out too!

Crib. (*to Rich.*) Now you are to be out. You beg, I fancy?

Rich. No; as Boyd and Rupert are both out, I ſtand.

Crib. And ſo will I. How many are you?

Boyd. Twenty-five.

Crib. And I juſt thirty. I have won: And yet I might have loſt by doing the reverſe of what I did; as you ſhall ſee the two firſt games we play, when Victor and the lady comes, who having won, will then have no objection to play higher.

Rupert. But how can you be ſure of winning when you pleaſe?

Crib. You have already paid for your inſtruction, and I'll let you know the ſecret. I tell every thing to friends, when I have pocketed their money. With my art you'll win of others what you've loſt to me, and ſo be quit.

Rupert. Well, let me know.

Crib. You ſee, *(ſhewing the cards.)* the ten and court cards are a very little longer than the reſt, and all the ſmaller ones, as high as five, not reckoning in the aces, ſomewhat broader; by which means I can at pleaſure bring the picture cards, &c. to the top in ſhuffling, and the five, and thoſe below it, to the bottom. I contrive to give you two of thoſe on the top; and afterward, the other from the bottom; ſo that at the moſt you have but five and twenty, and will therefore generally beg. Well then, you have it from the top, and muſt infallibly be out.

Rupert. I underſtand you.

Crib. This is all my leſſon, and you have it upon eaſy terms; aſk Rich and Boyd elſe, who ſo profitably follow my inſtructions. But I ſee the lady coming in, ſo puſh about the deal.

SCENE IV.

RUPERT, RICH, BOYD, CRIB, *and* JULIANA.

Juliana. (putting down a box upon the table, with a pack of cards, and fiſh and counters in it,) You don't loſe any time, I ſee.

Crib. I was but ſhewing Mr. Rupert a new game.

Rupert. You'll ſit down with us? We ſhall have that honour.

Juliana. If I knew the game you play at—

Boyd. 'Tis a very eaſy game. 'Tis only *One and Thirty.*

Rich. Had you never ſeen it played, you'll know enough to beat us at it by the ſecond deal.

Juliana. I know a little of it. 'Twould be, very likely, better for me not to play with thoſe that know it

ſo completely as you gentlemen; however, if it gives you pleaſure——

Rupert. O yes, miſs, the greateſt in the world.

Boyd. And even ſhould you win, too, all our money.

Juliana, (with a ſmile.) Yes, that's my intention.

Rich. You'll be ſcarce the richer for it at the end; we play but for a trifle.

Rupert, (with impatience.) Well! and what are we about? We paſs away the time in talking.

Crib. We muſt wait for Mr. Victor; 'tis but juſt we ſhould amuſe him; we're his gueſts.

SCENE V.

RUPERT, RICH, BOYD, CRIB, JULIANA, *and* VICTOR.

Victor. Here, here I am. The ſervant will be with us very ſhortly. I have ordered ſome refreſhment.

Rupert. Come, ſir, we are waiting for you.

Victor. Thank you.

Boyd. Let's give out the fiſh.

Rich. We're ſix; to every one two dozen, and ten counters; that's ten dozen more.

Rupert. But how much every fiſh?

Crib. Juſt what the lady pleaſes.

Juliana. O! 'tis rather as you like.

Victor. Our fiſh were twopence each, when laſt we played together; five ſtaked every deal by each, and half-a-dozen the bon-ace.

Juliana. Well, be it ſo.

Crib. Here's therefore to begin. (*Crib takes the cards and deals. The lady and her brother win by Crib's contrivance three times running.*)

Juliana. Hey! hey! if we go on this way, I ſhall ſoon fulfil my prophecy, I fancy.

Crib. While we play ſo low as twopence, we ſhall never ruin one another.

Boyd. Well then, ſhall we make it fourpence?

Victor. O! with all my heart. I've ſo much mo-

ney, you can't break me eaſily. *(He ſhakes his purſe, which Crib and his companions look at with pleaſure.)*

Juliana. And I can riſk as much, I fancy, as my brother.

Crib. We muſt firſt then pay our debts, that we may have our full account of fiſh and counters.—— Let me ſee *(after having counted.)* I've loſt one counter and ſix fiſh, that's eighteen fiſh; and eighteen twice is ſix and thirty;—juſt three ſhillings: there they are.

Rich. I've loſt all my counters, but am maſter of no more than two poor fiſh; that's two and twenty loſt, or three and eightpence. There.

Boyd. I'm come off much the worſt. Two counters gone, and twice as many fiſh; which come to four and eightpence.—I put down a crown, and take up fourpence.

Victor. Well, and you too Mr. Rupert!

Rupert. I've loſt leaſt. No more than fifteen fiſh, or half-a-crown. I'll change a guinea, when we riſe, to pay it.

Juliana. Good! ſo now I'll ſee my winnings. One two, three.—Three counters, and three fiſh. That's ſix and ſixpence juſt: of which I take four ſhillings, and the two and ſixpence, Mr. Rupert, you ſhall owe me.

Victor. So that all the reſt is to pay my four and forty fiſh.—'Tis comical enough, however, we ſhould be the only winners!

Rich. O! I always loſe, for my part.

Rupert. So that now the fiſh are fourpence?

Victor. Yes; that's ſettled.

Crib. (ſhuffling the cards.) Come, I'll deal.

SCENE the laſt.

RUPERT, RICH, BOYD, CRIB, JULIANA, VICTOR, BERNARD, *(who came in a little while before)* and MR. GRANDISON.

Mr. Grandiſon. (to Rupert, and his friends, who ſeem confounded.) Pray don't diſturb yourſelves.

Victor. Sit down: my father does not come to interrupt us. I informed you I might have a friend to introduce, and he'll play with us: Won't you, sir?

Juliana. O yes! pray play; we shall be very glad to take your money, and these gentlemen, I know, will like to share it too.

Mr. Grandison. With all my heart. So every one sit down. (*To Rupert and his friends, who seem quite overwhelmed.*) But what's the matter, gentlemen? Are you afraid to play with me? I can assure you I am no sharper. (*They sit down at last.*) You (*to Crib*) were dealing when I entered; so continue, pray; but first let's see, have you a pack complete? (*Crib wants to drop the cards, but Mr. Grandison secures, and looks them over.*) 'Tis droll enough to have the court-cards all together thus! but Juliana, why not give us cleaner cards? Pray hand me over those—

Juliana. 'Twas not my fault, sir, as this gentleman (*shewing Crib*) had brought them in his pocket; and the play was going on when I came in with ours.

Mr. Grandison, (*to Bernard.*) What! you here, Mr. Bernard! I am very glad to see you; but, pray, don't you play then?

Bernard. I'd rather be a looker on! you know I've nothing, sir, to throw away.

Mr. Grandison. You're in the right to think so, and your prudence merits praise. (*to Crib.*) But come, sir, here are better cards, (*Crib takes them with a trembling hand*) at least a little cleaner: what's your game? Pray tell me.

Victor. One and thirty.

Mr. Grandison. And for what?

Juliana. No more than fourpence every fish. I've won all this! four shillings; and a two and sixpence owing me by Mr. Rupert, who wants change.

Mr. Grandison, (*Aside*) Wants change! I smell a rat! (*to Juliana.*) So much as fourpence! that's too much a little; but no matter, if we've all of us enough to pay our losings. So let's see your money. Mr. Rupert, I

begin with you; (*Rupert is confuſed.*) What ails you? Are you taken ill?

Rupert. Ye-e-es, ſir—let me—

Mr. Grandiſon. What's all this? one ſtammers, and the other ſeems confounded! (*To Crib.*) You, ſir, too, are diſconcerted!

Victor. What's the matter with them?

Mr. Grandiſon. 'Tis high time I ſhould explain the reaſon of this ſtrange behaviour. Victor, you obſerve the conſequences of a guilty conſcience. Happily they are not yet ſo totally abandoned, as to hide their villany beneath a brazen frontiſpiece, and bully in their own defence.

Victor. What ſay you, ſir? You're ſure miſtaken: 'tis my ſiſter, as ſhe told you, and myſelf, that are the only winners.

Crib. (*taking courage.*) Has any of us failed to pay our loſings, but Mr. Rupert?

Rupert. No; but why, becauſe you've cheated me already out of all my money.

Mr. Grandiſon. I was right in thinking they'd unmaſk themſelves; and Victor, you may ſee what villans you were got with.

Victor. O! I can't think ſo, ſir!

Mr. Grandiſon. Well then, Mr. Rupert, do you ſpeak; you ſeem leaſt hardened. Tell me, was there not a plot among you to defraud my children?

Rupert. Yes indeed, ſir; but for my part, I aſſure you I was forced into it. All my wiſh was to get back a part of what I had beforehand loſt.——If you but knew how much this wicked fellow has ſqueezed from me, for the other two are nothing to him, you would ſay he ſhould be ſent to priſon.

Mr. Grandiſon. You have well deſerved your loſs, by mixing with ſuch company: but tell me how much you have loſt?

Rupert. Two guineas, and a few odd ſhillings with them altogether; and my watch, coat-buttons, buckles and a guinea more in money afterwards, in private with the talleſt! but the guinea I ſtill owe him; and

he threatened if I got not Mr. Victor to ſit down and play this evening, he would tell my father.

Bernard. This, ſir, I can ſay in Rupert's favour, that he gave me juſt the ſame account this morning, and was grieved at what he thought himſelf compelled to. The grand criminal is Crib, the talleſt; the two others in compariſon—

Mr. Grandiſon. I comprehend what you would ſay; and therefore (*to Rich and Boyd,*) little raſcals, get you gone this inſtant. Poſſibly 'tis not as yet too late that I ſhould think of reſcuing you from infamy; and therefore I'll inform your parents of your conduct.

Rich and Boyd, (*dropping on their knees.*) Pardon us this once, ſir, we beſeech you; and we'll never come again within your doors.

Mr. Grandiſon. That's what I mean; but then 'tis not enough my children ſhould be ſafe in future from your roguery, I owe the ſame good ſervice to all fathers. What depravity! at ſuch an age not only to be gamblers, but vile cheats! the moſt hateful of men! However, out of pity to your youth, and from the hope I have of your amendment, I will do no more than tell your parents; but if ever I am told you ſtill continue your deteſtable employment, I'll make known your infamy to every one about us. So be gone, and never let me ſee you here again. Be gone, I ſay. (*Rich and Boyd withdraw in ſilence and confuſion.*) And you ſir, is it true that you have got theſe things from Rupert?

Crib, (*with heſitation.*) Yes, ſir.

Mr. Grandiſon. You have cheated him, but that's no matter. Rupert loſt them, and has merited his fortune. We will put a value on them.

Rupert. I could wiſh, indeed, I had ſufficient to redeem my loſs.

Victor. Oh, ſir! if all I'm maſter of ſuffices, Rupert may command it. I have full five guineas, take them for the ſervice of my friend.

Mr. Grandiſon. You have a generous nature, Victor.

Rupert. What! to me ſuch friendſhip?

Victor. We are neighbours both, and you may pay me weekly, or in any way you pleaſe. *(Crib gives Rupert his things.*

Mr. Grandiſon, (to Rupert.) Is every thing returned you?

Rupert. Yes, ſir; and I am ſaved by your and Victor's generoſity, from the reſentment of my father.—Oh! I'll never riſk his gifts again in ſuch a manner.

Mr. Grandiſon (offering Crib the money.) Here's the value of your theft, for ſuch it muſt be called; and you ſhall have it to ſubſiſt upon in priſon till you're called to anſwer for you crime, as poſſibly you may not have the means without it. Nay, expect not by ſolicitation to divert the rigour of my juſtice. Your ſeduction of two youths, your felony upon the property of this young man, and your attempt to make him inſtrumental in the robbery of another, well deſerves that rigour.—— This muſt be your ſentence: ſo withdraw a little for the preſent. *(Crib withdraws and weeps for very rage.)*

Rupert, (falling on his knees to Mr. Grandiſon.) Oh! dear ſir! from what a gulph of ruin you preſerve me! And without you, what would not have been my evil fortune, when thruſt out from home, and very likely ſtigmatized in public for my vices? I am then indebted to your pity for my reputation, my repoſe, and my exiſtence. (*he riſes and embraces Victor.*) And my generous Victor, you that I was going——

Victor. Utterly forget it, as I do; and for the time to come be happy.

Mr. Grandiſon. Mr. Bernard's teſtimony of your grief at being forced into this plot, alleviates your offence; and therefore you may ſtill continue viſiting my ſon; but after what he has juſt done in your behalf, I ſhall account you the moſt profligate of youths, unleſs you ſtudy to deſerve his friendſhip.

Rupert. Oh! I will do ſo. Rely upon me, ſir.

Mr. Grandiſon. And as for you, dear Bernard, I have reaſon to be charmed with what ſo many tongues

have told me of your modeſty and virtue.—By your laudable example, you may very much contribute to the happineſs of Victor.—I requeſt you to be often with him; and if I can ſhew my gratitude by being ſerviceable to your happineſs, I ſhall promote it with as much affection as your parents would do.

Bernard. Your eſteem, dear ſir, is happineſs ſufficient for me.

Mr. Grandiſon. You obſerve, dear children, the unhappy conſequences that reſult from gaming?

Victor. Yes, ſir; and ſhall ſhudder all my life at the idea of them.

Mr. Grandiſon. You obſerve too, Victor, with what care and circumſpection one ſhould chooſe a friend?

Victor. Yes, that too, ſir; and am convinced how happy 'tis for me to have a friend, as I have ſaid already, in my father.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD BEVIL,	
MARCELLUS, - -	*his Son.*
HARRIET, - - -	*his Daughter.*
MRS. JENNINGS.	
EMILY, - - -	*her Daughter.*
HARDY. - - - -	*Bailiff to Lord Bevil.*

Scene, A new-reaped field, on which remain ſtill ſeveral ſheaves of corn. On one ſide appears a nobleman's ſeat; on the other ſeveral cottages, and other objects that adorn a rural proſpect.

SCENE I.

(The ſtage repreſents a field of corn covered with ſheaves.)

EMILY. *(Holding with both hands a baſket full of ears of corn. She ſits down near a ſheaf.)*

COME, this is not a bad beginning! What joy will this be for my poor mother! *(She lays her baſket on the ground, and looks at it with an air of ſatisfaction.)* That old reaper! how good-natured he was to fill my baſket! I might have run about here and there all the day, and never have picked up ſo much as half of this. God reward him for it! but here are ſtill ſome ears upon the ground: if I could only glean a handful or two—*(She preſſes down the corn-ears in her baſket with both hands.)* I can make it hold them by preſſing down a little, and beſides, I have my apron. *(She riſes and*

takes the two corners of her apron in one hand, and prepares to put into it with the other the ears of corn that ſhe gathers, when a noiſe is heard.) O dear! yonder is a man coming towards me, who ſeems to be angry. Yet I do not think that I have done any harm.

SCENE II.

EMILY, HARDY.

Hardy, (ſeizing her by the arm.) Ah! little thief! have I caught you at it.

Emily. What do you ſay, ſir? I am not a thief. I am an honeſt little girl, I can tell you that.

Hardy. An honeſt little girl! you an honeſt little girl! (*Snatches the baſket out of her hands.*) What have you got in this then, my honeſt little girl?

Emily. Ears of corn, as you ſee.

Hardy. And did theſe ears of corn grow in your baſket?

Emily. Ah! if they grew there, I ſhould not have occaſion to take ſo much trouble in gathering them up and down the fields.

Hardy. Then they are ſtolen!

Emily. Pray, ſir, do not treat me ſo ill. I would rather die of hunger, and my mother too, than do what you ſay.

Hardy. 'Blood! why they did not throw themſelves into your baſket of their own accord, did they?

Emily. O dear! you terrify me with your ſwearing. But only hear me. I went to glean down in yonder field, and there was a good-natured old man who ſaw me at work. Poor child! ſaid he, how ſhe labours! I will aſſiſt her. There were ſome ſheaves lying in the field, and he pulled out of them whole handfuls of ears, which he threw into my baſket.——What is given to the poor, ſaid he, God repays; and—

Hardy. Aha! I underſtand you. The old man in that field below filled your baſket with ears that you have been pulling here out of our ſheaves. Heh!

Emily. Nay, then you may go and aſk himſelf. He can tell you.

Hardy. I go and aſk him! yes, you may wait for that. I have caught you here; that is enough.

Emily. But when I tell you that I have not touched a ſingle ſheaf! the few ears that I have in my apron, I picked up from the ground, becauſe I thought that was allowed. However, if you do not chooſe that I ſhould, I am ready to return them. There, theſe are yours.

Hardy. No, no; theſe ſhall remain with the others, and you ſhall remain with the baſket, wherever it goes. Come, follow me to the houſe of correction.

Emily, (frightened.) How! You don't ſay ſo, my dear ſir!

Hardy. Oh! yes, you dear ſir! but I ſhould be much dearer if I let you eſcape, ſhould I not? To the houſe of correction I ſay, come, come, along!

Emily. Ah! pray for God's ſake!—I have picked up nothing here but the handful of ears that I returned to you. What would my poor mother ſay, if I ſhould not go home the whole day, and if ſhe heard that I had been put in priſon? it would be enough to kill her.

Hardy. A great loſs! The pariſh would be well rid of her.

Emily, (begins to cry.) Ah! if you knew what a good mother ſhe is, and how poor we are! you would pity us.

Hardy. I am not here to pity people. I am here to take them up when they enter upon my lord's grounds and to clap them in priſon.

Emily. But when one has done nothing, when one is innocent as I am?—

Hardy. Oh! yes, tell me of your innocence! what! come here and ſteal a whole baſket full of corn, and then tell me a thouſand lies! come, come, walk along!

Emily. Ah! my dear ſir! have compaſſion me—Take my baſket if you will; alas! my little ſtore will hardly make you much richer. But let me go, I entreat you; if not on my own account, at leaſt for the

take of my poor mother. I am all the comfort and help that she has.

Hardy. If I let you go, it is not on account of your mother at leaſt, that I can tell you; I could wiſh her a hundred miles off; it is only on your account, becauſe your whimpering has moved me a little. But do not expect to have your baſket too; the law ſeizes on it as forfeit. Then at ſeſſions, their worſhips will lay on a ſwinging fine; and if that is not paid, off to priſon, and turn out of the village. (*Takes the baſket upon his ſhoulder. Emily weeps bitterly, and kneels to him.*) Go; do not teaze me, or you will ſee what is to be got by that! (*Goes off muttering.*) Only ſee, if one were not always to be on the watch after them, little as they are, they would run away, I do believe, with the fields themſelves.

SCENE III.

EMILY, (*alone.*)

(*She ſits down on the ground and reſts her head upon a ſheaf. For ſome moments, ſhe weeps in ſilence, at laſt ſhe riſes and looks about her.*) Ah! he is gone; the ill-natured man! he has carried away what was all my ſatisfaction. I have loſt every thing, my ears of corn, my pretty baſket and all; and beſides, who knows what they will do to my poor mother and me! (*After a ſhort pauſe.*) How happy thoſe little birds are. They at leaſt are permitted to come and take ſome grains for their food, and I—but who knows whether ſome ill-natured man, like this, be not watching them now, to kill them with his gun. I will frighten them all away, and then I will go myſelf; for, perhaps, they would puniſh me for having reſted my head on this ſheaf.—But what two children are thoſe coming this way.

SCENE IV.

MARCELLUS, HARRIET, EMILY (*wiping her eyes.*)

Marc. Aha! was it you then, little girl, that the bailiff ſurpriſed juſt now, ſtealing the ears of corn from our ſheaves? (*Emily ſobs, but cannot anſwer.*)

Harriet. (*looking at her attentively and taking her brother aſide.*) She ſeems to be a very good little girl, Marcellus.——See how ſhe cries! Do not reproach her any more! that will afflict her worſe; and it is not worth while, for a few ears of corn that ſhe has picked up—(*Goes to her.*) My poor child, what makes you cry?

Emily. Why, they accuſe me unjuſtly; and perhaps you think me in fault.

Marc. Then you are not in fault?

Emily. No, indeed, you may believe me. I went into that field down there to glean. An old reaper took pity on my fatigue, and filled my baſket with ears of corn. I then came here, to pick up a few others that I ſaw ſcattered about. Your ill-natured bailiff found me near this ſheaf, and accuſed me of ſtealing. He took away my baſket, and would have carried me to priſon, if my entreaties, and tears for my mother, had not at length prevailed on him to let me go.

Harriet. Ah! I ſhould be glad to ſee him dare to moleſt you! We have a good papa, who does not ſuffer any ill to be done to the poor, and who would ſoon have releaſed you.

Marc. Ay, and who will very ſoon make him give you back your baſket. I promiſe you that.

Emily. (*joyfully*) O dear! do you think ſo, my ſweet little maſter?

Harriet. Marcellus and I will go, and will ſo beg of him—Do not be uneaſy. He is never ſo well pleaſed with us as when we ſpeak to him in favour of poor people. And beſides, we could get you your baſket again without ſpeaking to him.

Emily. Ah! how happy you are, my pretty little

miſs, not to want help from any body, and even to be able to help others.

Marc. Are you very poor then, my little girl?

Emily. One muſt needs be poor, that comes here gleaning, with ſo much trouble, what is to make a little bread.

Harriet. What! is it for bread you come gathering the ears of corn? I thought that you intended to toaſt the grains on a hot fire-ſhovel, and ſo eat them, as my brother and I do ſometimes, when nobody ſees us.

Emily. O dear! no. My mother and I intended to beat the corn out of thoſe ears, and to give it to the miller, that we might have flour to make bread.

Harriet. But, my poor child, you could not have much out of that, and it would not laſt you very long.

Emily. Why, ſuppoſe we had only enough for a day or two, my mother and I ſhould have a day or two the more to live.

Marc. Well! that you may have another day certain, I will give you this ſhilling, which I have kept, the laſt of all my money, becauſe it is quite new.

Emily. Ah! my good little maſter! So much money! No, no, I dare not take it.

Harriet. (*ſmiling*) So much money! Take it, never fear! if I had my purſe about me, I would give you much more; but I will keep it for you, and you ſhall not be a loſer.

Marcellus. (*ſtill holding out the money*) Come, take it! (*Emily bluſhes, receives the money, and courtſies to him without ſpeaking.*)

Marc. This is doing only half. I will run as faſt as I can after our Bailiff, and make him give me back the baſket, or elſe——

Emily. Oh! ſir, do not give yourſelf that trouble. You have promiſed to aſſiſt me, that is enough for me.

Harriet. Tell me, where do you live?

Emily. Juſt by, in the village.

Marc. We never ſaw you before; and yet we come here along with papa every year, about harveſt-time.

Emily. We have been here only a week, and live with a good old woman called Margaret, who has ſhewed much friendſhip to my mother. O! a great deal of friendſhip indeed.

Harriet. What! old Margaret.

Marc. Why we know her. She is the widow of a poor weaver who was out of work. My papa makes her come ſometimes to weed in the garden.

Harriet. Will you take me to your mother's?

Emily. It would be too great an honour for her. A young lady of quality, like you———

Harriet. No, no; our papa will not let us think ourſelves to be any better than other people, and if you have no other reaſon—

Emily. None at all; ſo far from it, you may help me to comfort her for the loſs of my baſket and my corn. And then, that naughty man that threatened us—

Marc. Fear none of his threats! While my ſiſter is going with you to your mother's, I will run after him, and I think——You will come back here again.

Emily. If you chuſe it, my good young maſter.

Marc. Your baſket ſhall be here before you return.

Emily. Perhaps I ſhall bring my mother with me, to thank you.

Harriet. Come along, let us haſten to find her.—(*Takes Emily by the hand, and goes out with her.*)

SCENE V.

MARCELLUS (*alone.*)

How happy are my ſiſter and I, not to be obliged, like this poor child, to go about picking up ears of corn for our food. Really this little girl ſpeaks as if ſhe were born to ſomething better. She has not that dirty vulgar appearance of other cottage girls. Oh! certainly papa will oblige me ſo far.—But here he comes along with Hardy. That is clever! here comes the baſket too.

SCENE VI.

MARCELLUS, LORD BEVIL, *and* HARDY.

Marc. (*running up to his father*) Ah! dear papa, how glad I am to meet you!—(*To Hardy*) Give me this baſket!

Hardy. Softly! ſoftly, ſir! you will pull my arm off.

Lord Bevil. What do you want with that baſket, Marcellus?

Marc. It belongs to a poor little girl, from whom this wicked Hardy took it, as well as the ears of corn that had been given her. You ſhall hear the whole papa.

Hardy. So, ſo, one is wicked then for doing ones duty, and for not aſſiſting rogues in their diſhoneſty! why does my lord give me wages?

Lord Bevil. I have often told you, Hardy, it is for hindering vagrants from haunting my grounds, and incommoding my labourers, but not for ſeizing poor people and dragging them to priſon: far leſs, if they be honeſt perſons, reduced by neceſſity to ſeek a mite of nouriſhment from my ſuperfluity, and who meddle with nothing but a few ears of corn that lie ſcattered after a rich harveſt.

Hardy. In the firſt place, I do not hinder them to glean as much as they will, after the corn is in; but while there is one ſheaf on the ground———

Marc. (*ironically*) Why do not you ſay too, after the fields are fallow, or covered with ſnow? there is a great deal to pick up, indeed, after the harveſt is got home!

Hardy. You do not underſtand theſe affairs, maſter.—In the next place, who can anſwer to us that theſe are not thieves?

Marc. Thieves! bleſs me, thieves! the little girl told me that ſhe had not taken a ſingle ear of corn here, and that it was an old reaper in the next field who filled her baſket for her.

Hardy. That is good! ſhe told you: as if there was a word of truth in what thoſe gentry ſay! I caught her here cloſe by a ſheaf.

Lord Bevil. Pulling out the ears of corn?

Hardy. I wont ſay ſo much as that. But how do I know what ſhe had been doing before I came up? and then is not all that ſtory falſe of an old reaper who filled her baſket for her? Oh! it is very like the country people here; thoſe folks are ſo charitable!

Marc. Now, I'll maintain that thoſe ears of corn were given her, for ſhe told me ſo: and ſo good a little girl I am ſure would not tell a ſtory.

Hardy. And pray, maſter, have you never told a ſtory? yet we all look upon you to be an excellent young gentleman.

Marc. Do you hear, papa, how this fellow Hardy treats me? (*To Hardy angrily.*) No, if I told ſtories, I ſhould be a wicked boy; but I do not, nor this good little girl neither. And it is you that are a———

Lord Bevil. Softly, Marcellus; I am thus far ſatisfied with your defence. We ſhould believe all men honeſt, until we are convinced of the contrary. But we ſhould never be in a paſſion with thoſe who are of a different opinion: we ſhould rather endeavour to bring them by gentleneſs to a more ſatisfactory and juſt way of thinking.

Hardy. No, no, my lord, it is much better to believe all wicked men, until we ſee beyond a poſſibility of doubting that they are honeſt; that is much the wiſeſt maxim. Whenever I meet an ox in my road, I always ſuppoſe him to be miſchievous, and get out of his way. It may happen that he is not dangerous, but I run no riſk in being cautious. The ſureſt way is always the beſt.

Lord Bevil. If all men had your manner of thinking, with whom could we live? And what dealings could ever have ſubſiſted between you and me, if inſtead of putting you into an honeſt ſervice upon my eſtate, in order to afford a livelihood to an old diſbanded ſoldier,

I had given you up to the magiſtrate as a vagrant, having neither diſcharge nor certificate?

Hardy. Yes, that is very true; but it is alſo true that I am an honeſt man.

Lord Bevil. I do not keep you in my ſervice, but becauſe I am perſuaded of that: but I had no foundation for believing it firſt, except your word and your countenance.

Marc. My dear papa, if you depend upon one's word and countenance, you will much ſooner believe our little girl than Hardy.

Hardy. Ay, maſter! look at my face. Your papa will certainly be well ſatisfied with the countenance of your little girl, if it conveys ſo favourable an impreſſion as mine does.

Marc. Oh! yes, it becomes you very well with that bear's face, to—

Lord Bevil. Fie, Marcellus!—Hardy, do you know this little girl?

Hardy. Yes, my Lord; I know her, and I do not know her. I know that ſhe has been here about ten days with her mother; but how or why they came here, the overſeers can beſt inform you. And to ſpeak my mind freely, it is ill done of them to receive ſuch folks into the pariſh to increaſe the expence of the poor's rate.

Marc. Well then, I'll take that expence upon me; yes I.

Hardy. Why, have you any thing of your own, Sir?

Marc. If I have nothing, my papa has enough.

Hardy. In the mean time, all the pariſh murmurs; but when once you greaſe the fiſt of people in office, (*imitates the action of counting money*) for I am pretty ſure the overſeers——

Marc. Look ye there, if he is not ſpeaking ill of the overſeers! It would be well done to tell them.

Lord Bevil. Softly, child. I ſee Hardy, it is impoſſible to cure your ſuſpicious temper; ſo that I am inclined to ſuſpect too, in my turn, you judge that this

little girl has filled her baſket here, becauſe you found her in my field near a ſheaf. You judge that the overſeers would receive a bribe, becauſe they have admitted a poor family into the village. Well then, I judge that you only kept this child's baſket, becauſe ſhe had no money or tobacco to give you; and that in ſuch caſe you would have freely releaſed her.

Hardy. How, my Lord! can you imagine!—

Lord Bevil. Why may not I think of you, as you allow yourſelf to think of others?

Hardy. Well, my Lord, I had better hold my tongue. And were I to ſee thoſe beggars carry away your fields, your groves, and your meadows.—Shall I take this baſket to the ſteward?

Marc. Oh no, no, dear papa, I beg it as a favour.

Lord Bevil. Hardy, you will carry it to the poor woman's houſe, and make an apology to the little girl.

Hardy. An apology, my Lord! an apology! can you think of ſuch a thing: I go and make her an apology! For what?

Marc. For what? for having given her ſo much uneaſineſs without cauſe, and for having affronted her by accuſing her of a baſe action.

Hardy. If they have not an apology nor baſket untill——

Lord Bevil. Hardy, if I had been guilty of injuſtice to you, I ſhould never heſitate to make amends. And to convince you of it, I will go myſelf: I will carry back the baſket, and make an apology in your name.

Hardy. Or, rather do you Maſter Marcellus take that charge upon you.

Marc. Oh! with all my heart. Papa, the little girl is to come back preſently with Harriet, who is gone to comfort her mother. I muſt wait for her.

Hardy. In that caſe, I have no buſineſs here. (*He goes off muttering.*) I ſee we ſhall have ſo many beggars in this village, that we muſt ſoon go begging ourſelves.

SCENE VII.

LORD BEVIL, MARCELLUS.

Marc. Papa, do you hear what he ſays?

Lord Bevil. Yes, my dear, I am willing to excuſe his humours.

Marc. But how can you keep ſo ill-natured a man?

Lord Bevil. He is not ill-natured, my dear; but his overmuch zeal to ſerve us leads him aſtray. He is moſt faithfully attached to me, and fulfils his duty punctually.

Marc. But then, if he is unjuſt?

Lord Bevil. You heard him ſay, that he did not think he was. His only fault is, that he follows his orders too literally, and that he has not diſcernment enough to make the proper diſtinctions between perſons and circumſtances.

Marc. Pray, papa, explain that to me.

Lord Bevil. With pleaſure, my dear. When I fixed him in his employment, I gave him in charge to rid my grounds of vagrants, and to carry all ſuch when found upon them before a juſtice. This order could only regard thoſe wretches who live by thefts and robberies, or ſuch as ſhould come to defraud or moleſt my tenants.

Marc. Ah! I underſtand. Whereas he looks upon all thoſe as rogues who ſubſiſt upon the charity of others, and never informs himſelf whether old age, ſickneſs, or inevitable misfortunes, have reduced them to that condition.

Lord Bevil. Very right, my dear boy! for circumſtances alter things exceedingly. For inſtance, you did not ſhew ſufficient reflection in your diſpute with him. Can you tell whether the mother of this girl is not a diſhoneſt perſon? whether the little girl herſelf has not told you an untruth, and actually ſtolen thoſe ears of corn out of my ſheaves?

Marc. No, my dear papa, that is impoſſible!

Lord Bevil. Why, impoſſible! are you clearly in-

formed of every thing? Do you know who ſhe is, who her mother is, and with what view they have come here?

Marc. Ah! if you had only ſeen her! if you had only heard her ſpeak! her language, her countenance, her tears! then ſhe is ſo poor as to have occaſion for a handful of corn-ears to make her bread. Need one know more than this? Should I let a poor perſon periſh with hunger, becauſe I do not know as yet whether he merits my aſſiſtance.

Lord Bevil. Let me kiſs thee, my dear boy! preſerve always theſe generous diſpoſitions towards the poor, and God will bleſs thee, as he has bleſt me, for the ſame ſentiments, by giving birth to them in thy young heart. Mercy is always preferable to ſeverity. A want of feeling can only lead to injuſtice; and if he who ſolicits our compaſſion does not merit it, the fault is his, not ours.

Marc. But, my dear papa, it is not prudent to commit to ſuch men as Hardy, an office which puts it in one's power to be unjuſt.

Lord Bevil. You would be right, my ſon, if I had left to him alone the power of condemning or acquitting. He can at moſt commit but a ſlight injury, which it is eaſy to remedy; and this inconvenience is unavoidable. To judge of things according to the principles of equity. I have in my ſteward a man of good underſtanding, upright and noble in his ſentiments.—He gave me a favourable account of the little girl and her mother, as ſoon as they were firſt received into the village, and informed me, that they live with old Margaret, who is a very honeſt woman.

Marc. But, what if Hardy had beat the little girl as he threatened her?

Lord Bevil. Nothing could have carried him ſo far. I have forbidden him, on pain of loſing his place, to ſtrike any perſon whatſoever, even thoſe whom he ſhould ſurpriſe in doing any thing amiſs; and he rigorouſly purſues the orders that I gave him.

Marc. Ah! papa, here is my ſiſter returning with the little girl.

SCENE VIII.

LORD BEVIL, MARCELLUS, HARRIET, EMILY.

Marc. (*running with the baſket to Emily.*) Here, my little girl, here is your baſket. There has been not a ſingle ear of it touched.

Emily. O my dear baſket how much I am obliged to you, my good little maſter! (*perceiving Lord Bevil.*) Who is that gentleman?

Harriet, (*running towards her father, and jumping up to embrace him.*) This is our good papa.

Marc. Oh! he is a good papa, indeed, that I can aſſure you: ſo that you have nothing to fear. Come, I'll introduce you to him. (*Coming forward.*) He has ſcolded old Hardy well, for treating you as he did.

Emily (*advances fearfully towards Lord Bevil and courtſies to him.*) I beg pardon, my Lord, for the liberty—but your Lordſhip's children are ſo good!

Lord Bevil, (*aſide*) Marcellus was right. Whoever looks on her, cannot doubt her innocence. That graceful air, her manner of ſpeaking, are proofs of no vulgar education.

Emily, in a low voice to Marcellus and Harriet)—Have I made your papa angry? He is talking to himſelf.

Lord Bevil, (*overhearing her.*) No, my dear. If my children have behaved well to you, they have done no more than you appear to merit.

Harriet. Nor than ſhe does really merit, papa. Ah! if you had ſeen her mother!

Lord Bevil. Who is your mother, my dear? By what means did you come to theſe parts? and how do you live?

Emily. We live—indeed I can ſcarce tell how. We live upon little or nothing. We ſpend the day, and ſometimes the night, in ſpinning and working at the

needle, to get us bread. Old Margaret affords my mother lodging; and they ſent me to-day into the fields to glean, but, indeed, my firſt attempt has not turned out well.

Marc. (*in a whiſper to Emily.*) Better than you think! my ſiſter will get papa's leave, that you ſhall have ears of corn without gleaning.

Lord Bevil. But where did you live before?

Emily. At Richmond, which is a few miles off. Living was too dear there. So old Margaret perſuaded my mother to come to her, and offered her houſe-room for nothing.

Lord Bevil, (*aſide.*) If people who are ſo poor exerciſe humanity to each other, what duties have not we to fulfil? (*to Emily.*) Is your father living? what is his profeſſion?

Marc. I will lay a wager he is no working man.

Harriet. And ſo will I, eſpecially ſince I have ſeen her mother.

Emily, (*confuſed.*) My father?—I have none. Indeed I never ſaw him. He died before I was born. Ah! if he were living now—

Lord Bevil. And do not you know who he was? what was his name?

Emily. My mother will inform you better than I.

Lord Bevil. Could I ſpeak with her?

Harriet. Oh yes, papa, ſhe is coming herſelf. She only begged a moment's time to ſettle herſelf.

Lord Bevil. And who brought you up?

Emily. My mother entirely, my Lord. She taught me to read and write. She inſtructs me in my religion, and gives me ſome leſſons in drawing.

Lord Bevil. In drawing! I have not a doubt remaining. This is a branch of ſome good family reduced by misfortunes to neceſſity.

Harriet Ah! here ſhe comes.

Marc. Is this ſhe?

Lord Bevil, (*aſide.*) I am impatient to clear up this myſtery. This child recalls to my mind features that are well known to me, but whoſe I cannot recollect.

SCENE IX.

LORD BEVIL, MRS. JENNINGS, MARCELLUS, HARRIET, EMILY.

Emily, (running to meet her mother, who appears confuſed on ſeeing Lord Bevil.) Come, mamma, do not be afraid! this is the papa of thoſe two amiable children that ſhewed us ſo much good-nature; and he is very kind too, as kind as his children. *(Mrs. Jennings advances modeſtly. Harriet eagerly takes her hand, and draws her on towards her father.)*

Harriet. Oh! my papa knows all.

Mrs. Jenn. May I flatter myſelf that your Lordſhip has not ſuſpected my little Emily?

Lord Bevil. The ſight alone, madam, of you and your daughter, is ſufficient to convey the moſt favourable opinion of you both.

Marc. Is her name Emily? Oh! papa, it is eaſy to ſee that ſhe was not born to be a gleaner.

Mrs. Jenn. The laws of neceſſity are ſometimes ſevere, and as long as we do nothing diſhonourable—

Lord Bevil. Nobody ſhould bluſh for poverty; it may be found united to every virtue. But may I take the liberty, madam, to aſk your name?

Harriet. Her name is Mrs. Lambert.

Mrs. Jenn. I ſhould not diſguiſe my real name from your lordſhip. I find myſelf, indeed, under the neceſſity of diſcloſing it to you, in order to juſtify myſelf in your lordſhip's opinion, for the ſtate to which you ſee me reduced. Yet I ſhould wiſh *(looking at the children)* to make this avowal to you without witneſſes; not that I bluſh for my humble ſituation; but if my name was known, I ſhould fear to meet among the lower claſs, ſome ungenerous ſouls, who would perhaps take a pleaſure in mortifying me, becauſe they ſometimes ſee thoſe who are in proſperity behave with the ſame want of generoſity to themſelves.

Marc. Well, I ſhall not liſten.

Harriet. And I ſhall never mention a word of it, I

aſſure you. Whoever you are, Emily ſhall always be my friend.

Lord Bevil. Be aſſured, madam, I ſhould not inquire theſe particulars without being ſtrongly intereſted in them; and unleſs I were reſolved to make amends for the injuſtice of fortune.

Mrs. Jenn. I was born of a good family, though little favoured by fortune. I paſſed my youth in London, as companion to a lady of the firſt rank. Eight years ago I became acquainted with Mr. Jennings, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, who had come to ſpend ſome months in town.

Lord Bevil, (eagerly.) Jennings! Jennings!

Mrs. Jenn. He conceived an affection for me, and his good qualities prejudiced me in his favour. I gave him my hand, and a few days after our marriage we retired to a ſmall eſtate which he had in Dorſetſhire.

Lord Bevil. 'Tis the ſame! I can trace his features in the face of this child.

Mrs. Jenn. How! my Lord.

Lord Bevil. Go on, madam, I conjure you.

Mrs. Jenn. I will be as brief as poſſible. We were beginning to enjoy, in a peaceful retirement, the happineſs of a moſt tender union. But, alas! the fatigues of the ſervice had impaired my huſband's health, and a ſevere illneſs ſeizing him, put an end to his life in a few days. *(Weeps.)*

Harriet, (to Emily.) Poor child! you became an orphan very ſoon.

Emily. Ah me! before I was ever born.

Mrs. Jenn. He left me pregnant of this child whom you ſee. She was born in ſorrow. As ſoon as my huſband's brothers, who were hard-hearted worldly men, ſaw that there was no male heir, they took poſſeſſion of his property; and as we had delayed from day to day the formal atteſtations requiſite to put our marriage articles in force, I was obliged to be ſatisfied with whatever they thought proper to allow for the ſubſiſtence of me and my daughter.

Lord Bevil. Their ungenerous avarice gives room to

ſuppoſe that the ſum was ſmall, and could not laſt you long.

Mrs. Jenn. It ſufficed to maintain me for a few years in Dorſetſhire, during which time I continued to flatter myſelf with the expectation of obtaining a ſmall jointure. But at length ſeeing all my hopes fruſtrated, I took the reſolution of returning to London to my former benefactreſs. On my arrival, I learned that ſhe had died a ſhort time before. Having then no other reſource than to ſell what remained of my clothes and jewels, and to work with my own hands for a ſubſiſtence, I retired to Richmond, to live private and unknown. And there I met ſome time ago a woman whom I had formerly known, and who lives in this village.

Harriet. That is old Margaret, papa.

Mrs. Jenn. She had been ſervant to the Lady whom I mentioned. My attention to her during a ſevere illneſs attached her ſtrongly to me. I explained my ſituation to her, and ſhe propoſed to me to come and live here, where I might enjoy a ſtill more obſcure retreat. I am indebted much to her hoſpitality, and as ſhe has no relation to perform the laſt offices for her, ſhe has given me to underſtand, that I ſhall ſucceed to the poſſeſſion of her little cottage. You ſee, my Lord—

Lord Bevil. 'Tis enough, madam. This generous woman ſhall not ſurpaſs me in gratitude. It gives me expreſſible joy to be able to repay a debt which I have contracted to your worthy huſband!

Mrs. Jenn. How! my Lord, have you known my huſband!

Marc. The father of this good little Emily!

Harriet. O my dear Emily, I ſee we ſhall keep you with us. But what is the matter? do you cry?

Emily. It is only for joy.

Lord Bevil. To your huſband I owe my life. How happy am I then, in being able to repay that kindneſs to his wife and his child! I ſerved under him laſt war. In a dangerous engagement, one of the enemy's horſemen had his ſword lifted over me, at a time when I was

quite ſpent with fatigue; ſo that I muſt have periſhed, if my brave lieutenant-colonel had not ſaved my life, by ruſhing upon him at the very moment.

Mrs. Jenn. I know him well by this deſcription. He was as brave as he was generous.

Lord Bevil. Some days after, I was ſent with a detachment upon a very dangerous expedition. We were ſurrounded, and forced to yield, after a long reſiſtance. My baggage had been plundered, ſo that I was ſtript of both clothes and money. Colonel Jennings being informed of my ſituation, procured me a recommendation to the enemy's general. Through his exertions I obtained every aſſiſtance requiſite, whilſt under cure for a deep wound that I received. I was more than two years in recovering; and when we were ordered home, had barely time to pay him a viſit of acknowledgement, before I was obliged to go on board immediately for the Weſt-Indies. I married there to my advantage; and in conſequence of that circumſtance, returned to England about ſix years ago. I was preparing to fly to him, when I heard that he was no more. I little thought that his wife and daughter experienced that reverſe of fortune in which I am grieved to find you at preſent.

Mrs. Jenn. Good God! by what wonderful ways haſt thou conducted me hither!

Marc. What, your father ſaved papa's life?

Harriet. How dearly we ought to love you!

Lord Bevil. Come hither, Emily; thou ſhalt find in me the father whom thou haſt loſt. My children too have occaſion for a ſecond mother to replace her whom death has taken from them. The education that you have given your amiable child, (*Emily goes cloſe up to him, and takes his hand*) ſhews me, Madam, how worthy you are to fill ſo delicate an employ. I ſhall take every neceſſary precaution that you may not have to dread a ſecond time, the unforeſeen ſtrokes of adverſity. (*To Emily, who ſtill holds his hand.*) Yes, my little dear, I will make no difference between you and my own children. You are the living image of your gene-

your father, and are as worthy of my affection as he was of my gratitude,

Mrs. Jenn. (with emotion.) How shall I answer, my Lord, to so much kindness! I have only tears to express what I feel.

Harriet, (embracing her.) My dear new mamma! will you always be with us then, as well as Emily? You shall see how glad we will be to obey you.

Adam. Yes, and Emily shall be my other sister. She will certainly not go any more to glean. Ah! ill-natured Hardy, how I shall laugh at you now!

Mrs. Jenn. My dear little lambs! with what joy you fill my heart! instead of one child then, I have now three: and no mother shall equal me in attention and tenderness to them. *(To Lord Bevil.)* Will your Lordship permit me to go and impart these happy tidings to my good friend Margaret? I almost fear that she will die with joy.

Lord Bevil. Nothing is more just, madam; she shall not be forgot, and from this day forward shall be assured of bread for her whole life.

Mrs. Jenn. May heaven reward you in your children for these acts of generosity.

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THE END.